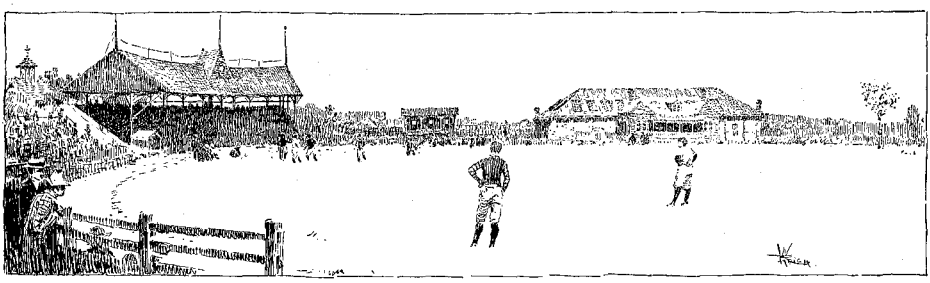
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI JUNE, 1897 NO. 6

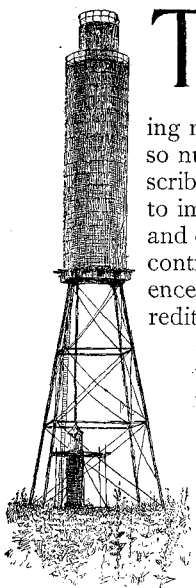
The Athletic Field.



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT PRINCETON—OLD AND NEW

By James W. Alexander

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH



The Water-tower.

THE ingredients of that composite but intangible thing that Princeton men worship under the endearing name of "Old Nassau" are so numerous, so varied, so indescribable, that it would be next to impossible to take them apart and classify them. Famous men, contributions to learning and science, friendship, escapades, hereditary ties, historic links, songs, and thousands of characteristic incidents combine through decades and centuries to form the mystic object of our love.

Besides the systematic instruction and research which go on in all colleges and universities, there is a life and atmosphere which is characteristic to each, and which has much to do with making the well-rounded man. Who, for example, shall measure the stimulus of pride in college colors? It is only in modern times that distinctive colors have become an accepted college usage. The crimson of Harvard is a recent thing. They used to sport the magenta, and had a college paper of that name, afterward changed to the *Crimson* when the new tint was adopted. As for Princeton, it is less than a quarter of a century since she discovered that she had a color. It was there all the time, for the Princeton orange was hers the moment the Colonial Governor Belcher dubbed the first college building with the name of Nassau. But for more than a century Princetonians went without colors, excepting the light blue of Whig, and the pink of Clio, Hall. It was a custom, which hundreds of living graduates remember, for the students to wear the badges of those renowned societies on all public occasions

Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

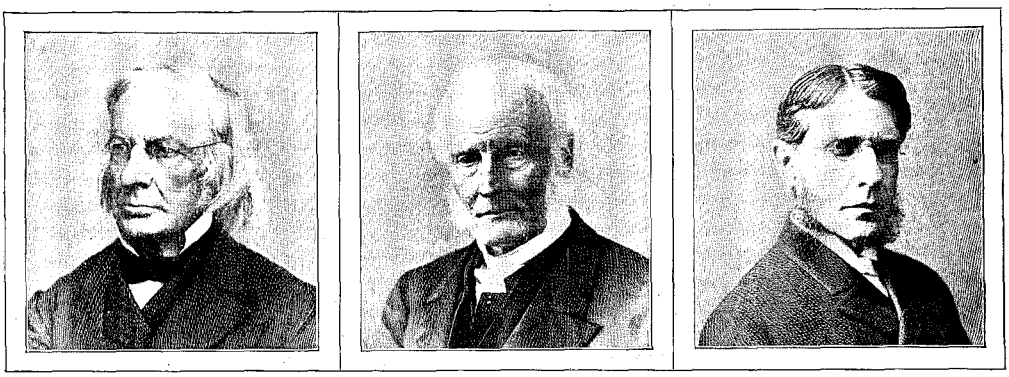
—that of Clio being an oblong pink ribbon pinned upon the lapel of the coat; and that of Whig, a long and flowing mass of looped blue ribbon worn on the wrist. At last the orange for the whole college asserted its prerogative, and the society badges almost disappeared, to the sorrow, it may be added, of many an old boy, who, returning to the college, looks for them in vain. The black was combined with the orange by way of relief to monotony, although it was thought to be on historic grounds. The Princeton colors have grown spontaneously into the college life, and a recent interesting and learned disquisition by Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, in support of orange and blue as the veritable colors of the House of Nassau, will hardly change a custom which has been gradually but surely entwined with the life of a generation of classes and embalmed in their songs. The only way in which the colors of Princeton have had official recognition is in the action taken by the Board of Trustees adopting an academic costume which indicates the degree of the wearer, and the Faculty granting it. Orange received the stamp of approval as the distinguishing color in the hoods which form a part of the costume.

Whig and Clio Halls, with Marquand Chapel in the Distance.

Although the blue and pink of Whig and Clio Halls have yielded to the orange and black, the undergraduate life still centres around those influential literary bodies. Who can wonder at the unique celebrity of the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies when he remembers that Madison, of the Class of 1771, one of the founders of Whig, was also the statesman who furnished the basis for the noble political structure represented by the American Constitution? And that Paterson, of the Class of 1763, one of the founders of the other, was the chief advocate with Oliver Ellsworth, of the Class of 1766, of the maintenance of State sovereignties, which view was by the Federalist Madison fused into the existing composite plan. These two societies—secret, mysterious, and ever in dignified rivalry—have formed the pivot of higher intellectual life at Princeton for more than a century. The absence of chapters of the minor Greek societies, represented in some other universities, is a hundred times made up by these two renowned and useful organizations, exclusively Princetonian and absolutely without competition elsewhere. To the training in literature, oratory, debate, and parliamentary proceeding given in Whig and Clio Halls, stimulated as it is by the peculiar atmosphere of tradition and scholarship, generations of statesmen, divines, and leaders of men have justly ascribed their success.

Intense interest has always been taken by the students in the division of college honors between the members of Whig and Clio Halls. On Commencement Day, when for the first time public announcement is made of the successful competitors for the long list of fellowship prizes and scholarly distinctions, the members of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. Maclean. Dr. McCosh. Dr. Patton.

THREE PRESIDENTS.

Halls group themselves respectively in the different portions of the building, and, as each name is divulged, vociferous applause, with the Princeton cheer, issues from the appropriate group. A printed discussion occurred in 1870, each Hall, through a committee, claiming historic precedence. The controversy was hot and the language used not uniformly temperate, but the success of the societies in developing talent has run parallel with the accentuation of the rivalry. Formerly the whole college, with scarcely an exception, was represented in the Halls, and the students were divided into two opposing camps. It was hardly practicable for friends to continue intimate relations if they belonged to different Halls, and it was a thing unknown for a Whig to room with a Clio. Some fifty years ago a leaf from one of the Halls blew out accidentally into the Campus and was picked up by a member of the other society, who, instead of returning it, and not quite certain that it was genuine, showed it to some of his own society members. The feeling became so strong that he had to be guarded in a room for nights, the society to which the paper belonged refusing apologies from the other. The Fourth of July celebration, theretofore the great annual carnival of the college, broke up that year, and it was nearly two years before the Halls were again brought into friendly competition.

Old President's House, now Dean's.

It has until recently been the custom at Princeton for the two Halls to canvass each incoming class, and introduce every man into one or the other society. The practice may have been carried to an extreme, for the Committees had the habit of approaching students before they came to Princeton, waylaying them at the station,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Billiard-room at the Ivy Club.

and pursuing them with every sort of suasion short of physical force. But the competition had its meritorious side. It left no indifferent men in college. The Halls, a few years ago, negotiated a treaty, under which all canvassing is prohibited, and the students are left to apply for membership, as in the higher class of clubs. It cannot be said, without qualification, that the effect is good. For the first time in the history of these venerable institutions there exists a considerable body of students who belong to neither society, and there are many who would enthusiastically hail the abrogation of the treaty, and a return to the traditional habit, which would doubtless be favorably toned by the experience of recent years.

Old Princetonians miss other customs which have passed away, as, for example, the annual oration before the two societies —one year by a Whig, and the next by a Clio, graduate. Some of the most illustrious men of the country have officiated on these occasions.

In oratory and debate the students of Princeton have always been pre-eminent, a fact due largely to the Hall training. As far back as 1814 General Winfield Scott, wounded, on his way from the battle of Lundy's Lane, stopped at Princeton and was present on the stage at Commencement. Bloomfield McIlvain, the Valedictorian, a man who had become a ready debater through his Hall experience, suddenly stopped in his speech and apostrophized Scott as the patriot soldier in a panegyric which electrified both the hero and the audience, the former stating afterward that he was more appalled than if he had been confronted by a British regiment.

In literature, too, the influence of the Halls has been enormous, the periodicals and reviews issued under Princeton's graduate and undergraduate direction fully sustaining the reputation of the University in this field. The first article in the first number of the *Nassau Lit* was written fifty years ago by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41. It also contained an article by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

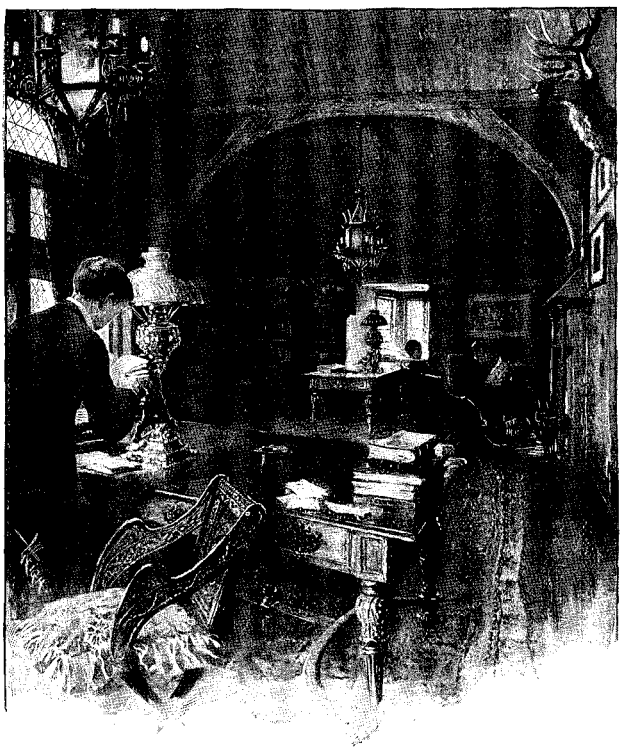
Ivy. Tiger Inn. Athletic Club. Cap and Gown. Cottage.

Prospect Avenue, showing Club-houses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann), of the Class of '45. Youthful contributions from hordes of men since become famous are scattered over its pages.

The twin white-marble buildings, with monolith columns, purely Grecian, known as Whig and Clio Halls, are among the most beautiful on the Campus. No one



Library of Tiger Inn.

not a member can pass through their doors. One of the traditions is that a Mrs. Potter was chased by a bull, and, taking refuge on the porch of Whig Hall, tried the door in vain, the secret catch being proof against the uninitiated, but she finally succeeded in pressing through behind a member. Here was a dilemma, indeed! A woman had seen the sacred antechamber! There was but one course open; she was duly initiated and put under pledge of secrecy, and is the only woman who has seen the interior of either house.

The politics of the college formerly took their shape from the contests in the Halls. The writer well remembers being taken by student friends at night, soon after matriculation, to a secret conclave in "Jugtown," where in a small room, dense with tobacco-smoke, a "caucus" was held of one of the "parties" in Whig Hall, and where candidates for Society honors were agreed on, and measures adopted for a heated college campaign. But party spirit ran so high in the elections for "Junior Orators" that changes were made by which the candidates were, and still are, chosen by judges instead of by popular vote.

While the Halls as now conducted furnish a certain measure of club facilities, the eating clubs of Princeton have grown in many cases into social centres of more or less luxury and comfort. Princeton has no Commons. The basement of "Old North" half a century ago was used as a refectory, where the students had Commons, and where the behavior was sometimes riotous. In the college laws, "Revised, Amended, and Adopted by the Board of Trustees, September 30, 1813," it was enacted that:

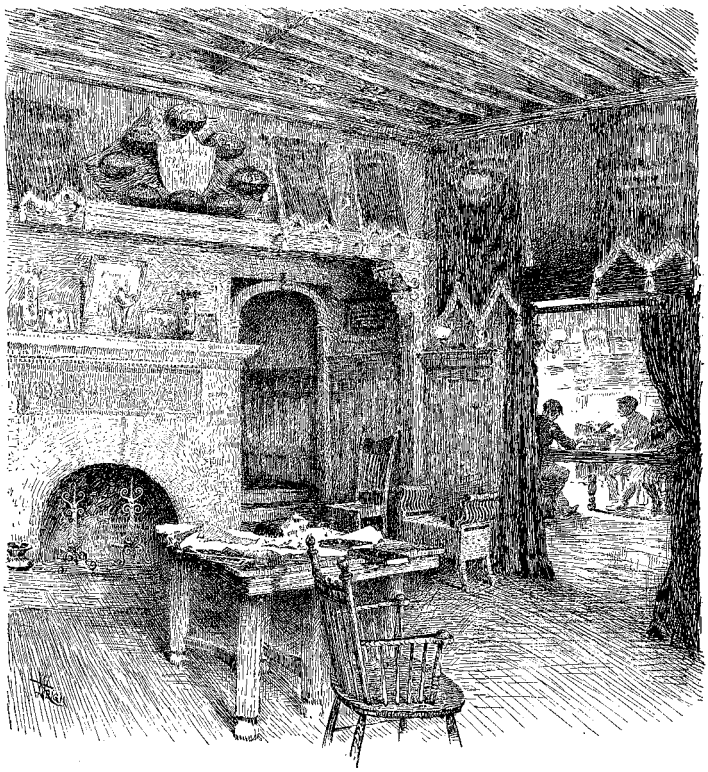
"No student shall leave the dining-table . . . except by permission from one of the Officers present," and

"No student who is capable of attending on the exercises of the college shall be permitted to board out of the house."

An effort was made within recent times to revive the usage of Commons, and two hundred or more took their meals together under a co-operative arrangement in University Hall for two years. But the business, being in the hands of novices, was mismanaged, and resulted in failure. Students nowadays, in groups of twelve or more, organize as clubs for eating purposes. This custom has enabled many a scholar with a slender purse to earn his living by catering for such a club; and it is a noble evidence of the equality on which all men stand at Princeton, that a meritorious student of gentlemanlike tastes and manly disposition loses no caste by reason of such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupation. Indeed it is frequently the case that the student who thus defrays his expenses happens not only to be popular in the club but is often elected President of his class. Out of such combinations have developed the more attractive clubs, with their own houses, libraries, billiard-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms. The Ivy Club is the oldest of these (1878), and the members are carefully selected from the senior and junior classes, and close friendships are cemented through the companionship thus formed. The graduate members come back and hold reunions in the club-house from year to year. This club has a new and picturesque house in process of construction. Of the same type, but more recently formed, are the University Cottage Club (1887), the Tiger Inn (1890), the Cap and Gown (1891), the Colonial (1892), the Princeton Elm (1895), and the Cannon (1895).

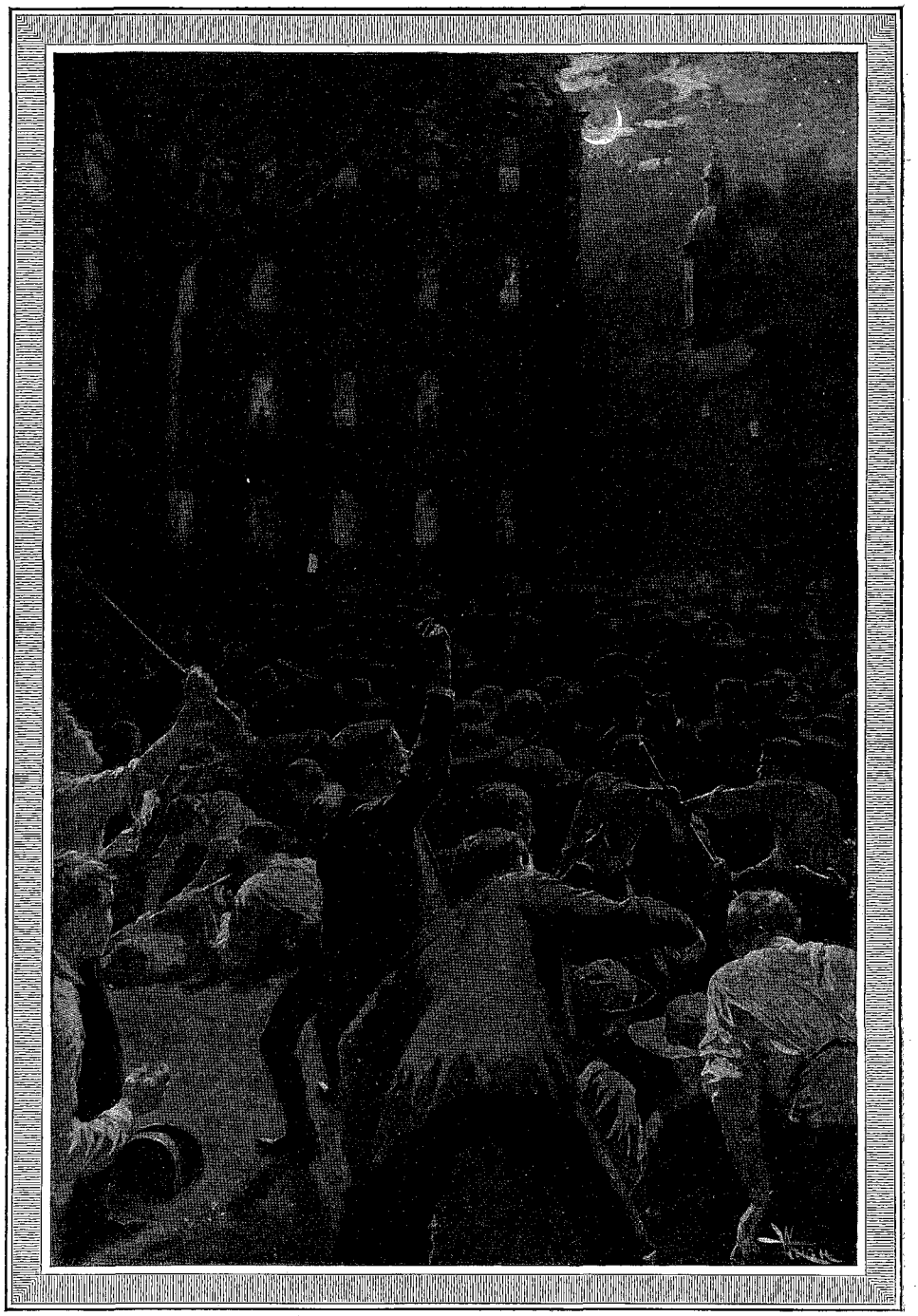


Trophy-room at Athletic Club-house.

The Grill-room, Princeton Inn.

In the demoralized state of affairs during and after the Revolution it was not such an easy thing for a boy to get to college. Stephanus Van Rensselaer, Patroon of Rensselaerswyck (afterward Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York), was sent in the fall of 1779, at

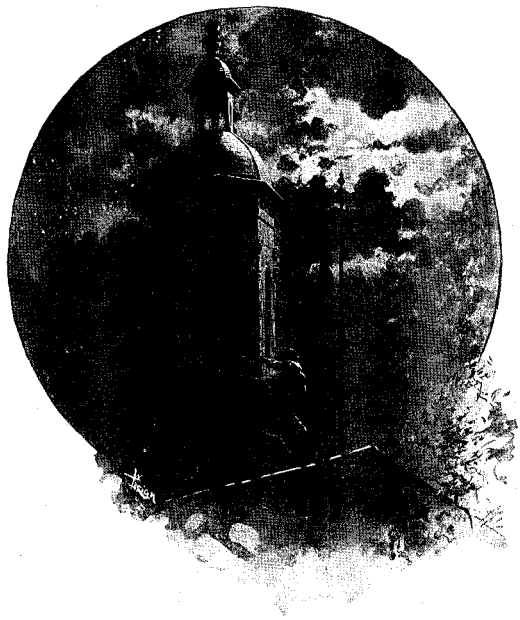
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cane Spree as it was in 1876, back of East College.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the age of fifteen, to Princeton College. Many others of his name and family have been graduated there since. But Stephanus had to be escorted, with his schoolmates, by a military guard. Princeton was reached, but education in those days was there secured almost within range of the enemy's guns and the roar of their artillery. Such was the excitement, if not the danger, that the young Patroon was at last removed to Cambridge, and was graduated with honor at Harvard in 1782. Some cynical Princetonian has said that nothing less than two armies and a revolution could drive a son of "Old Nassau" to a New England college. Stephanus did not know, however, how much security a Princeton diploma carried with it. Stephen Bloomer Balch, a graduate of the college, stopped one night at a North Carolina farm-house, in the most exciting period of the war, and sought shelter. The wife of the farmer, who himself was absent, admitted him after much persuasion. In the small hours of the morning the farmer returned and roughly ordered Balch to vacate, exclaiming, "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig!" "Then let me rest in peace," said Balch, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence." The passport was *viséd*, and Balch had his night's repose.



Stealing the Clapper—"Old North."

Many a college usage which has contributed its mite to make up the full conception of Princeton life to the man of its time has come and gone. The class "rush" was once a dangerous but exhilarating affair, in which masses of men were impelled against each other in solid phalanx, the forward ranks being actually lifted into the air by the shock. The base of the old Triangle was the scene of many dramatic encounters. This pastime was forbidden by the faculty, but flourished in proportion to the strength of the prohibition, and apparently died of its own accord. The "cane spree" still exists, but in a modified form. It has gone through a number of curious modifications. Twenty-five years ago it was similar in many features to the rush. The freshman class appeared at night in front of the post-office on Nassau Street, each man carrying a cane. The sophomores rushed the freshmen, each man grabbing a cane and tussling for it to the best of his ability. By 1876 it was a more formal affair. For a week or two before the eventful night each freshman would choose, or be assigned, a junior as a "second," or backer. Each sophomore had a senior, who served him in a similar capacity. These seconds would "arrange" matches between men who were believed to be of probable equal strength and ability. For days the junior would coach his freshman on

Dennis Sullivan, Fifty Years in the Employ of the College.

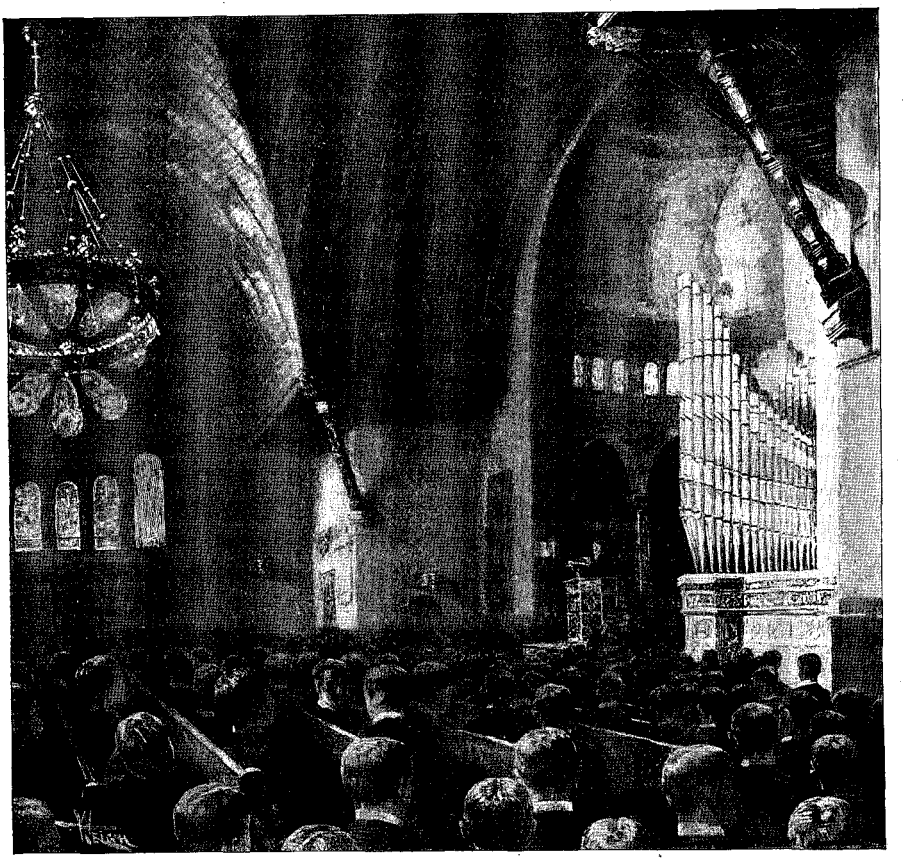
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

famous tricks—such as the "hip throw." He was taught how to rosin his hands; how to hold them at just the proper distance from the ends, so as to retain the outside hold; how to get the cane under his body when the sophomore threw him; or how to keep his opponent from jumping on the cane with both knees. On the first fine moonlight night in September, or early October, the whole college gathered to see the series of duels, each conducted in its own little circle of cheering men, the whole occupying three or four hours. It was the most picturesque of college customs. It was held on the space back of East College. Every window on the east side was illuminated. When a cane was "won," that is, wrenched free, the winner would hold it aloft amid mighty cheers from his classmates, and the little circle would in an instant dissolve to gather around other contestants. Next day a count was made by each class of the number of canes won, lost, and divided, and this determined the issue of the contest for that year. The theory was that if the freshman class won the most canes it might carry them from that date. But the victory was generally a barren one, as few freshmen ever had the audacity to carry a cane before the issue of the sophomore proclamation.

Later the custom was narrowed down to three contests, heavy, middle, and light weight, each class choosing its champions, and was held back of Reunion or in front of Witherspoon. Then (by aid and advice of the faculty) it was reduced to an episode in the fall games. Last year the old custom of having three cane sprees held at night was permitted to be revived, as a

Statue of McCosh by St. Gaudens, in Marquand Chapel.
(Presented by the Class of '79.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Marquand Chapel—Morning Prayers.

mark of favor from the faculty to the college in consideration of the greatly improved order maintained by the students.

A marked advance has been made by the students themselves, at Princeton, during the past few years, in the matter of dignity and the ethics of college life. Spontaneously, and without influence from faculty or alumni—an influence which generally seems to work inversely to the direction intended—they introduced and have maintained what is now known throughout the college world as the "Honor System," under which a student caught by his fellows cheating at examinations loses his social status, is disgraced, and, as a matter of fact, has to retire from the university. It needed only that one or two should be thus ostracized to discover that the mass of honorable students could successfully maintain a system of absolute fairness. So true is this, that professors sometimes leave their examination-room, and the old-time surveillance is a dead letter. The spirit of manliness has still further permeated the student life, and brutal hazing has also disappeared during recent years, it is hoped never to return. It cannot be denied, however, that some of the impositions on freshmen used to be very funny, and there are mild forms of "guying" still in vogue which provoke a smile even from the most sedate. When a young "Verdant Green," for example, makes his first appearance, walking with his papa across the Campus, disconcerting is not a word strong enough to express his feeling as he hears a crowd of sophomores keep time to his step by saying "Right! *left! right! left!*" It was a son of ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, who, being visited in his room by a party of fellows who demanded that he should sing, said he would be willing to play on the horn. This offer being accepted, he seized a big tin horn from a shelf and, throwing up the window,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

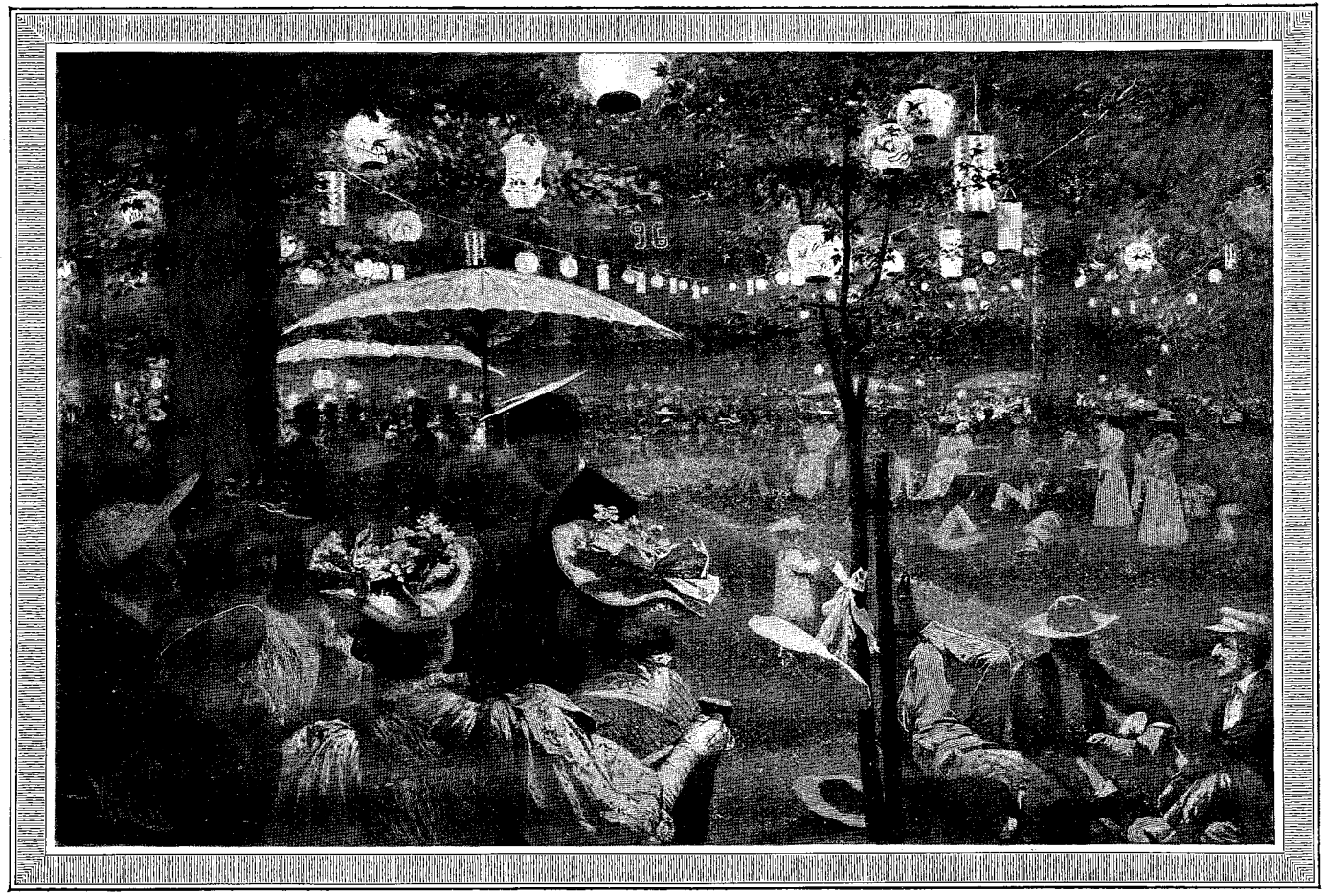
The Arnold Guyot Memorial—A Bronze Tablet by the Late Olin Warner.

(In Marquand Chapel.)

blew a blast which brought the Proctor almost before the sophomores could beat a hasty retreat. "Smoking out" was the favorite mode of torturing freshmen thirty or forty years ago, and a mysterious order known as "Hogi Mogi" was held in abject dread by unsophisticated matriculates. The name was almost all there was of it, but under this ægis many a deed of cruelty was done by masked sophomores. The popular significance of the term "sophomore," by the way, is likely to be utterly lost, if the boys of our colleges continue to transform themselves into university men. Nevertheless there are plenty of grave and reverend seigniors, ministers, judges, and scientists, who look back with pleasure to the time when they "occupied" the entries of "Old North," and behind barricades of firewood rolled hot cannon-balls up and down the brick-tiled corridors, and made night hideous by continuous ringing of the college bell. This was a common thing fifty years ago. The stealing of the bell-clapper by the Freshman Class was a later institution. The class who failed to achieve this feat was formerly considered beneath contempt. In 1886 four freshmen with skeleton keys, defying the laws both of the State and the Institution, climbed to the tower between two and three o'clock in the morning. What was their astonishment to find a light burning when they reached the top, and a night-watchman peacefully slumbering under the coveted clapper. They beat a hasty retreat, but, undaunted, they succeeded a few nights later. The stolen property, according to usage, was melted into miniature clappers, and worn as trophies by the class.

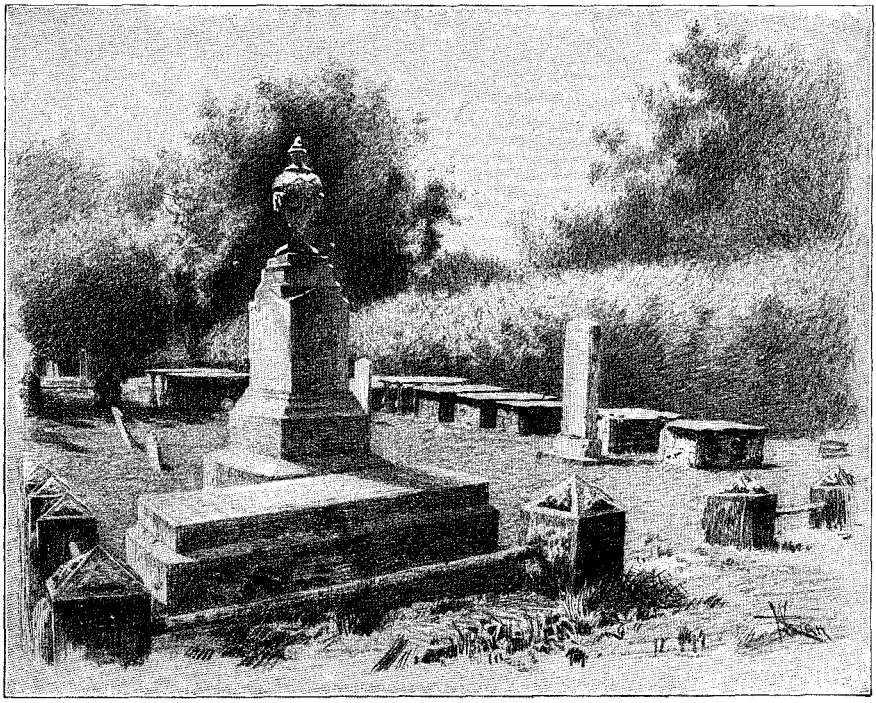
It was in "Old North" that Professor J. Addison Alexander, the linguist, saw on the floor, just as he was about entering his room, a bomb with a smoking fuse. Without stopping to think of the danger he jumped on it and succeeded in stamping out the fire. Taking the ugly thing into his room he proceeded to cut it open, only to find it filled with innocent sawdust, and as he smiled to think how he had been "sold," a jeering cry was heard outside the door from the throats of twenty sophomores. The forced respect to professors exacted in colonial days had long before yielded to that familiarity born of independence which has done much in our free country to foster irreverence to superiors. It was enacted in the early college laws that "Every scholar shall rise up and make obeisance when the President goes in or out of the hall, or enters the pulpit on days of religious worship. Every freshman sent of an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return. Every scholar in college shall keep his hat off about ten yards to the President, and five to the tutors." In the days of President Maclean, affectionately known among the students as "Johnnie," a considerable part of the enjoyment of breaking the college laws consisted in getting and keeping the old gentleman out, and leading him a dance. For he was a figure in his day. The slightest noise or indication of a rum-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Senior Singing—Commencement Week.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Presidents' Row—Princeton Cemetery.

On the right are the graves of Witherspoon, Burr, Edwards, and other Princeton Presidents. Aaron Burr, the younger, is buried at the feet of his father in the grave marked by the upright stone. Dr. McCosh's tomb is covered by the flat stone at the extreme left.

pus would bring "Old Johnnie" to the Campus, night or day. After dark he carried a lantern, and at all times appeared in immense India-rubber shoes, an old-fashioned cloak, and a beaver hat which might be described as archaic. His principal office when not teaching was that of police-superintendent of the college. There were no "Proctors" in those days, but "Dennis," the college servant, assisted "Johnnie," and used to summon the boys to appear before the Faculty after "Johnnie" had caught them. Dennis is still there and will complete this year a half century of faithful service to the college. Many of the disturbances were made by the students for the sole purpose of enticing the President to pursuit, and to hear his familiar "tut, tut!" when he secured a supposed offender. The furniture in his office was not of the most solid kind. When Henry Clay visited Princeton, and was asked by "Johnnie" to sit down in his study, he did so and the rickety chair gave way. The statesman got up and said, "Dr. Maclean, I hope the other chairs of the institution are on a more permanent foundation." One night, when two Maltese donkeys from Commodore Stockton's field were found on the fourth floor of North College, the students asked Dr. Maclean how he thought they had got there. "Through their great anxiety," said he, "to visit some of their brethren." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41, says there was a picture of "Old Johnnie" up in the old college for a long time representing him with a policeman's baton over his shoulder. Somehow or other that old man entwined himself around the affections of the students. For forty-six years he was connected with the college as Professor and President. Long after his retirement the mere mention of his name among the Alumni would bring out a rousing cheer.

The mode of life was simpler in those days than now, but the same humor which still makes collegians so comic effervesced fifty years ago. When, for example, William Pennington, son of a former governor of New Jersey, roomed next door to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senior Tutor Topping, it was the custom for each man to hang on the outside knob of his door the bag containing his soiled clothes for laundry. Pennington stuffed his own shirts, one day, in Tutor Topping's bag, and waited for the day when the clean linen was returned and laid out on Topping's bed. Then, knowing that a number of students were in Topping's room, Pennington knocked at his door. On entering he put on an injured air and said: "Mr. Topping, I have no objections whatever to lending you my shirts if you need them, but I must protest against your taking them without my knowledge." Topping was indignant and denied the charge. Pennington demanded an inspection. The students stood aghast. The chagrin of the Tutor and the hilarity of the boys may be imagined when Pennington stepped to the bed and picked out his own shirts marked with his name.

The boys who steal off to New York and Philadelphia by train and come back in the "owl," would hesitate to take the hazard which their forefathers had to risk seventy-five years ago when they went to Philadelphia by stage, requiring an absence of two or three days, during which their classmates would keep candles burning in their rooms and answer for their names at roll-call. In those days it would seem that the student body was less submissive to authority than now, in spite of more rigorous rules. During the latter part of President Green's administration, in 1816, the students became riotous and took possession of the college. The recitation-rooms were barred, lectures and other exercises were necessarily abandoned, and the institution was practically in a state of siege—all on account of some dissatisfaction with the management of the college.

One of the customs of late years has been for the sophs and freshmen, respectively, to placard the town with "Proclamations," or "Procs," as the boys call them, containing taunting language against the other class and inciting them to encounter. Shortly after the opening of the college these huge posters have been seen as far away from the town as five miles. The challenged class must tear them down, and rows and "rushes" are the result. The work is done secretly, for the college authorities do not deal gently with the offenders. Such mischievous pranks are as nothing compared with the ancient dissipations which centred around the village taverns.

On the walls of "Old North" graduating classes have annually planted the ivy, in each case piling up reminiscence on reminiscence, for every plant that clings to "Old Nassau" is the child of one that clings to some other historic house. Among them is one from Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and another from the picturesque Castle at Heidelberg.

The singing of the Senior Class in the early summer evenings, on the steps of "Old Nassau," began about 1865. No feature of university life in any college can surpass this Princeton custom in fascinating interest. The culminating occasion is the night of "Class Day," in these latter times. Several thousand people—the students and their friends—sit and lounge on the grass under the elms and listen to the seniors as they sing their old songs together for the last time. Graduates, coming back after even fifty years of real life, unconsciously lapse into a dream of former fellowship under the influence of the scene.

A favorite mode of celebrating the Fourth of July in the olden time was throwing fire-balls composed of cotton-yarn tightly wrapped and soaked in turpentine. Buckets were placed around the cannon, and the balls were lighted and thrown aloft by hands encased in strong gloves, and again caught up and thrown again. The whole Quadrangle would be alive with flaming comets with tails of fire. The breaking of street-lamps and stealing of shop signs have been students' delight from time immemorial. One morning a sign appeared over President Maclean's study door bearing the announcement, "Oysters in Every Style." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., tells of a two-horse wagon that was carried to the upper story of "Old North" in his day, and riotously dragged up and down the entry with shouts and violence. How it got there is a puzzle, but collegians triumph over the laws of mechanics as thoroughly as over the laws of the institution when they determine on a thing, which makes one marvel less at the achievements of the Egyptians. Horn blowing was one of the choice amusements twenty-five years ago, and the "horn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spree" became a notable college event. Its principal charm lay, of course, in the fact that it was prohibited by the Faculty. It consisted in the blowing on a horrible tin horn by every man in college. At a certain signal every window was thrown open and pandemonium seemed to reign. At night the students gathered in a body and moved in procession about the town blowing on these horns, and many were the narrow escapes from arrest and detection by "Johnnie" or Professor Giger or some other amateur policeman.

It would probably puzzle an outsider to tell what a "Nassau Rake" is. But there are hundreds of graduates who remember those prohibited publications—some with regret for having had a hand in them, and more with memories of the fun and risks attached to them. It was the custom some years ago for a mischievous group of the Sophomore Class each year to print a pamphlet of lampoons upon the freshmen and juniors. The language used was not always choice. There was not much delicacy of touch. Every foible received a notice—sometimes more biting than parliamentary. There was humor often and grossness too often. Suspension from college was the penalty for complicity in the offence of producing the "Rake;" but this only gave a spice to the undertaking. The very nature of the publication precludes the making of extracts. But men who have become great have figured in those columns in ridiculous attitudes. One "Rake" was entitled "Typical Forms of '71, by the Class of '72," after a celebrated work by President McCosh. On the corner is the inscription, "Published by the Dublin Tract Society."

The "Rake" issued by the Class of '70 is entitled "Essays and Reviews on Subjects Consequential and Insignificant." That of the Class of '69, "The Nassau Exposition." That of '68, "The Differential Calculus of '68," and is divided into three parts—"Fundamental Principles," "Examples for Practice," and "Miscellaneous Examples." Most of these pamphlets were published with the simple title, "Nassau Rake." The "Rakes" provoked counter-publications by the Freshman Class under the name "Memorabilia Sophomorum." The editorial of the "Rake" of 1857 says: "We have authority for supposing that even the Faculty do not cooperate as heartily with our undertaking as they could and should." So little did they co-operate that many a graduate to-day can look back on a forced "rustication" in consequence of his discovered participation. On the reverse of the title-page of the "Rake" of 1858 is printed, "Entered according to Act of Congress, etc., etc., by the Rev. Johannes Maclean, the President of the College, D.D., M.D., LL.D., A.S.S., and published for the Benefit of the Faculty."

The "Acaleph" was a similar publication by the Junior Class. There is nothing to be proud of in these anonymous satires. But every college has had its mischief-makers, and their pranks form a part of the comprehensive college life. Time casts a haze over what is foolish or blameworthy and only takes account of what is comic and original. The form of satire adopted by the students has differed in the course of years, but the same waggish spirit has always burst through the forced dignity of college requirements. John Allen Stuart, of the Class of '19, for example, printed a series of verses called the "Honoriad," which became famous. In this poem various fellow-students were held up to ridicule, and their characteristic traits exposed. There is a tradition that on the day of the promulgation of the "Honoriad" Stuart and Abram W. Venable dined at old Mrs. Hodge's (mother of the celebrated Dr. Charles Hodge), and when they came out of the house after dinner they indulged in a fight in the street, caused by allusions in the verses to Venable, as, for example:

> That tongue to speak did never rise
> Except like Argus with a hundred eyes,
> But mark a small distinction, by the by,
> Abe's eyes are *egos* and not *oculi*.

The references were in some cases not devoid of compliment; as, for instance:

That forehead seamed by care, that sunken cheek,
Those premature gray hairs, and footsteps weak,
Say that the man thus blighted in his bloom
Is our best scholar, honest old Jack Groom.
This man his mind could narrow to a line,
Or any circle all his thoughts confine.
And in deep meditation folded up
On mathematics breakfast, dine, and sup.
As such he is, of him no more I'll sing,
He's so respectable in everything.
Who attacks him like dog that gnaws a stone
Will howl in pain to find his grinders gone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author of the "Honoriad" was for many years editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, considered one of the best newspapers of the South.

In contrast with the trifling side of college doings, the career of the Philadelphian Society stands out conspicuously. It has been for nearly seventy years the religious organization of the students, corresponding with the Young Men's Christian Association elsewhere. It was founded by Brayton Taylor. Formerly it met in a large room belonging to a student, but now occupies the beautiful building on the Campus known as Murray Hall, the result of a bequest by Hamilton Murray, of the Class of '72, who went down in the Ville de Havre, November 22, 1873. The influence of this vigorous organization on the Christian life of the students cannot be exaggerated.

The characteristic dress of students at Princeton has passed through many phases. There have always been, as everywhere, a shabby class and a foppish class, but the types have undergone an interesting evolution from time to time. Forty years ago the Southern type was the predominating one. It was the fashion then for the young men to wear long hair, smoothly brushed and cut straight around about the lower neck. A flexible cane with a loaded head was a common addition to a smart fellow's accoutrements. What were called "pump-soled boots," so tight as to make the wearer almost lame, were the admiration of clodhoppers who had not been initiated into the niceties of apparel. City fashions afterward had their influence, and ten years ago much attention was paid to "style." Then ensued, a few years later, a thoroughly local habit of "dressing horse," and a student was considered to be in good form only when he wore corduroys, a sweater, a blazer, or some equally outlandish outfit. Recently this custom seems to have given way to a modified form of negligee. In the winter of 1895 the prevailing costume was a golfing suit of rough tweed, with heavy corduroy waistcoat, or a sweater. An overcoat is seldom seen in Princeton. In the summer white ducks and highly colored blazers prevail. It would make a milliner mad to see the variety of amazing and original headgears, ranging from sombreros to jockey caps, which are nowadays displayed on occasions of athletic contests. The students who have so commendably introduced the "Honor System" might also adopt the spirit of the following college laws which were enforced a hundred years ago:

"Students are enjoined to be 'cleanly,' and if any student shall be grossly negligent in this respect, it shall be the duty of the college officers to admonish him for it and see that he preserve a decent appearance.

"Every student shall possess a black gown, which shall be made agreeable to a fashion which the Faculty shall prescribe, nor shall any student appear at prayers in the hall, or at church, or in the performance of any public exercise without his gown."

Indeed, the practice of wearing gowns has actually been adopted by the Senior Class, but it should not be confined to them.

The old cannon planted muzzle down in the centre of the Quadrangle south of "Old North," has been written and sung about to such an extent that it is as familiar as a household word. What a centre it has been of popular student life! The Yale men bewailed the destruction of their historic fence, but Goths and Vandals would be as amiable lambs to the person who would dare even to suggest the removal of the Revolutionary relic, now become a college idol. Princeton once had a fence as well as Yale. Fifty years ago the front Campus was lined with an old wooden fence, which had stood there for generations, and on which the students used to sit and smoke and tell tales, but it had to give way in the march of progress to the stately iron grill which now ornaments the front. But whenever a hostile hand has been laid on the cannon of Princeton, big or little, there has been war; and peace has never followed until the cannon was safe at rest again in its place. There has been more or less confusion about Princeton's cannons, there having been at least three, of different sizes, which have been prized as relics.

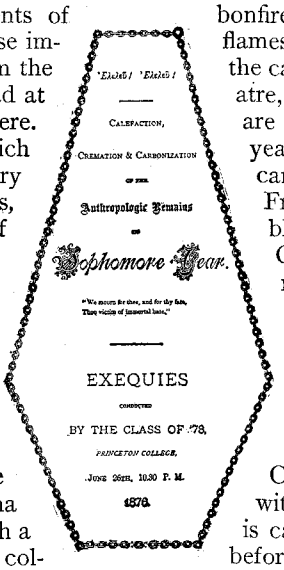
The big old cannon was left in Princeton by the British when routed by Washington,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

January 3, 1777. The latter could not take it when he left Princeton, because the carriage was broken. It was held by the citizens at first as a relic. In the War of 1812 the big cannon was sent to New Brunswick to defend that city. Hardly used because of its supposed impairment, it lay there on the Commons until 1836, when some Princetonians brought it back for the purpose of firing salutes on the Fourth of July. In 1838 the boys placed it on the Campus, and in 1840 it was plugged and planted in the ground, where it has remained ever since, by general consent, under the guardianship of the students. When the old cannon was brought from Jugtown (a suburb of Princeton), "Old Johnnie" was aroused as usual by the commotion, and, coming out with his lantern, undertook to break up what he thought was a row, shouting, "You are recognized! You are recognized!" which only provoked roars of laughter. Dr. McCosh probably acted from a similar instinct in later years, when, on the occurrence of disorder in the classroom, he is reported to have said: "I know you!—within one or two."

It was an entirely different cannon which in 1875 was secretly taken from Princeton to New Brunswick by students of Rutgers College under the false impression (doubtless arising from the incident just related) that it had at some former time belonged there. Then broke out the war which kept Princeton College in a fury of excitement for many days, and occupied the columns of the daily press, and almost led to bloodshed. The Princetonians repeatedly tried to recover the gun, and, failing to find it, some of the more unruly committed unpardonable depredations upon the property of Rutgers College by way of reprisal in the heat of their zeal for their Alma Mater. The feud reached such a pitch that the Faculties of both colleges had to interfere, and a joint commission was organized to try the facts and the law and to render judgment. The conclusions of this commission were unanimously in favor of the return of the cannon to Princeton, and it was brought back in triumph with demonstrative rejoicings. At the celebration in honor of the restitution of the relic, President McCosh was called out by the students. As ever, ready to show his interest in whatever concerned the boys, the old man said: "The cannon is back; the Campus would not have been a Campus without it. I knew it would come back to us, and I told the students so. This has been the greatest war since the siege of Troy. The cannon represents fair Helen, the fellows who took it the treacherous Paris, and I see all around me the brave Agamemnons and Nestors. We have also our Atrides in the newspaper reporters, who have exaggerated and ridiculed the whole affair. But now that the war is over, the next thing is to write a history of that war. It must be written in Greek; in hexameter just as Homer wrote; and we will have it published. And if it is as good as Homer's Greek I will give the author of it a place on the commencement stage next June, and will assure him an audience to hear it read, even though it be as long as Homer's poem."

Around the cannon occur the nocturnal meetings of the students. There take place the celebrations of athletic victories, when bonfires are built which shoot their flames to the very clouds. Around the cannon is placed the Amphitheatre, where the Class Day exercises are held at graduation. Every year the sophomores paint the cannon green in derision of the Freshman Class, and despicable indeed is the Freshman Class which does not dare to remove the paint, at the risk of destruction by the sophomores. Many is the man who has "Sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," as he spoke his "Presentation Oration" on Class Day. Every student with a weakness or a peculiarity is called out on these occasions before his class and pelted unmercifully with witty lampoons.



Around the cannon have been conducted those ceremonies which the students deem reverent and fitting at the burial of Euclid and other defunct text-books. A coffin-shaped document of ten pages, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Witherspoon Hall.

fac-simile of whose cover is given opposite, has been found in a graduate's scrapbook. It seems to be a programme of the obsequies of the sophomore year of 1876.

The famous negroes of Princeton cannot be forgotten by Princeton men. An old darky named "Sambo" supplied the students with shinny-sticks half a century ago. Anthony Simmons used to be the town caterer. "Buck" was the factotum of Professor Schenck along about the sixties. A black man named Peter Scudder used to sell pies to the students, and ice-cream at a "levy" a plate, fifty years ago, and was known as "Peter Polite." One night a senior, whose room he entered to vend his wares, asked him: "Peter, what perquisites accrue to yourself from this nocturnal perambulation?" Peter bowed low and with courtly gravity said: "Will the gentleman please speak English?" "Sam" was a servant to Professor Joseph Henry, who discovered the principle of the electric telegraph.

The "Campus wire," as the students called it, was the thing which excited the most wonderful speculation when Henry was at Princeton. Dr. Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, of the Class of '45, states that it ran along from Philosophical Hall, by the front of North College, among the outer branches of some of the fine trees, and then round the western end to Professor Henry's house, which was west of North College, and south of the Old Library and Recitation Hall. This wire was the first in which the current was completed through the earth. It went into the well at the Professor's house, the other end being in the earth at Philosophical Hall. Professor Henry often used the "Campus wire" in the presence of the students, although he was not given to superfluous experiments. He had an arbitrary code. If he wanted his luncheon sent over he worked his armature a few times according to the code. Mrs. Henry received the message. The students waited, and presently "Sam" would appear bringing the precise articles ordered, on a tray covered with a napkin. This simple exhibition of what is now an everyday transaction was then a source of wonder. This occurred again and again before Morse telegraphed between Baltimore and Washington, which was in the month of May, 1844.

But perhaps the black man best known to the longest list of graduates is the now celebrated Jim Johnson. He will be found on the Campus to-day in silver spectacles and golfing stockings, and he was there fifty years ago. He has bought the cast-

Jimmy Johnson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off clothes of the students for a half century. When the author of this paper was in college, Jim used to furnish oyster suppers, and many a good pair of trousers has passed into his shop to square an account for a feast already eaten. Jim stuttered badly, and still stutters, and the students used to give him a shilling to say "Philadelphia" and other long words, which threatened to suffocate him. Jim remembers every graduate and calls him by name, and a shade of sorrow passes over his ebony face, fringed with gray beard, if the old friend does not "come down" with a quarter.

A few years ago William H. McElroy, the littérateur, a graduate of Union College, attended a Yale-Princeton foot-ball match. As he came out he saw Jim. He didn't know him, but he guessed from the way he was covered with orange and black decorations that he was an old college favorite. So he marched up to him and said: "Hello! don't you remember Reynolds,

A Sunny Morning on the Campus.

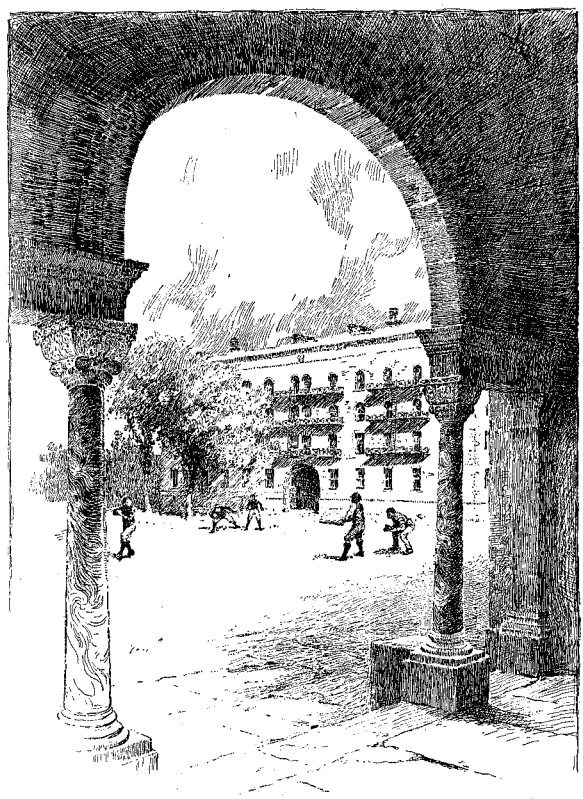
of '65?" This touched Jim on the raw, and he at once replied with absolute confidence, "O ye-yes, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds, I remember you puf-puf-puffectly, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds." And he got his quarter just the same. The students decorated Jim with a decidedly racy name, not here to be recorded. It is softened nowadays into "James Odoriferous." His history is part of the history of our country. He was a fugitive slave in 1843, and his real name was James Collins. He belonged to Philip Wallis, of Maryland. He was recognized after his escape by a student named Thomas, and was claimed by his master under the Fugitive Slave Law. The late William C. Alexander appeared for Jim and demanded a trial by jury under the State law. The distinguished S. Teackle Wallis, son of the claimant, supported the claim. After a trial and great excitement a verdict was rendered for the claimant and an order issued by the court handing Jim over to the marshal from Maryland. An effort was immediately made by citizens to purchase and liberate him, and the price demanded ($550) was actually paid by Miss Theodora Prevost, a lineal descendant of President Witherspoon, and the captive set free. It is to Jim's credit that he saved enough money afterward to cancel the debt to his benefactress, and he can show the book containing the items receipted. Jim was married in 1895 for the fourth time, at the age of seventy-eight, the bride being a resident of Baltimore.

The Princeton Inn of to-day, which stands so gracefully on the wooded estate of "Morven," the hereditary seat of the Stocktons, so totally eclipses the modest Nassau Hotel that few of its fashionable guests stop to think of the part which that little hostelry has played in the old-time life of the University. Its walls are redolent of jovial suppers and its stable of clandestine sleigh-rides; and those hospitable landlords, the Jolines, father and son, for nearly half a century made the ancient tavern, built in 1757, the scene of many a memorable college event. It was the stopping place for the stage-coaches between New York and Philadelphia before the railroads were known; and more than a hundred horses would stand waiting in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those days to replace the tired beasts of the incoming travellers. It was at the Nassau Hotel, in 1814, that Washington Irving and James K. Paulding stopped, and at which time was conceived and partially written the poem "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," attributed to Paulding, in which the various entertaining sights about a college inn were humorously depicted. Here is an extract:

Around the table's verge was spread
Full many a wine-bewildered head
Of student learn'd, from Nassau Hall,
Who, broken from scholastic thrall,
Had set him down to drink outright
Through all the livelong merry night,
And sing as loud as he could bawl;
Such is the custom of Nassau Hall.
No Latin now or heathen Greek
The senior's double tongue can speak.
Juniors from famed Pierian fount
Had drank so deep they scarce could count
The candles on the reeling table.
While emulous freshmen, hardly able
To drink, their stomachs were so full,
Hiccuped, and took another pull,
Right glad to see their merry host,
Who never wine or wassail crost;
They willed him join the merry throng
And grace their revels with a song.



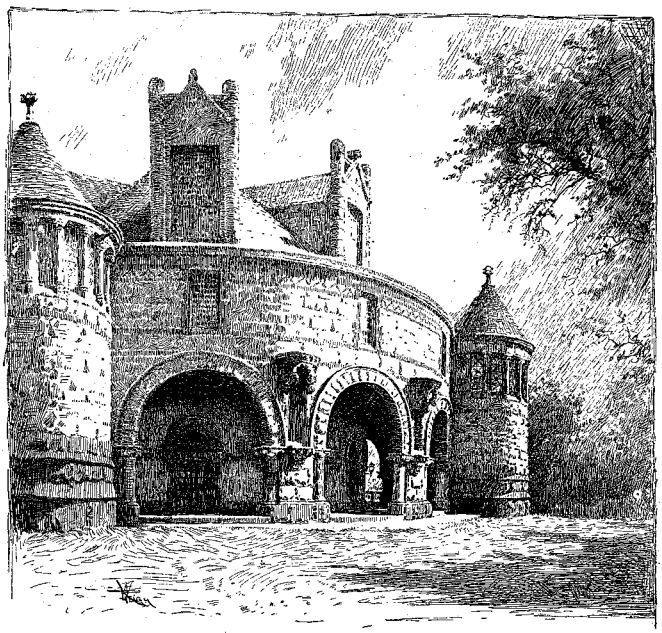
Brown Hall, from the Archway of Dod.

It is needless to point out that "athletics," as nowadays understood, were then unknown at Princeton or any other American college. If that admirable vent for youthful exuberance had existed in those days, Paulding would have had no opportunity to paint that somewhat startling picture of abandonment. It has only been within the past twenty-five years that through intercollegiate contests a stimulus to healthy exercise and manly sports has been given. The result, with all its acknowledged failings, is something for every right-minded father of a family to be thankful for. That wild fellows still seek fatal amusement in debauch is undeniable. This is the earth; not heaven. But the temptations are less than formerly and the aspirations of students are more manly. The athletes may be more of heroes than is best, but the rank and file of college men are bigger, stronger, healthier, stouter in mind and limb, and better equipped for the after struggle than they used to be. And all this without detriment to the average scholarship. The assertion is ventured that college graduates on the whole are far better educated to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and that the athletes are not below the others, taking the average of both.

The hard students are, and always have been, called "Polers." It is a term peculiar to Princeton. Polers used to be sickly looking fellows, and the popular belief was that they generally died soon after graduation. All this has changed. The growth of athletics has developed a sturdy set of fellows even among the "Polers," and it is not an uncommon thing for the men who take honors in out-of-door sports to be the same who win the prizes in scholarship.

In athletic sports Princeton has always been a leader, a fact which prompted a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

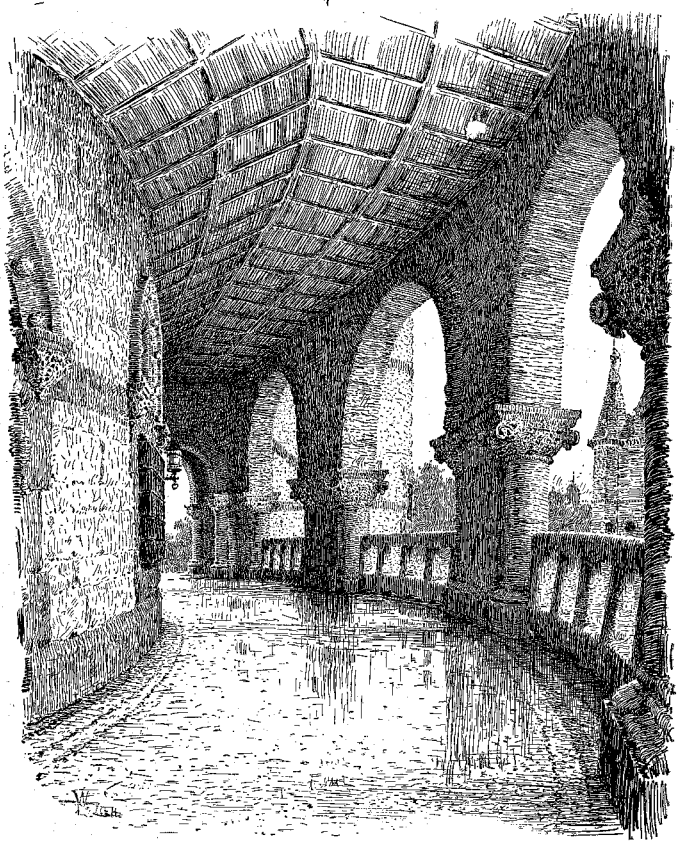


herself occasionally from her devotion to other more congenial activities.

It was a Princeton man who revised the Rugby rules of foot-ball, and adapted them for American colleges — J. Potter, of the Class of '77. Andrew James McCosh, son of the illustrious President McCosh, was Captain of the Princeton team that year. His team played the "Association" style of game during most of the season, but relinquished it to adopt Potter's new mode of play. The intercollegiate world adopted it immediately, and the present game includes

prominent Dutchman in New York to render the Holland motto "Oranje Boven," *Princeton on top*. Princeton holds the only rational ground in this domain, which is, that athletics are beneficial so long as they are not permitted to interfere with scholarship.

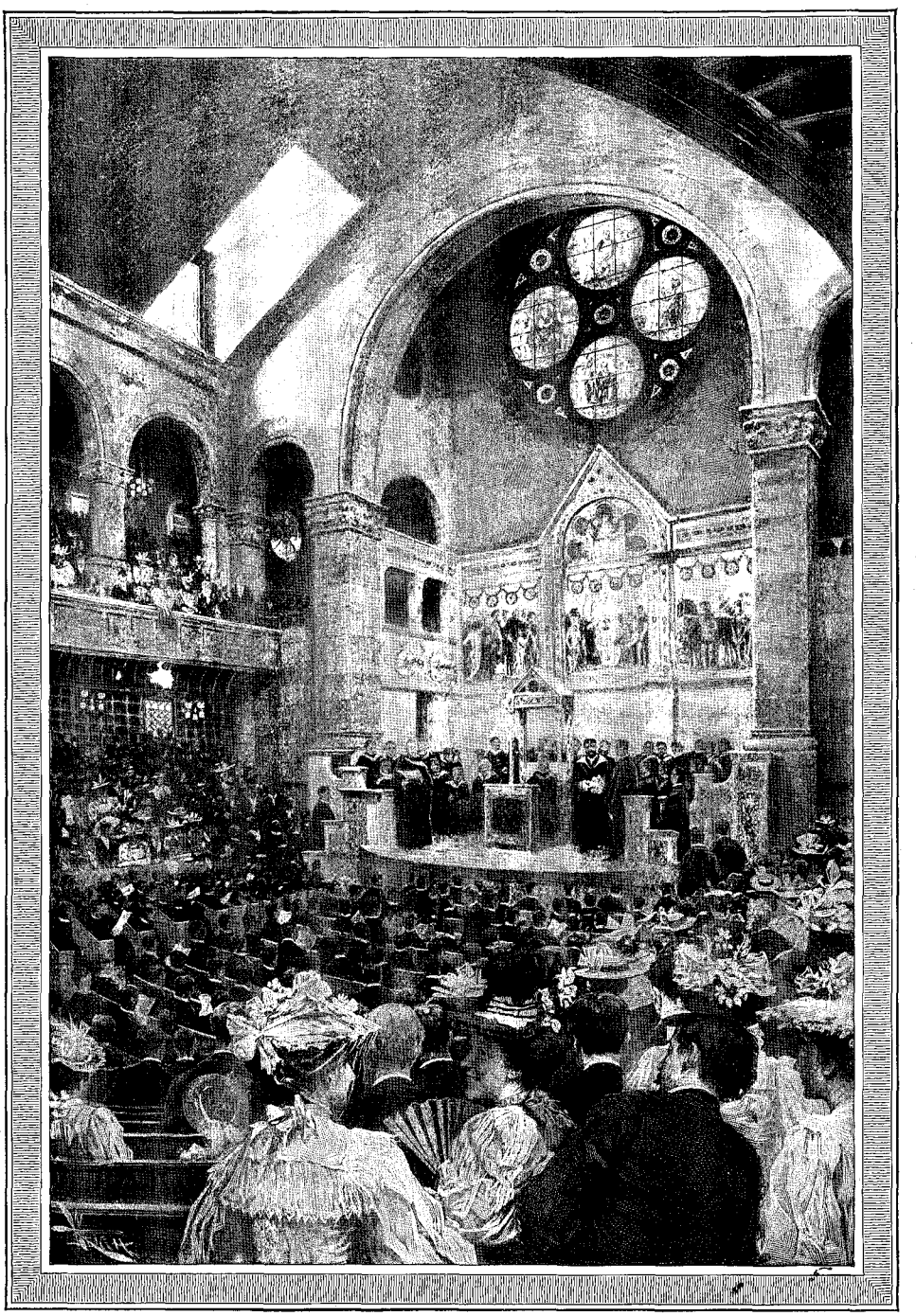
Princeton is redolent with athletic traditions. Fifty years ago they had foot-ball, but not the Rugby game, and Judge Hagner, of Washington, who was there at that time, says: "Shinny they had, and skating matches on the canal." The canal has also at times been the training course for boating, and Ben Nicoll and his '77 crew made themselves famous in 1874 by winning the intercollegiate freshman race at Saratoga Lake. But this success was meteoric. Princeton has only been proficient in aquatics when she roused



W. A. Potter, Arch.

Alexander Hall, showing North Front and the Colonnade.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Commencement Day—Alexander Hall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McCosh Walk, looking East.

most of its features. Alexander Moffat, Captain of the '83 team, was Princeton's most famous kicker. Lamar made the most celebrated run which plucked victory from defeat in the game against Yale in '86. The "curve" in pitching in base-ball, which has become universal as an essential feature, was invented and first applied in an amateur game in the fall of 1874, by J. M. Mann, of Princeton, Class of '76. The "wedge" in football, from which have developed all the mass plays now the subject of so much discussion, was invented by the Hodges, of Princeton, who learned it from studying Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War," and the same men introduced the modern system of bringing the "backs" up close to the line. A Princeton man (Smock, '79) invented the canvas jacket.

On all public occasions student enthusiasm finds expression in the well-known Princeton cheer, the "skyrocket," as it has been called. Undergraduates of to-day may think it has come down from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But this would be an error. All college cheers are of modern date. Princeton's is among the oldest. Nevertheless, thirty-six years ago it was unknown. Where did it come from? Who invented it? These are momentous questions and are answered differently by different men. A member of the Class of '60 declares that the late Dr. Woolsey Johnson, of New York, of that class, first sounded the "hooray, hooray, hooray, tiger, siss-boom-ah Princeton," in one of Professor Schenck's recitations. But Chancellor Alexander T. McGill, of the

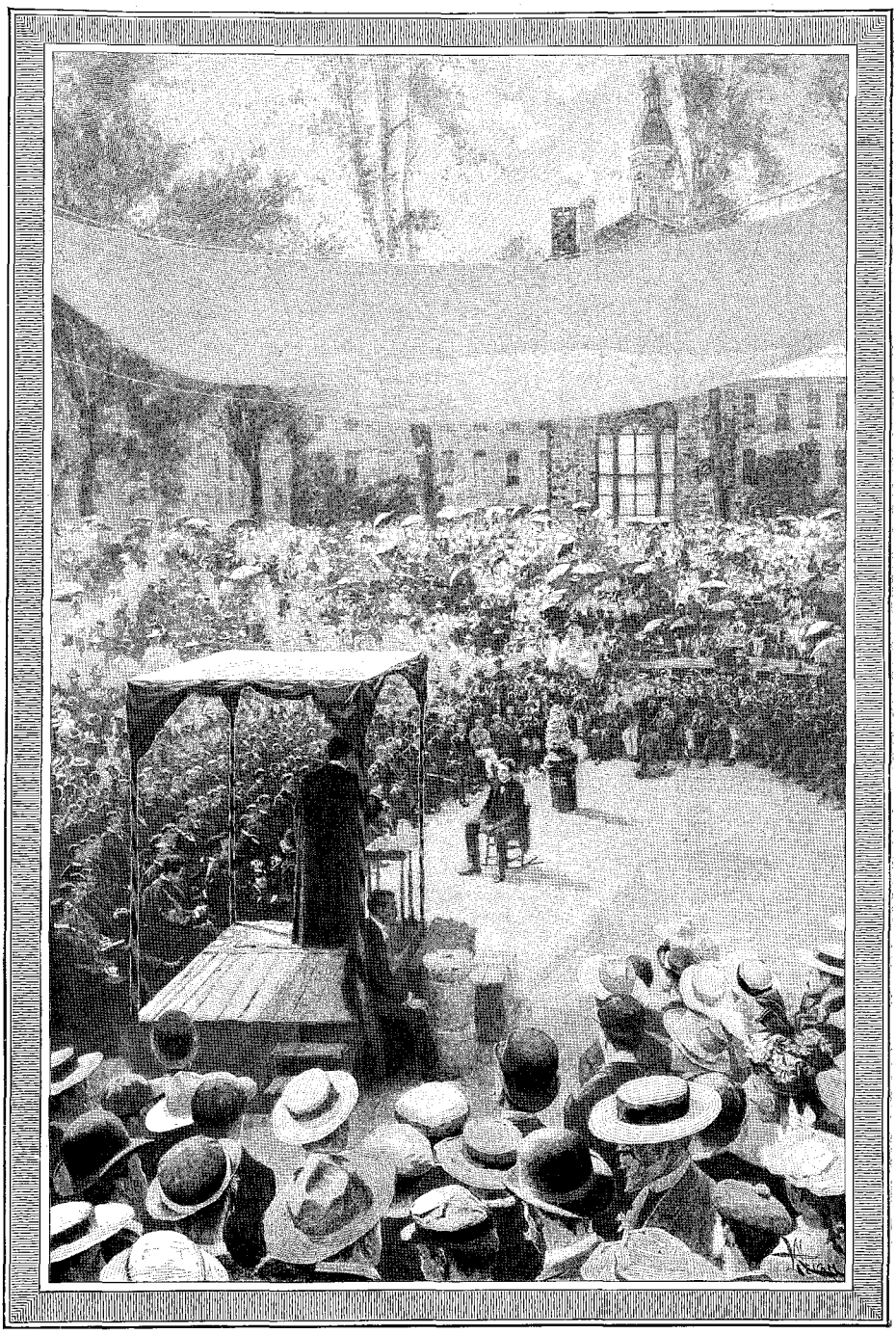
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Class of '61, says he remembers quite distinctly when the Seventh Regiment, of New York, went to the war, and how nearly the whole college went down through the Potter Woods to the old depot by the canal at midnight to greet it as it passed through. The cheers of the boys were responded to by the Seventh with the "skyrocket," which so impressed the youthful mind that it was indulged in at first as borrowed property, and later, as time advanced, was adopted as the college cheer.

That, by the way, was a dark day in Princeton's history. About one-third of the students were from the South, and the breach made in the ranks by the war was a serious shock to the college, from which it recovered only after years, during which the institution languished. War was proclaimed about the middle of April. Then everything was excitement and commotion. The under-classmen prepared at once to cross the lines. The situation of the seniors was more serious. Were they to lose their degrees? Remaining a few days longer, most of them took special examinations, and the names of nearly all appeared in the official circular as "not regularly examined," but they ultimately received their degrees. Their diplomas were held for delivery by different methods. Leroy H. Anderson, of the Class of '61, since Mayor of Princeton, was made the custodian of many, but alas! in some cases he was obliged to hand them to sorrowing heirs, the owners having been killed in battle. It was a curious thing that in the military preparations which went on in Princeton, as elsewhere, in those martial days, Northern and Southern students, so soon to face each other in mortal combat, actually drilled together under the direction of the officers of the local companies. Immediately after the bombardment in Charleston Harbor the venerable Dr. Maclean, then President of the college, called the students together in the old chapel and addressed them on the situation. The old man's heart was wrung by the conflict of emotions. He told the boys that conciliatory measures having failed, and war being inevitable, he and the other members of the Faculty were bound to espouse the cause of the Union. But he was concerned about the Southern students, and advised them all to return immediately to their homes. He assured them of his affection and his regret at parting, and promised them that they

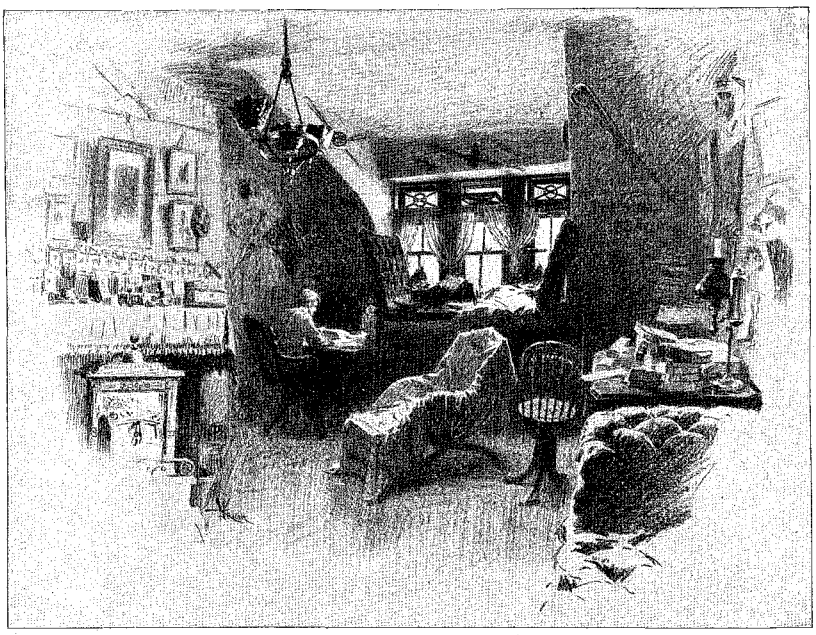
President Patton at Prospect—Southwest Piazza.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cannon Exercises on Class Day—the Presentation Oration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



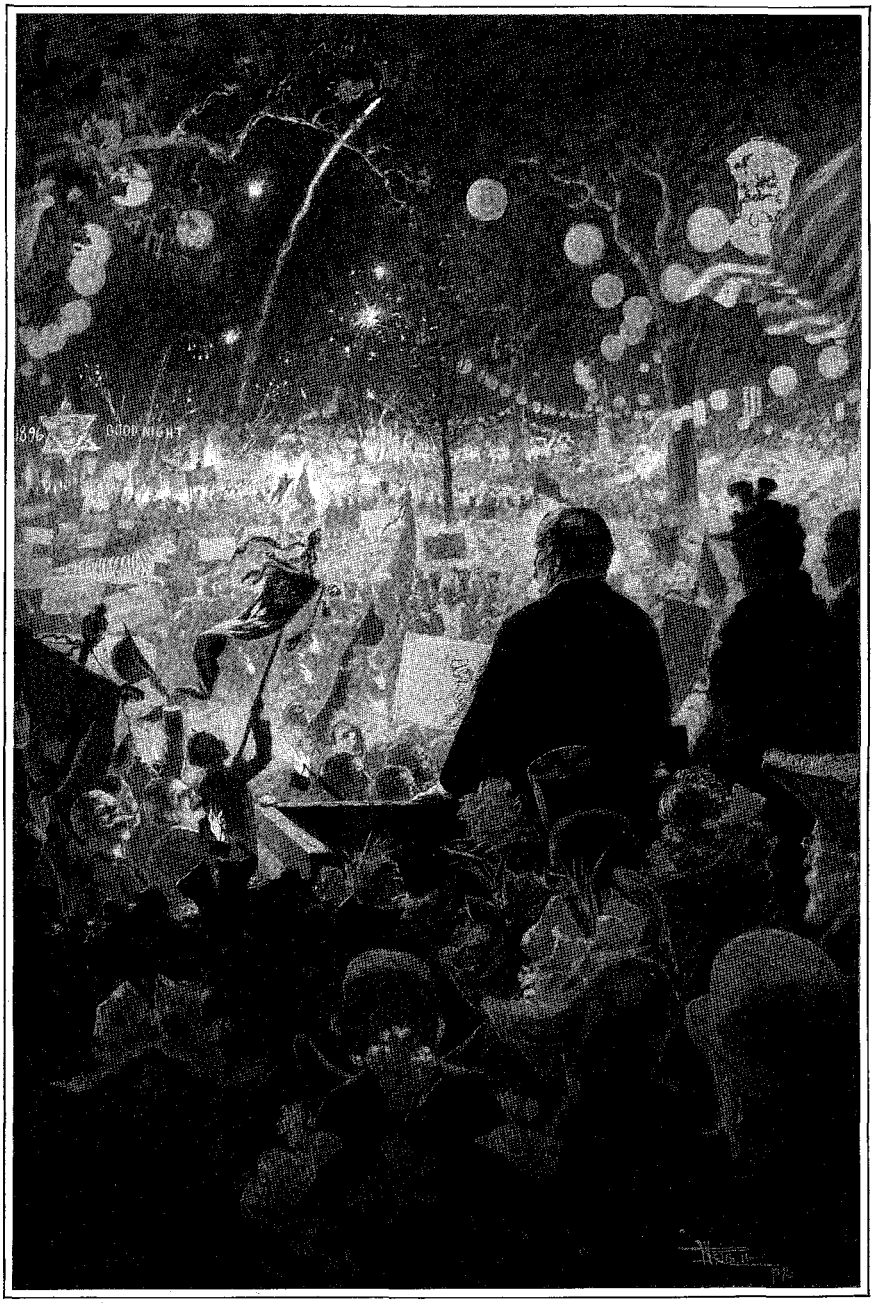
A College Room on Top Floor of Witherspoon Hall.

would be followed by fervent prayers throughout the troublous times which were likely to ensue. Before the outbreak of hostilities the policy of the college was wisely that of neutrality. It favored the Peace Commission at Washington, and hoped that through mutual concessions war would be averted. Hostilities once declared, the college, of course, ranged itself on the side of the Government. In the autograph books which were circulated during the year 1861 nearly all the Southern boys added to their addresses, after the States, the ominous initials "C.S.A." They were already regarding themselves as foreigners. One student wrote: "Alas, we are no longer countrymen! My country is in arms against yours, but there will always be peace between classmates." Another wrote: "I am just about to cross the lines, and it is probable we shall never meet again, but we will always cherish the friendly feeling which existed through our college days."

The Old Cannon and Murray Hall.

The mingling of political acrimony with fraternal attachment, and the domination of the latter sentiment while the war spirit was actually disrupting the college body, was as pathetic as it was remarkable. The hundred or more undergraduates who left Princeton for their Southern homes were escorted to the station by the body of Northern students, and they parted in friendship, although some of them afterward met on the battle-field. When college opened in the autumn, feeling of course ran high against Southern sympathizers. One who was outspoken was put under the pump by several students. College discipline had to be exercised and the offenders suspended. Two of these latter were sons of Governor Reeder, of Pennsylva-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Sesquicentennial.

President Cleveland Reviewing the Torch-light Procession of Alumni and Students, October 21, 1896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

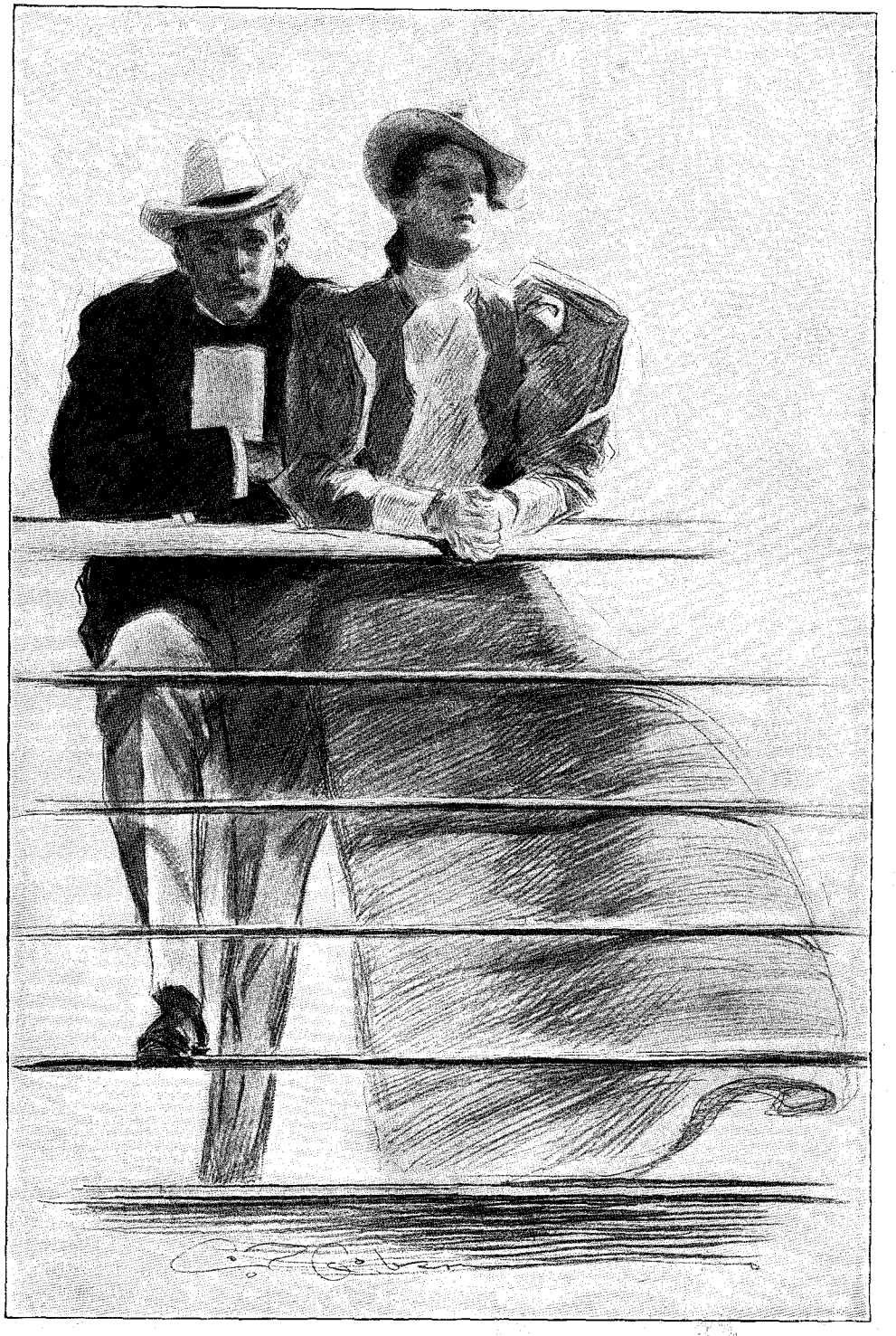
nia. They were taken to the station in a barouche embellished with the national colors, drawn by the students, and accompanied by a long procession, preceded by a military band. The two boys, the heroes of that exciting episode, afterward entered the army and distinguished themselves. One, Frank, has been Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania; the other, Howard, has been Judge of Northampton County, and has been appointed by Governor Hastings one of the new Circuit Court Judges. At the June meeting, in 1895, of the Board of Trustees of the University, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. were conferred on the Reeder brothers.

Memories, sad as well as sweet, serious as well as ludicrous, crowd upon the mind of every son of "Old Nassau" who takes a pen to write of the happy days gone by. Many a tale could be told of the "Fantastics" who used to ride through the town in motley costumes at commencement time on horseback; of the "Sophomore Commencements," which involved suspension from college of every student detected; of the witty burlesque programmes anonymously issued at "Senior Speaking;" of tricks on travelling circuses, as, when the boys dragged Barnum's "Car of Juggernaut" by night to the canal and submerged it in the raging waters; of amateur negro minstrels and dramatic shows; of the various forms of initiation, with the riding of the goat; of mock duels, in which unsophisticated freshmen were made, as they believed, to kill their man; and hundreds of characteristic student pranks, always original and often laughable. But time and space are wanting for more than a sketch. No college has a life more crammed with the mirth and humor of youthful exuberance; none is richer in historic association and sacred tradition; none more free from vicious influence and corrupting example. The atmosphere of Princeton has ever conduced to health and happiness—physical, mental, and moral. Her sons look back with pride and pleasure, not only to the solid instruction received at her hands, but to the royal times spent beneath her shades.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be
a boy!

Diploma Awarded, at the New Olympian Games at Athens, to Robert Garrett, Captain of the Princeton Track Athletic Team.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Over there is the coast of Africa."—Page 706.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

XIV

AN hour later Langham rose with a protesting sigh and shook the hood violently.

"I say!" he called. "Are you asleep up there? We'll never get home at this rate. Doesn't Hope want to come back here and go to sleep?"

The carriage stopped and the boys tumbled out and walked around in front of it. Hope sat smiling on the box-seat. She was apparently far from sleepy, and she was quite contented where she was, she told him.

"Do you know we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday at breakfast?" asked Langham. "MacWilliams and I are fainting. We move that we stop at the next shack we come to, and waken the people up and make them give us some supper."

Hope looked aside at Clay and laughed softly. "Supper?" she said. "They want supper!"

Their suffering did not seem to impress Clay deeply. He sat snapping his whip at the palm-trees above him, and smiled happily in an inconsequent and irritating manner at nothing.

"See here! Do you know that we are lost?" demanded Langham, indignantly, "and starving?" Have you any idea at all where you are?"

"I have not," said Clay, cheerfully. "All I know is that a long time ago there was a revolution and a woman with jewels, who escaped in an open boat, and I recollect playing that I was a target and standing up to be shot at in a bright light. After that I woke up to the really important things of life—among which supper is not one."

Langham and MacWilliams looked at each other doubtfully, and Langham shook his head.

"Get down off that box." he commanded. "If you and Hope think this is merely a pleasant moonlight drive, we don't. You two can sit in the carriage now, and we'll take a turn at driving, and we'll guarantee to get you to some place soon."

Clay and Hope descended meekly and seated themselves under the hood, where they could look out upon the moonlit road as it unrolled behind them. But they were no longer to enjoy their former leisurely progress. The new whip lashed his horses into a gallop, and the trees flew past them on either hand.

"Do you remember that chap in the 'Last Ride Together'?" said Clay.

> I and my mistress side by side,
> Shall be together—forever ride,
> And so one more day am I deified.
> Who knows—the world may end to-night.

Hope laughed triumphantly and threw out her arms as though she would embrace the whole beautiful world that stretched around them.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "To-night the world has just begun."

The carriage stopped and there was a confusion of voices on the box-seat, and then a great barking of dogs, and they beheld MacWilliams beating and kicking at the door of a hut. The door opened for an inch, and there was a long debate in Spanish, and finally the door was closed again, and a light appeared through the windows. A few minutes later a man and woman came out of the hut, shivering and yawning, and made a fire in the sun-baked oven at the side of the house. Hope and Clay remained seated in the carriage, and watched the flames springing up from the oily fagots, and the boys moving about with flaring torches of pine, pulling down bundles of fodder for the horses from the roof of the kitchen, while two sleepy girls disappeared toward a mountain stream, one carrying a jar on her shoulder, and the other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lighting the way with a torch. Hope sat with her chin on her hand, watching the black figures passing between them and the fire, and standing above it with its light on their faces, shading their eyes from the heat with one hand, and stirring something in a smoking caldron with the other. Hope felt an overflowing sense of gratitude to these simple strangers for the trouble they were taking. She felt how good everyone was, and how wonderfully kind and generous was the world that she lived in.

Her brother came over to the carriage and bowed with mock courtesy.

"I trust, now that we have done all the work," he said, "that your excellencies will condescend to share our frugal fare, or must we bring it to you here?"

The clay oven stood in the middle of a hut of laced twigs, through which the smoke drifted freely. There was a row of wooden benches around it, and they all seated themselves and ate ravenously of rice and fried plantains, while the woman patted and tossed tortillas between her hands, eying her guests curiously. Her glance fell upon Langham's shoulder, and rested there for so long that Hope followed the direction of her eyes. She leaped to her feet with a cry of fear and reproach, and ran toward her brother.

"Ted!" she cried, "you are hurt! you are wounded, and you never told me! What is it? Is it very bad?" Clay crossed the floor in a stride, his face full of concern.

"Leave me alone!" cried the stern brother, backing away and warding them off with the coffee-pot. "It's only scratched. You'll spill the coffee."

But at the sight of the blood Hope had turned very white and, throwing her arms around her brother's neck, hid her eyes on his other shoulder and began to cry.

"I am so selfish," she sobbed. "I have been so happy and you were suffering all the time."

Her brother stared at the others in dismay. "What nonsense," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "You're a bit tired, and you need rest. That's what you need. The idea of my sister going off in hysterics after behaving like such a sport—and before these young ladies, too. Aren't you ashamed?"

"I should think they'd be ashamed," said MacWilliams, severely, as he continued placidly with his supper. "They haven't got enough clothes on."

Langham looked over Hope's shoulder at Clay and nodded significantly. "She's been on a good deal of a strain," he explained, apologetically, "and no wonder; it's been rather an unusual night for her."

Hope raised her head and smiled at him through her tears. Then she turned and moved toward Clay. She brushed her eyes with the back of her hand and laughed. "It has been an unusual night," she said. "Shall I tell him?" she asked.

Clay straightened himself unconsciously, and stepped beside her and took her hand; MacWilliams lowered the dish from which he was eating quickly to the bench, and stood up, too. The people of the house stared at the group in the firelight with puzzled interest, at the beautiful young girl and at the tall, sunburned young man at her side. Langham looked from his sister to Clay and back again, and laughed uneasily.

"Langham, I have been very bold," said Clay. "I have asked your sister to marry me—and she has said that she would."

Langham flushed as red as his sister. He felt himself at a disadvantage in the presence of a love as great and strong as he knew this must be. It made him seem strangely young and inadequate. He crossed over to his sister awkwardly and kissed her and then took Clay's hand, and the three stood together and looked at each other, and there was no sign of doubt or question in the face of any one of them. They stood so for some little time, smiling and exclaiming together, and utterly unconscious of anything but their own delight and happiness. MacWilliams watched them, his face puckered into odd wrinkles and his eyes half closed. Hope suddenly broke away from the others and turned toward him with her hands held out.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Mr. MacWilliams?" she asked.

MacWilliams looked doubtfully at Clay, as though from force of habit he must ask advice from his chief first, and then took the hands that she held out to him and shook them up and down. His usual confidence seemed to have forsaken him, and he stood, shifting from one foot to the other, smiling and abashed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, I always said they didn't make them any better than you," he gasped at last. "I was always telling him that, wasn't I?" He nodded energetically at Clay. "And that's so, they don't make 'em any better than you."

He dropped her hands and crossed over to Clay and stood surveying him with a smile of wonder and admiration.

"How'd you do it?" he demanded. "How did you do it? I suppose you know," he asked sternly, "that you're not good enough for Miss Hope? You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I know that," said Clay.

MacWilliams walked toward the door and stood in it for a second, looking back at them over his shoulder. "They don't make them any better than that," he reiterated gravely, and disappeared in the direction of the horses, shaking his head and muttering his astonishment and delight.

"Please give me some money," Hope said to Clay. "All the money you have," she added, smiling at her assumption of authority over him, "and you, too, Ted." The men emptied their pockets and Hope poured the mass of silver into the hands of the women, who gazed at it uncomprehendingly.

"Thank you for your trouble and your good supper," Hope said in Spanish, "and may no evil come to your house."

The woman and her daughters followed her to the carriage, bowing and uttering good wishes in the extravagant metaphor of their country, and as they drove away, Hope waved her hand to them as she sank closer against Clay's shoulder.

"The world is full of such kind and gentle souls," she said.

In an hour they had regained the main road, and a little later the stars grew dim and the moonlight faded, and trees and bushes and rocks began to take substance and to grow into form and outline. They saw by the cool, gray light of the morning the familiar hills around the capital, and at a cry from the boys on the box-seat, they looked ahead and beheld the harbor of Valencia at their feet, lying as placid and undisturbed as the water in a bath-tub. As they turned up the hill into the road that led to the Palms, they saw the sleeping capital like a city of the dead below them, its white buildings reddened with the light of the rising sun. From three places in different parts of the city, thick columns of smoke rose lazily to the sky.

"I had forgotten!" said Clay, "they have been having a revolution here. It seems so long ago."

By five o'clock they had reached the gate of the Palms, and their appearance startled the sentry on post into a state of undisciplined joy. A riderless pony, the one upon which José had made his escape when the firing began, had crept into the stable an hour previous, stiff and bruised and weary, and had led the people at the Palms to fear the worst.

Mr. Langham and his daughter were standing on the veranda as the horses came galloping up the avenue. They had been awake all the night, and the face of each was white and drawn with anxiety and loss of sleep. Mr. Langham caught Hope in his arms and held her face close to his in silence.

"Where have you been?" he said, at last. "Why did you treat me like this? You knew how I would suffer."

"I could not help it," Hope cried. "I had to go with Madame Alvarez."

Her sister had suffered as acutely as had Mr. Langham himself, as long as she was in ignorance of Hope's whereabouts. But now that she saw Hope in the flesh again, she felt a reaction against her for the anxiety and distress she had caused them.

"My dear Hope," she said, "is every one to be sacrificed for Madame Alvarez? What possible use could you be to her at such a time? It was not the time nor the place for a young girl. You were only another responsibility for the men."

"Clay seemed willing to accept the responsibility," said Langham, without a smile. "And, besides," he added, "if Hope had not been with us we might never have reached home alive."

But it was only after much earnest protest and many explanations that Mr. Langham was pacified, and felt assured that his son's wound was not dangerous, and that his daughter was quite safe.

Miss Langham and himself, he said, had passed a trying night. There had been much firing in the city, and continual uproar. The houses of several of the friends of Alvarez had been burned and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sacked. Alvarez himself had been shot as soon as he had entered the yard of the military prison. It was then given out that he had committed suicide. Mendoza had not dared to kill Rojas, because of the feeling of the people toward him, and had even shown him to the mob from behind the bars of one of the windows in order to satisfy them that he was still living. The British Minister had sent to the Palace for the body of Captain Stuart, and had had it escorted to the Legation, from whence it would be sent to England. This, as far as Mr. Langham had heard, was the news of the night just over.

"Two native officers called here for you about midnight, Clay," he continued, "and they are still waiting for you below at your office. They came from Rojas's troops, who are encamped on the hills at the other side of the city. They wanted you to join them with the men from the mines. I told them I did not know when you would return, and they said they would wait. If you could have been here last night, it is possible that we might have done something, but now that it is all over, I am glad that you saved that woman instead. I should have liked, though, to have struck one blow at them. But we cannot hope to win against assassins. The death of young Stuart has hurt me terribly, and the murder of Alvarez, coming on top of it, has made me wish I had never heard of nor seen Olancho. I have decided to go away at once on the next steamer, and I will take my daughters with me, and Ted, too. The State Department at Washington can fight with Mendoza for the mines. You made a good stand, but they made a better one and they have beaten us. Mendoza's *coup d'état* has passed into history and the revolution is at an end."

On his arrival Clay had at once asked for a cigar, and while Mr. Langham was speaking he had been biting it between his teeth, with the serious satisfaction of a man who had been twelve hours without one. He knocked the ashes from it and considered the burning end thoughtfully. Then he glanced at Hope as she stood among the group on the veranda. She was waiting for his reply and watching him intently. He seemed to be confident that she would approve of the only course he saw open to him.

"The revolution is not at an end by any means, Mr. Langham," he said at last, simply. "It has just begun." He turned abruptly and walked away in the direction of the office, and MacWilliams and Langham stepped off the veranda and followed him as a matter of course.

The soldiers in the army who were known to be faithful to General Rojas belonged to the Third and Fourth regiments, and numbered four thousand on paper, and two thousand by count of heads. When they had seen their leader taken prisoner, and swept off the parade-ground by Mendoza's cavalry, they had first attempted to follow in pursuit and recapture him, but the men on horseback had at once shaken off the men on foot and left them, panting and breathless, in the dust behind them. So they halted uncertainly in the road and their young officers held counsel together. They first considered the advisability of attacking the military prison, but decided against doing so, as it would lead, they feared, whether it proved successful or not, to the murder of Rojas. It was impossible to return to the city where Mendoza's First and Second regiments greatly outnumbered them. Having no leader and no headquarters, the officers therefore marched the men to the hills above the city and went into camp to await further developments.

Throughout the night they watched the illumination of the city and of the boats in the harbor below them; they saw the flames bursting from the homes of the members of Alvarez's Cabinet, and when the morning broke they beheld the grounds of the Palace swarming with Mendoza's troops, and the red and white barred flag of the revolution floating over it. The news of the assassination of Alvarez and the fact that Rojas had been spared for fear of the people, had been carried to them early in the evening, and with this knowledge of their General's safety hope returned and fresh plans were discussed. By midnight they had definitely decided that should Mendoza attempt to dislodge them the next morning, they would make a stand, but that if the fight went against them, they would fall back along the mountain roads to the Valencia mines, where they hoped to persuade the fifteen hundred soldiers there installed to join forces with them against the new Dictator.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In order to assure themselves of this help, a messenger was dispatched by a circuitous route to the Palms, to ask the aid of the resident director, and another was sent to the mines to work upon the feelings of the soldiers themselves. The officer who had been sent to the Palms to petition Clay for the loan of his soldier-workmen, had decided to remain until Clay returned, and another messenger had been sent after him from the camp on the same errand.

These two lieutenants greeted Clay with enthusiasm, but he at once interrupted them, and began plying them with questions as to where their camp was situated and what roads led from it to the Palms.

"Bring your men at once to this end of our railroad," he said. "It is still early, and the revolutionists will sleep late. They are drugged with liquor and worn out with excitement, and whatever may have been their intentions toward you last night, they will be late in putting them into practice this morning. I will telegraph Kirkland to come up at once with all of his soldiers and with his three hundred Irishmen. Allowing him a half hour to collect them and to get his flat cars together, and another half hour in which to make the run, he should be here by half past six—and that's quick mobilization. You ride back now and march your men here at a double quick. With your two thousand we shall have in all three thousand and eight hundred men. I must have absolute control over my own troops. Otherwise I will act independently of you and go into the city alone with my workmen."

"That is unnecessary," said one of the lieutenants. "We have no officers. If you do not command us, there is no one else to do it. We promise that our men will follow you and give you every obedience. They have been led by foreigners before, by young Captain Stuart and Major Ferguson and Colonel Shrevington. They know how highly General Rojas thinks of you, and they know that you have led Continental armies in Europe."

"Well, don't tell them I haven't until this is over," said Clay. "Now, ride hard, gentlemen, and bring your men here as quickly as possible."

The lieutenants thanked him effusively and galloped away, radiant at the success of their mission, and Clay entered the office where MacWilliams was telegraphing his orders to Kirkland. He seated himself beside the instrument and from time to time answered the questions Kirkland sent back to him over the wire, and in the intervals of silence thought of Hope. It was the first time he had gone into action feeling the touch of a woman's hand upon his sleeve, and he was fearful lest she might think he had considered her too lightly.

He took a piece of paper from the table and wrote a few lines upon it and then rewrote them several times. The message he finally sent to her, was this: "I am sure you understand and that you would not have me give up beaten now, when what we do to-day may set us right again. I know better than any one else in the world can know, what I run the risk of losing, but you would not have that fear stop me from going on with what we have been struggling for so long. I cannot come back to see you before we start, but I know your heart is with me. With great love, Robert Clay."

He gave the note to his servant and the answer was brought to him almost immediately. Hope had not rewritten her message, "I love you because you are the sort of man you are, and had you given up as father wished you to do, or on my account, you would have been someone else, and I would have had to begin over again to learn to love you for some different reasons. I know that you will come back to me, bringing your sheaves with you. Nothing can happen to you now. Hope."

He had never received a line from her before, and he read and re-read this with a sense of such pride and happiness in his face that MacWilliams smiled covertly and bent his eyes upon his instrument. Clay went back into his room and kissed the page of paper gently, flushing like a boy as he did so, and then folding it carefully, he put it away beneath his jacket. He glanced about him guiltily, although he was quite alone, and taking out his watch, pried it open and looked down into the face of the photograph that had smiled up at him from it for so many years. He thought how unlike it was to Alice Langham as he knew her. He judged that it must have been taken when she was very young, at the age Hope was then, before the little world she lived in had crippled and narrowed her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and marked her for its own. He remembered what she had said to him the first night he had seen her. "That is the picture of the girl who ceased to exist four years ago, and whom you have never met." He wondered if she had ever existed.

"It looks more like Hope than her sister," he mused. "It looks very much like Hope." He decided that he would let it remain where it was until Hope gave him a better one, and smiling slightly he snapped the lid fast, as though he were closing a door on the face of Alice Langham and locking it forever.

Kirkland was in the cab of the locomotive that brought the soldiers from the mine. He stopped the first car in front of the freight station until the workmen had filed out and formed into a double line on the platform. Then he moved the train forward the length of that car and those in the one following were mustered out in a similar manner. As the cars continued to come in, the men at the head of the double line passed on through the freight station and on up the road to the city in an unbroken column. There was no confusion, no crowding, and no haste.

When the last car had been emptied, Clay rode down the line and appointed a foreman to take charge of each company, stationing his engineers and the Irish-Americans in the van. It looked more like a mob than a regiment. None of the men were in uniform, and the native soldiers were barefoot. But they showed a winning spirit, and stood in as orderly an array as though they were drawn up in line to receive their month's wages. The Americans in front of the column were humorously disposed and inclined to consider the whole affair as a pleasant outing. They had been placed in front, not because they were better shots than the natives, but because every South American thinks that every citizen of the United States is a master either of the rifle or the revolver, and Clay was counting on this superstition. His assistant engineers and foremen hailed him as he rode on up and down the line with good-natured cheers, and asked him when they were to get their commissions, and if it were true that they were all captains, or only colonels, as they were at home.

They had been waiting for a half hour when there was the sound of horses' hoofs on the road and the even beat of men's feet, and the advance guard of the Third and Fourth regiments came toward them at a quickstep. The men were still in the full dress uniforms they had worn at the review the day before, and in comparison with the soldier-workmen and the Americans in flannel shirts, they presented so martial a showing that they were welcomed with tumultuous cheers. Clay threw them into a double line on one side of the road, down the length of which his own marched until they had reached the end of it nearest to the city, when they took up their position in a close formation, and the native regiments fell in behind them. Clay selected twenty of the best shots from among the engineers and sent them on ahead as a skirmish line. They were ordered to fall back at once if they saw any sign of the enemy. In this order the column of four thousand men started for the city.

It was a little after seven when they advanced and the air was mild and peaceful. Men and women came crowding to the doors and windows of the huts as they passed, and stood watching them in silence, not knowing to which party the small army might belong. In order to enlighten them, Clay shouted, "Viva Rojas." And the men took it up behind them and the people answered gladly.

They had reached the closely-built portion of the city when the skirmish line came running back to say that it had been met by a detachment of Mendoza's cavalry, who had galloped away as soon as they saw them. There was then no longer any doubt that the fact of their coming was known at the Palace, and Clay halted his men in a bare plaza and divided them into three columns. Three streets ran parallel with one another from this plaza to the heart of the city, and opened directly upon the garden of the Palace where Mendoza had fortified himself. Clay directed the columns to advance up these streets, keeping the head of each column in touch with the other two. At the word they were to pour down the side streets and rally to each other's assistance.

As they stood, drawn up on the three sides of the plaza, he rode out before them and held up his hat for silence. They were there with arms in their hands, he said, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two reasons: the greater one and the one which he knew actuated the native soldiers was their desire to preserve the Constitution of the Republic. According to their own laws, the Vice-President must succeed when the President's term of office had expired, or in the event of his death. President Alvarez had been assassinated, and the Vice-President, General Rojas, was, in consequence, his legal successor. It was their duty, as soldiers of the Republic, to rescue him from prison, to drive the man who had usurped his place into exile, and by so doing uphold the laws which they had themselves laid down. The second motive, he went on, was a less worthy and more selfish one. The Olancho mines, which now gave work to thousands and brought millions of dollars into the country, were coveted by Mendoza, who would, if he could, convert them into a monopoly of his government. If he remained in power all foreigners would be driven out of the country and the soldiers would be forced to work in the mines without payment. Their condition would be little better than that of the slaves in the salt mines of Siberia. Not only would they no longer be paid for their labor, but the people as a whole would cease to receive that share of the earnings of the mines which had hitherto been theirs.

"Under President Rojas you will have liberty, justice, and prosperity," Clay cried. "Under Mendoza you will be ruled by martial law. He will rob and overtax you, and you will live through a reign of terror. Between them—which will you choose?"

The native soldiers answered by cries of "Rojas," and breaking ranks rushed across the plaza toward him, crowding around his horse and shouting "Long live Rojas," "Long live the Constitution," "Death to Mendoza." The Americans stood as they were and gave three cheers for the Government.

They were still cheering and shouting as they advanced upon the Palace, and the noise of their coming drove the people indoors, so that they marched through deserted streets and between closed doors and sightless windows. No one opposed them, and no one encouraged them. But they could now see the façade of the Palace and the flag of the revolutionists hanging from the mast in front of it.

Three blocks distant from the Palace they came upon the buildings of the United States and English Legations, where the flags of the two countries had been hung out over the narrow thoroughfare. The windows and the roofs of each legation were crowded with women and children who had sought refuge there, and the column halted as Weimer, the Consul, and Sir Julian Pindar, the English Minister, came out, bare-headed, into the street and beckoned to Clay to stop.

"As our Minister was not here," Weimer said, "I telegraphed to Truxillo for the man-of-war there. She started some time ago, and we have just heard that she is entering the lower harbor. She should have her blue-jackets on shore in twenty minutes. Sir Julian and I think you ought to wait for them."

The English Minister put a detaining hand on Clay's bridle. "If you attack Mendoza at the Palace with this mob," he remonstrated, "rioting and lawlessness generally will break out all over the city. I ask you to keep them back until we get your sailors to police the streets and protect property."

Clay glanced over his shoulder at the engineers and the Irish workmen standing in solemn array behind him. "Oh, you can hardly call this a mob," he said. "They look a little rough and ready, but I will answer for them. The two other columns that are coming up the street parallel to this are Government troops and properly engaged in driving an usurper out of the Government building. The best thing you can do is to get down to the wharf and send the marines and blue jackets where you think they will do the most good. I can't wait for them. But they can't come too soon."

The grounds of the Palace occupied two entire blocks; the Botanical Gardens were in the rear and in front a series of low terraces ran down from its veranda to the high iron fence which separated the grounds from the chief thoroughfare of the city.

Clay sent word to the left and right wing of his little army to make a detour one street distant from the Palace grounds and form in the street in the rear of the Botanical Gardens. When they heard the firing of his men from the front they were to force their way through the gates at the back and attack the Palace in the rear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mendoza has the place completely barricaded," Weimer warned him, "and he has three field pieces covering each of these streets. You and your men are directly in line of one of them now. He is only waiting for you to get a little nearer before he lets loose."

From where he sat Clay could count the bars of the iron fence in front of the grounds. But the boards that backed them prevented his forming any idea of the strength or the distribution of Mendoza's forces. He drew his staff of amateur officers to one side and explained the situation to them.

"The Theatre National and the Club Union," he said, "face the Palace from the opposite corners of this street. You must get into them and barricade the windows and throw up some sort of shelter for yourselves along the edge of the roofs and drive the men behind that fence back to the Palace. Clear them away from the cannon first, and keep them away from it. I will be waiting in the street below. When you have driven them back, we will charge the gates and have it out with them in the gardens. The Third and Fourth regiments ought to take them in the rear about the same time. You will continue to pick them off from the roof."

The two supporting columns had already started on their roundabout way to the rear of the Palace. Clay gathered up his reins and, telling his men to keep close to the walls, started forward, his soldiers following on the sidewalks and leaving the middle of the street clear. As they reached a point a hundred yards below the Palace, a part of the wooden shield behind the fence was thrown down, there was a puff of white smoke and a report, and a cannon-ball struck the roof of a house which they were passing and sent the tiles clattering about their heads. But the men in the lead had already reached the stage-door of the theatre and were opposite one of the doors to the club. They drove these in with the butts of their rifles, and raced up the stairs of each of the deserted buildings until they reached the roof. Langham was swept by a weight of men across a stage, and jumped among the music racks in the orchestra. He caught a glimpse of the early morning sun shining on the tawdry hangings of the boxes and the exaggerated perspective of the scenery. He ran through corridors between two great statues of Comedy and Tragedy and up a marble staircase to a lobby in which he saw the white faces about him multiplied in long mirrors and so out to an iron balcony from which he looked down, panting and breathless, upon the Palace Gardens, swarming with soldiers and white with smoke. Men poured through the windows of the club opposite, dragging sofas and chairs out to the balcony and upon the flat roof. The men near him were tearing down the yellow silk curtains in the lobby and draping them along the railing of the balcony to better conceal their movements from the enemy below. Bullets spattered the stucco about their heads and panes of glass broke suddenly and fell in glittering particles upon their shoulders. The firing had already begun from the roofs near them. Beyond the club and the theatre and far along the street on each side of the Palace the merchants were slamming the iron shutters of their shops, and men and women were running for refuge up the high steps of the church of Santa Maria. Others were gathered in black masses on the balconies and roofs of the more distant houses, where they stood outlined against the soft blue sky in gigantic silhouette. Their shouts of encouragement and anger carried clearly in the morning air, and spurred on the gladiators below to greater effort. In the Palace Gardens a line of Mendoza's men fought from behind the first barricade, while others dragged tables and bedding and chairs across the green terraces and tumbled them down to those below, who seized them and formed them into a second line of defence.

Two of the assistant engineers were kneeling at Langham's feet with the barrels of their rifles resting on the railing of the balcony. Their eyes had been trained for years to judge distances and to measure space, and they glanced along the sights of their rifles as though they were looking through the lens of a transit, and at each report their faces grew more earnest and their lips pressed tighter together. One of them lowered his gun to light a cigarette, and Langham handed him his match-box, with a certain feeling of repugnance.

"Better get under cover, Mr. Langham," the man said, kindly. "There's no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use our keeping your mines for you if you're not alive to enjoy them. Take a shot at that crew around the gun."

"I don't like this long range business," Langham answered. "I am going down to join Clay. I don't like the idea of hitting a man when he isn't looking at you."

The engineer gave an incredulous laugh.

"If he isn't looking at you, he's aiming at the man next to you. 'Live and let Live' doesn't apply at present."

As Langham reached Clay's side triumphant shouts arose from the roof-tops, and the men posted there stood up and showed themselves above the barricades and called to Clay that the cannon were deserted.

Kirkland had come prepared for the barricade and, running across the street, fastened a dynamite cartridge to each gate-post and lit the fuses. The soldiers scattered before him as he came leaping back, and in an instant later there was a racking roar and the gates were pitched out of their sockets and thrown forward, and those in the street swept across them and surrounded the cannon.

Langham caught it by the throat as though it were human, and did not feel the hot metal burning the palms of his hands as he choked it, and pointed its muzzle toward the Palace, while the others dragged at the spokes of the wheel. It was fighting at close range now, close enough to suit even Langham. He found himself in the front rank of it without knowing exactly how he got there. Every man on both sides was playing his own hand, and seemed to know exactly what to do. He felt neglected and very much alone, and was somewhat anxious lest his valor might be wasted through his not knowing how to put it to account. He saw the enemy in changing groups of scowling men, who seemed to eye him for an instant down the length of a gun barrel and then disappear behind a puff of smoke. He kept thinking that war made men take strange liberties with their fellow-men, and it struck him as being most absurd that strangers should stand up and try to kill one another, men who had so little in common that they did not even know each other's names. The soldiers who were fighting on his own side were equally unknown to him, and he looked in vain for Clay. He saw MacWilliams for a moment through the smoke, jabbing at a jammed cartridge with his pen-knife, and hacking the lead away to make it slip. He was remonstrating with the gun and swearing at it exactly as though it were human, and as Langham ran toward him he threw it away and caught up another from the ground. Kneeling beside the wounded man who had dropped it and picking the cartridges from his belt, he assured him cheerfully that he was not so badly hurt as he thought.

"You all right?" Langham asked.

"I'm all right. I'm trying to get a little laddie hiding behind that blue silk sofa over there. He's taken an unnatural dislike to me, and he's nearly got me three times. I'm knocking horse-hair out of his rampart, though."

The men of Stuart's body-guard were fighting outside of the breastworks and mattresses. They were using their swords as though they were machetes, and the Irishmen were swinging their guns around their shoulders like sledge-hammers, and beating their foes over the head and breast. The guns at his own side sounded close at Langham's ear, and deafened him, and those of the enemy exploded so near to his face that he was kept continually winking and dodging, as though he were being taken by a flashlight photograph. When he fired he aimed where the mass was thickest, so that he might not see what his bullet did, but he remembered afterward that he always reloaded with the most anxious swiftness in order that he might not be killed before he had had another shot, and that the idea of being killed was of no concern to him, except on that account. Then the scene before him changed, and apparently hundreds of Mendoza's soldiers poured out from the Palace and swept down upon him, cheering as they came, and he felt himself falling back naturally and as a matter of course, as he would have stepped out of the way of a locomotive, or a runaway horse, or any other unreasoning thing. His shoulders pushed against a mass of shouting, sweating men, who in turn pressed back upon others, until the mass reached the iron fence and could move no further. He heard Clay's voice shouting to them, and saw him run forward, shooting rapidly as he ran, and he followed him, even though his reason told him it was a useless thing to do, and then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there came a great shout from the rear of the Palace, and more soldiers, dressed exactly like the others, rushed through the great doors and swarmed around the two wings of the building, and he recognized them as Rojas's men and knew that the fight was over.

He saw a tall man with a negro's face spring out of the first mass of soldiers and shout to them to follow him. Clay gave a yell of welcome and ran at him, calling upon him in Spanish to surrender. The negro stopped and stood at bay, glaring at Clay and at the circle of soldiers closing in around him. He raised his revolver and pointed it steadily. It was as though the man knew he had only a moment to live, and meant to do that one thing well in the short time left him.

Clay sprang to one side and ran toward him, dodging to the right and left, but Mendoza followed his movements carefully with his revolver.

It lasted but an instant. Then the Spaniard threw his arm suddenly across his face, drove the heel of his boot into the turf, and spinning about on it fell forward.

"If he was shot where his sash crosses his heart, I know the man who did it," Langham heard a voice say at his elbow, and turning saw MacWilliams wetting his finger at his lips and touching them gingerly to the heated barrel of his Winchester.

The death of Mendoza left his followers without a leader and without a cause. They threw their muskets on the ground and held their hands above their heads, shrieking for mercy. Clay and his officers answered them instantly by running from one group to another, knocking up the barrels of the rifles and calling hoarsely to the men on the roofs to cease firing, and as they were obeyed the noise of the last few random shots was drowned in tumultuous cheering and shouts of exultation, that, starting in the gardens, were caught up by those in the streets and passed on quickly as a line of flame along the swaying housetops.

The native officers sprang upon Clay and embraced him after their fashion, hailing him as the Liberator of Olancho, as the Preserver of the Constitution, and their brother patriot. Then one of them climbed to the top of a gilt and marble table and proclaimed him military President.

"You'll proclaim yourself an idiot, if you don't get down from there," Clay said, laughing. "I thank you for permitting me to serve with you, gentlemen. I shall have great pleasure in telling our President how well you acquitted yourself in this row—battle, I mean. And now I would suggest that you store the prisoners' weapons in the Palace and put a guard over them, and then conduct the men themselves to the military prison, where you can release General Rojas and escort him back to the city in a triumphal procession. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

But the natives protested that that honor was for him alone. Clay declined it, pleading that he must look after his wounded.

"I can hardly believe there are any dead," he said to Kirkland. "For, if it takes two thousand bullets to kill a man in European warfare, it must require about two hundred thousand to kill a man in South America."

He told Kirkland to march his men back to the mines and to see that there were no stragglers. "If they want to celebrate, let them celebrate when they get to the mines, but not here. They have made a good record to-day and I won't have it spoiled by rioting. They shall have their reward later. Between Rojas and Mr. Langham they should all be rich men."

The cheering from the housetops since the firing ceased had changed suddenly into hand clappings, and the cries, though still undistinguishable, were of a different sound. Clay saw that the Americans on the balconies of the club and of the theatre had thrown themselves far over the railings and were all looking in the same direction and waving their hats and cheering loudly, and he heard above the shouts of the people the regular tramp of men's feet marching in step, and the rattle of a machine gun as it bumped and shook over the rough stones. He gave a shout of pleasure, and Kirkland and the two boys ran with him up the slope, crowding each other to get a better view. The mob parted at the Palace gates, and they saw two lines of blue jackets, spread out like the sticks of a fan, dragging the gun between them, the middies in their tight buttoned tunics and gaiters, and behind them more blue jackets with bare, bronzed throats, and with the swagger and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roll of the sea in their legs and shoulders. An American flag floated above the white helmets of the marines. Its presence and the sense of pride which the sight of these men from home awoke in them made the fight just over seem mean and petty, and they took off their hats and cheered with the others.

A first lieutenant, who felt his importance and also a sense of disappointment at having arrived too late to see the fighting, left his men at the gate of the Palace, and advanced up the terrace, stopping to ask for information as he came. Each group to which he addressed himself pointed to Clay. The sight of his own flag had reminded Clay that the banner of Mendoza still hung from the mast beside which he was standing, and as the officer approached he was busily engaged in untwisting its halyards and pulling it down.

The lieutenant saluted him doubtfully.

"Can you tell me who is in command here?" he asked. He spoke somewhat sharply, for Clay was not a military looking personage, covered as he was with dust and perspiration, and with his sombrero on the back of his head.

"Our Consul here told us at the landing place," continued the lieutenant in an aggrieved tone, "that a General Mendoza was in power, and that I had better report to him, and then ten minutes later I hear that he is dead and that a General Rojas is President, but that a man named Clay has made himself Dictator. My instructions are to recognize no belligerents, but to report to the Government party. Now, who is the Government party?"

Clay brought the red barred flag down with a jerk, and ripped it free from the halyards. Kirkland and the two boys were watching him with amused smiles.

"I appreciate your difficulty," he said. "President Alvarez is dead, and General Mendoza, who tried to make himself Dictator, is also dead, and the real President, General Rojas, is still in jail. So at present I suppose that I represent the Government party, at least I am the man named Clay. It hadn't occurred to me before, but, until Rojas is free, I guess I am the Dictator of Olancho. Is Madame Alvarez on board your ship?"

"Yes, she is with us," the officer replied, in some confusion. "Excuse me—are you the three gentlemen who took her to the yacht? I am afraid I spoke rather hastily just now, but you are not in uniform, and the Government seems to change so quickly down here that a stranger finds it hard to keep up with it."

Six of the native officers had approached as the lieutenant was speaking and saluted Clay gravely. "We have followed your instructions," one of them said, "and the regiments are ready to march with the prisoners. Have you any further orders for us—can we deliver any messages to General Rojas?"

"Present my congratulations to General Rojas, and best wishes," said Clay. "And tell him for me, that it would please me greatly if he would liberate an American citizen named Burke, who is at present in the cartel. And that I wish him to promote all of you gentlemen one grade and give each of you the Star of Olancho. Tell him that in my opinion you have deserved even higher reward and honor at his hands."

The boy-lieutenants broke out into a chorus of delighted thanks. They assured Clay that he was most gracious; that he overwhelmed them, and that it was honor enough for them that they had served under him. But Clay laughed, and drove them off with a paternal wave of the hand.

The officer from the man-of-war listened with an uncomfortable sense of having blundered in his manner toward this powder-splashed young man who set American citizens at liberty, and created captains by the half dozen at a time.

"Are you from the States?" he asked, as they moved toward the man-of-war's men.

"I am, thank God. Why not?"

"I thought you were, but you saluted like an Englishman."

"I was an officer in the English army once in the Soudan, when they were short of officers." Clay shook his head and looked wistfully at the ranks of the blue jackets drawn up on either side of them. The horses had been brought out and Langham and MacWilliams were waiting for him to mount. "I have worn several uniforms since I was a boy," said Clay. "But never that of my own country."

The people were cheering him from every part of the square. Women waved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their hands from balconies and housetops, and men climbed to awnings and lamp-posts and shouted his name. The officers and men of the landing party took note of him and of this reception out of the corner of their eyes, and wondered.

"And what had I better do?" asked the commanding officer.

"Oh, I would police the Palace grounds, if I were you, and picket that street at the right, where there are so many wine shops, and preserve order generally until Rojas gets here. He won't be more than an hour, now. We shall be coming over to pay our respects to your captain to-morrow. Glad to have met you."

"Well, I'm glad to have met you," answered the officer, heartily. "Hold on a minute. Even if you haven't worn our uniform, you're as good, and better, than some I've seen that have, and you're a sort of a commander-in-chief, anyway, and I'm damned if I don't give you a sort of salute."

Clay laughed like a boy as he swung himself into the saddle. The officer stepped back and gave the command; the middies raised their swords and Clay passed between massed rows of his countrymen with their muskets held rigidly toward him. The housetops rocked again at the sight, and as he rode out into the brilliant sunshine, his eyes were wet and winking.

The two boys had drawn up at his side, but MacWilliams had turned in the saddle and was still looking toward the Palace, with his hand resting on the hindquarters of his pony.

"Look back, Clay," he said. "Take a last look at it, you'll never see it after to-day. Turn again, turn again, Dictator of Olancho."

The men laughed and drew rein as he bade them, and looked back up the narrow street. They saw the green and white flag of Olancho creeping to the top of the mast before the Palace, the blue jackets driving back the crowd, the gashes in the walls of the houses, where Mendoza's cannon-balls had dug their way through the stucco, and the silk curtains, riddled with bullets, flapping from the balconies of the opera-house.

"You had it all your own way an hour ago," MacWilliams said, mockingly. "You could have sent Rojas into exile, and made us all Cabinet Ministers—and you gave it up for a girl. Now, you're Dictator of Olancho. What will you be to-morrow? To-morrow you will be Andrew Langham's son-in-law—Benedick, the married man. Good-by, Mr. Clay. We have been long together."

Clay and Langham looked curiously at the boy to see if he were in earnest, but MacWilliams would not meet their eyes.

"There were three of us," he said, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third —? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you're sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper with a queer Spanish date-line to it, and this will all come back to you — this heat and the palms and the fever and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men, and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what you're giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

XV

THE steamer Santiago, carrying "passengers, bullion, and coffee," was headed to pass Port Rico by midnight, when she would be free of land until she anchored at the quarantine station of the green hills of Staten Island. She had not yet shaken off the contamination of the earth; a soft inland breeze still tantalized her with odors of tree and soil, the smell of the fresh coat of paint that had followed her coaling rose from her sides, and the odor of spilt coffee-grains that hung around the hatches had yet to be blown away by a jealous ocean breeze, or washed by a welcoming cross sea.

The captain stopped at the open entrance of the Social Hall. "If any of you ladies want to take your last look at Olancho you've got to come now," he said. "We'll lose the Valencia light in the next quarter hour."

Miss Langham and King looked up from their novels and smiled, and Miss

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Langham shook her head. "I've taken three final farewells of Olancho already," she said; "before we went down to dinner and when the sun set, and when the moon rose. I have no more sentiment left to draw on. Do you want to go?" she asked.

"I'm very comfortable, thank you," King said, and returned to the consideration of his novel.

But Clay and Hope arose at the captain's suggestion with suspicious alacrity and stepped out upon the empty deck, and into the encompassing darkness, with a little sigh of relief.

Alice Langham looked after them somewhat wistfully and bit the edges of her book. She sat for some time with her brows knitted, glancing occasionally and critically toward King and up with unseeing eyes at the swinging lamps of the saloon. He caught her looking at him once when he raised his eyes as he turned a page and smiled back at her, and she nodded pleasantly and bent her head over her reading. She assured herself that after all King understood her and she him, and that if they never rose to certain heights, they never sank below a high level of mutual esteem, and that perhaps was the best in the end.

King had placed his yacht at the disposal of Madame Alvarez, and she had sailed to Colon, where she could change to the steamers for Lisbon, while he accompanied the Langhams and the wedding party to New York.

They had taken the first steamer out, and the combined efforts of all had been necessary to prevail upon MacWilliams to accompany them, and even now the fact that he was to act as Clay's best man and, as Langham assured him cheerfully, was to wear a frock coat and see his name in all the papers, brought on such sudden panics of fear that the fast-fading coast line filled his soul with regret, and a wilful desire to jump overboard and swim back.

Clay and Hope stopped at the door of the chief engineer's cabin and said they had come to pay him a visit. The chief had but just come from the depths where the contamination of the earth was most evident in the condition of his stokers, but his chin was now cleanly shaven and his pipe was drawing as well as his engine fires, and he had wrapped himself in an old P. & O. white duck jacket to show what he had been before he sank to the level of a coasting steamer. They admired the clerk-like neatness of the report he had just finished, and in return he promised them the fastest run on record, and showed them the portrait of his wife, and of their tiny cottage on the Isle of Wight, and his jade idols from Corea and carved cocoanut gourds from Brazil, and a picture from the *Graphic* of Lord Salisbury, tacked to the partition and looking delightedly down between two highly colored lithographs of Miss Ellen Terry and the Princess May.

Then they called upon the captain, and Clay asked him why captains always hung so much lace about their beds when they invariably slept on a red velvet sofa with their boots on, and the captain ordered his Chinese steward to mix them a queer drink and offered them the choice of a six months' accumulation of paper novels, and free admittance to his bridge at all hours. And then they passed on to the door of the smoking-room and beckoned MacWilliams to come out and join them. His manner as he did so bristled with importance, and he drew them eagerly to the rail.

"I've just been having a chat with Captain Burke," he said, in an undertone. "He's been telling Langham and me about a new game that's better than running railroads. He says there's a country called Macedonia that's got a native prince who wants to be free from Turkey, and the Turks won't let him, and Burke says if we'll each put up a thousand dollars, he'll guarantee to get the prince free in six months. He's made an estimate of the cost and submitted it to the Russian Embassy at Washington, and he says they will help him secretly, and he knows a man who has just patented a new rifle, and who will supply him with a thousand of them for the sake of the advertisement. He says it's a mountainous country, and all you have to do is to stand on the passes and roll rocks down on the Turks as they come in. It sounds easy, don't it?"

"Then you're thinking of turning professional filibuster yourself?" said Clay.

"Well, I don't know. It sounds more interesting than engineering. Burke says I beat him on this last fight, and he'd like to have me with him in the next one—sort of young-blood-in-the-firm idea—and he calculates that we can go about setting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people free and upsetting governments for some time to come. He says there is always something to fight about if you look for it. And I must say the condition of those poor Macedonians does appeal to me. Think of them all alone down there, bullied by that Sultan of Turkey, and wanting to be free and independent. That's not right. You, as an American citizen, ought to be the last person in the world to throw cold water on an undertaking like that. In the name of Liberty now?"

"I don't object; set them free, of course," laughed Clay. "But how long have you entertained this feeling for the enslaved Macedonians, Mac?"

"Well, I never heard of them until a quarter of an hour ago, but they oughtn't to suffer through my ignorance."

"Certainly not. Let me know when you're going to do it, and Hope and I will run over and look on. I should like to see you and Burke and the Prince of Macedonia rolling rocks down on the Turkish Empire."

Hope and Clay passed on up the deck laughing, and MacWilliams looked after them with a fond and paternal smile. The lamp in the wheelhouse threw a broad belt of light across the forward deck as they passed through it into the darkness of the bow, where the lonely lookout turned and stared at them suspiciously, and then resumed his stern watch over the great waters.

They leaned upon the rail and breathed the soft air which the rush of the steamer threw in their faces, and studied in silence the stars that lay so low upon the horizon line that they looked like the harbor lights of a great city.

"Do you see that long line of lamps off our port bow?" asked Clay.

Hope nodded.

"Those are the electric lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the Rumson Road, and those two stars a little higher up are fixed to the mast-heads of the Scotland Light ship. And that mass of light that you think is the milky way, is the glare of the New York street lamps thrown up against the sky."

"Are we so near as that?" said Hope, smiling. "And what lies over there?" she asked, pointing to the east.

"Over there is the coast of Africa. Don't you see the lighthouse on Cape Bon? If it wasn't for Gibraltar being in the way, I could show you the harbor lights of Bizerta, and the terraces of Algiers shining like a café chantant in the night.

"Algiers," sighed Hope, "where you were a soldier of Africa, and rode across the deserts. Will you take me there?"

"There, of course, but to Gibraltar first, where we will drive along the Alameda by moonlight. I drove there once coming home from a mess dinner with the Colonel. The drive lies between broad white balustrades, and the moon shone down on us between the leaves of the Spanish bayonet. It was like an Italian garden. But he did not see it, and he would talk to me about the Watkins range finder on the lower ramparts, and he puffed on a huge cigar. I tried to imagine I was there on my honeymoon, but the end of his cigar would light up and I would see his white mustache and the glow on his red jacket, so I vowed I would go over that drive again with the proper person. And we won't talk of range finders, will we?

"There to the North is Paris; your Paris, and my Paris, with London only eight hours away. If you look very closely, you can see the thousands of hansom cab lamps flashing across the asphalt, and the open theatres, and the fairy lamps in the gardens back of the houses in Mayfair, where they are giving dances in your honor, in honor of the beautiful American bride, whom everyone wants to meet. And you will wear the finest tiara we can get on Bond Street, but no one will look at it, they will only look at you. And I will feel very miserable and tease you to come home."

Hope put her hand in his and he held her finger-tips to his lips for an instant and closed his other hand upon hers.

"And after that?" asked Hope.

"After that we will go to work again, and take long journeys to Mexico and Peru or wherever they want me, and I will sit in judgment on the work other chaps have done. And when we get back to our car at night, or to the section house, for it will be very rough sometimes," Hope pressed his hand gently in answer, "I will tell you privately how very differently your husband would have done it, and you, knowing all about it, will say that had it been left to me,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I would certainly have accomplished it in a vastly superior manner."

"Well, so you would," said Hope, calmly.

"That's what I said you'd say," laughed Clay. "Dearest," he begged, "promise me something. Promise me that you are going to be very happy."

Hope raised her eyes and looked up at him in silence, and had the man in the wheelhouse been watching the stars, as he should have been, no one but the two foolish young people on the bow of the boat would have known her answer.

The ship's bell sounded eight times, and Hope moved slightly.

"So late as that," she sighed. "Come. We must be going back."

A great wave struck the ship's side a friendly slap, and the wind caught up the spray and tossed it in their eyes, and blew a strand of her hair loose so that it fell across Clay's face, and they laughed happily together as she drew it back and he took her hand again to steady her progress across the slanting deck.

As they passed hand in hand out of the shadow into the light from the wheelhouse, the lookout in the bow counted the strokes of the bell to himself, and then turned and shouted back his measured cry to the bridge above them. His voice seemed to be a part of the murmuring sea and the welcoming winds.

"Listen," said Clay.

"Eight bells," the voice sang from the darkness. "The for'ard light's shining bright—and all's well."

THE END.

A SONG OF THE WAVE

By George Cabot Lodge

THIS is the song of the wave! The mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound.
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, the white-maned steed of the Tempest,
Whose veins are swollen with life,
In whose flanks abide the four winds,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave! The dawn leaped out of the sea
And the waters lay smooth as a silver shield,
And the sun-rays smote on the waters like a golden sword.
Then a wind blew out of the morning
And the waters rustled,
And the wave was born!

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the noon,
And the white sea-birds like driven foam
Winged in from the ocean that lay beyond the sky;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the face of the waters was barred with white,
For the wave had many brothers,
And the wave leaped up in its strength
To the chant of the choral air:
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the sunset
And the west was lurid as Hell;
The black clouds closed like a tomb, for the sun was dead.
Then the wind smote full as the breath of God,
And the wave called to its brothers
"This is the crest of life!"

This is the song of the wave, that rises to fall,
Rises a sheer green wall like a barrier of glass
That has caught the soul of the moonlight,
Caught and prisoned the moonbeams.
And its edge is frittered with blossoms of foam—
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, of the wave that falls,
Wild as a burst of day-gold blown through the colors of morning;
It shivers in infinite jewels, in eddies of wind-driven foam
Up the rumbling steep of sand.
This is the wave!

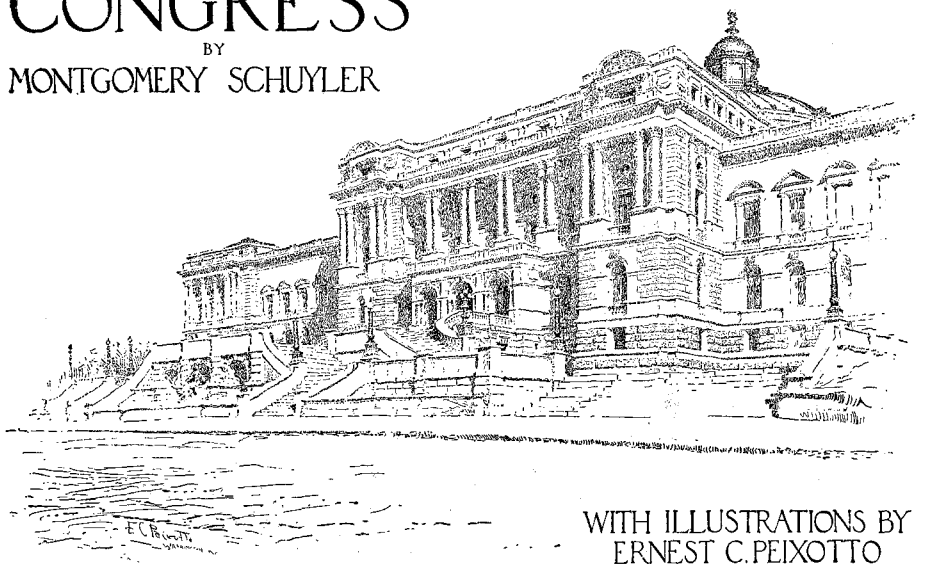
This is the song of the wave, that died in the fulness of life.
The prodigal this, that lavished its largess of strength
In the lust of attainment.
Aiming at things for Heaven too high,
Sure in the pride of life, in the richness of strength.
So tried it the impossible height, till the end was found:
Where ends the soul that yearns for the fillet of morning stars—
The soul in the toils of the journeying worlds,
Whose eye is filled with the Image of God—
And the end is death!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BY

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

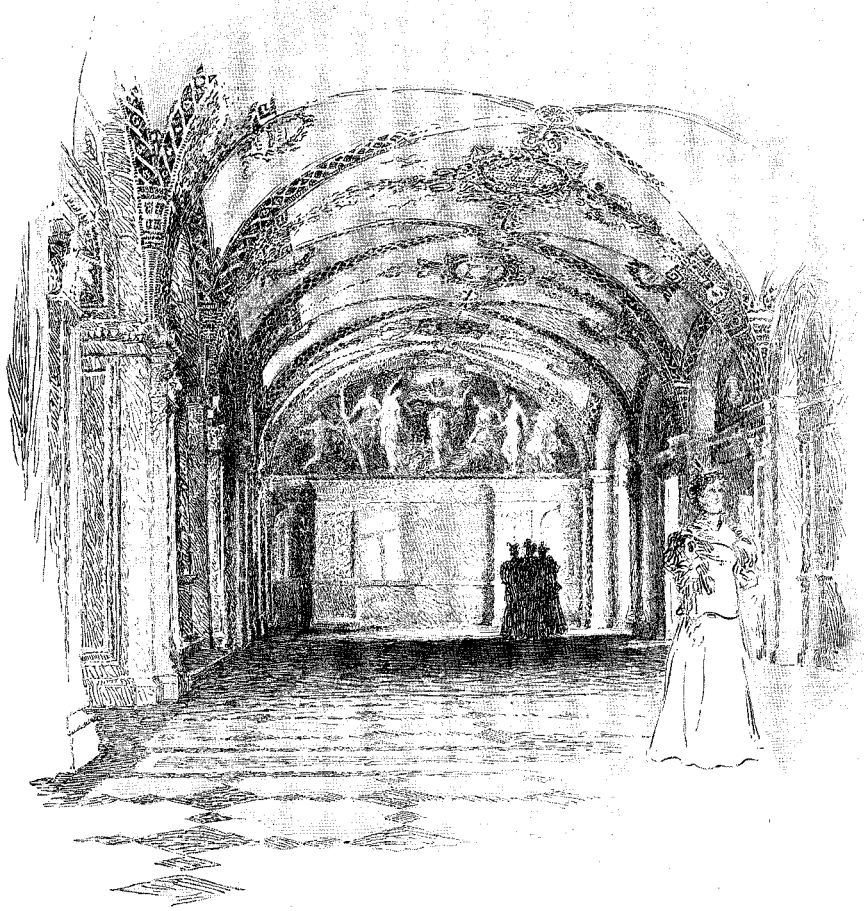
IT is doubtless fair to assume that, up to the completion of the new building for the Library of Congress, the prevailing impression concerning it, throughout the country at large, was that it was mainly noteworthy, artistically, by reason of the sculptural and pictorial decoration that had been applied to it. The impression was natural, was indeed inevitable, seeing that the public knowledge was derived from fragmentary illustrations and descriptions of the decorations. But if one wishes to arrive at an understanding of the latest and most creditable achievement of the United States in public architecture, it is necessary that this impression should be dispelled at the outset, that it should be understood that the whole is greater than any of the parts. The most successful of the decorations acquire an enhanced value from the contribution they make to the success of a building which would be noteworthy and distinguished if it had no other ornament than the architectural exposition of the structure, nay, if it were reduced to the anatomical scheme—the "bones" of the design.

This has been the result of a singularly deliberate evolution. It was quite a quarter of a century ago, in 1872 namely, that it became evident that the Library of Congress had already begun to outgrow the capacity of its quarters in the capitol, and that the lack of accommodation threatened a progressive diminution of its utility in proportion to the increase in its bulk. It was at that time that it was urged that the plans for the new building, of which the need was manifest, should be obtained through competition, and the firm of Smithmeyer & Pelz was formed, in a certain degree, *ad hoc*. In 1873 the first competition was held, and the plan of the firm was adopted. But this result, fortunately as it has turned out, was rather the beginning than the end of the architectural contest. The formal award ushered in what the architects themselves described as a "running competition" lasting over eight years, and enlisting altogether some forty competitors, several of them formidable. The first design had been in the Italian Renaissance, in which the work is executed, a style naturally chosen for its conformity to the public architecture of Washington and especially to the architecture of the capitol, with its incorporation of the various modes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the Three Main Entrance Ways, showing the Bronze Sculptured Doors by Olin L. Warner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mosaic Corridor at the Right of the Main Entrance Hall.

classic, from the Colonial to the Greek revival, which the new building was to confront. But the Gothic revival was then at its height, and in 1875 the Library Committee demanded of the architects a design in Gothic. Two years later the Library Committee had become impressed with the possibilities of the French Renaissance and ordered a design in that, with reference to another site then contemplated. By this time Richardson had begun to impress the country with the personal power of design which inevitably came to be confounded with the eligibility of the style which he had chosen, and the next demand of the committee was for a Romanesque design. This having been complied with, the desire of the committee to prove all things issued in a requisition for some German Renaissance. The design which filled this requisition is noteworthy for the first appearance of the scheme of a reading-room, which has since been developed into the actual rotunda. Finally, in 1880, in another, but this time a limited competition, which the inaction of Congress brought to nothing, the architects reverted to the Italian Renaissance of their first design, in a series of drawings in which the scheme of the existing structure is complete. Another revision, by request, in 1882, of the Gothic plan of 1875, the results of which were embodied in a new set of plans and a bill, commended itself to the Senate, but failed to placate the House. Meanwhile, the senior member of the firm had traversed Europe and America to study public

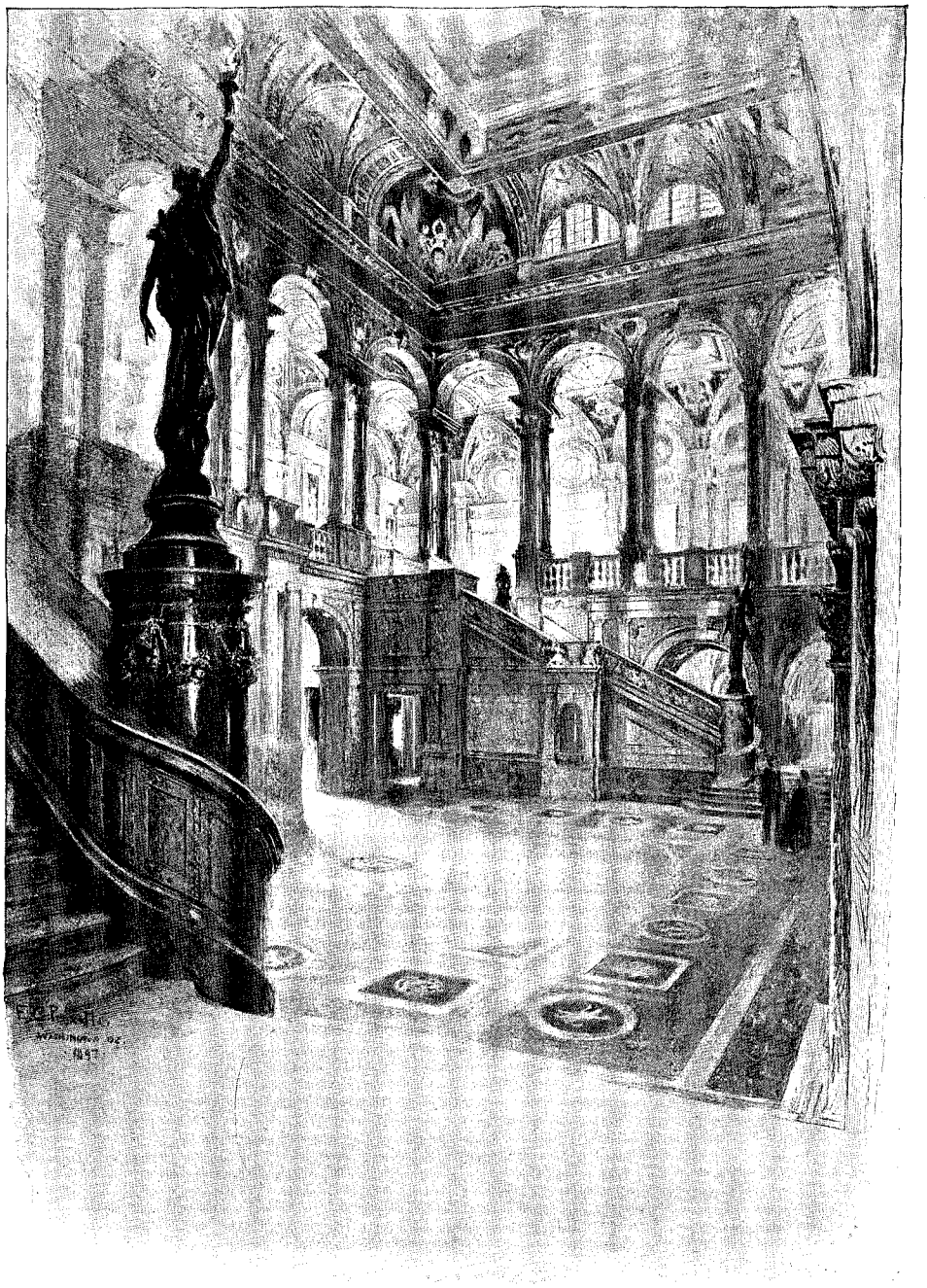
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

libraries. In 1886 the result of these studies was embodied in a plan which was adopted by Congress, and ordered to be carried into execution. Two years later Congress reversed this action, put the Chief of the Engineers of the Army in charge of the work, and directed him to prepare plans that could be executed for $4,000,000, in addition to what had already been appropriated. General Casey was too wise to avail himself of the opportunity offered to him to discard the labors of his predecessors. He discharged one of the authors of the plans, but retained the other to make them conform to the statutory limitation of cost, which was purely arbitrary and founded upon no consideration. The reduction to a Procrustean limit was effected, as it had to be, by sheer surgery, being the amputation of the curtain-wall on the long fronts by the space containing five of the seven openings in each wing, and the conversion of a parallelogram, 464 by 333 feet, virtually to a square of the latter dimension. While thus complying with the law, he resubmitted as an alternative the plans adopted by Congress, omitting two book-stacks crossing the court from east to west, and four radiating from the diagonal faces of the central octagon, which provided accommodation ultimately but not immediately necessary for the expansion of the library, and reducing the estimated cost of execution to five millions and a half, as against four for the hopeless mutilation he had been instructed to inflict. The comparison settled the question, and Congress ordered the execution of the design already once adopted, deprived only of what could afterward be added, but not shorn of its fair proportions.

The long delay thus outlined, vexatious as it may have been to everybody concerned, was in its actual results a "a wise cunctation." Undoubtedly the building gets the benefit of the successive revisions forced upon its architects by their own increasing knowledge, as well as by their fear of what the running competition might bring forth. It was necessary to their success that their building should be, first of all, a library, since among their critics were not only their competitors and the "man in the street," in Congress assembled, but also the first of experts from the utilitarian point of view—the Librarian of Congress. It is familiar knowledge that there are two kinds of library buildings: architects' libraries and librarians' libraries. The former are embodied in building materials, and of them librarians at their conferences and in their organs are wont to speak scornfully. The latter are mainly libraries of the mind, evolved from theory and professional experience, but which their authors are helpless to carry farther. If one of them, even with the assistance of Professor Huxley's "honest bricklayer," should manage to get his conception into palpable and durable form, it is safe to say that he would give the architects their entire revenge. And yet the germ and prototype of the Library of Congress are in fact a librarian's library. For Sir Anthony Panizzi was undisputedly the author of the plan for the rotunda of the national library of Great Britain, which after forty years reappears, still recognizable, in spite of so much modification and development, in the national library of the United States. The general disposition of the reading-room of the British Museum commended itself at once as the most eligible for the convenient administration of a great library. This is the more remarkable because the structure was in origin not at all an abstract conception, but a mere makeshift. The occasion of it was the occurrence in the British Museum of a large courtyard, reserved by the architect for a garden, but offering, if it were roofed over, accommodation for the collection of books for which no quarters had been provided, and offering these, if the circle inscribed in the square of the court were contracted so as to leave a free space all around, without too serious interference with the other purposes of the building.

Such was the genesis of the "dome of Bloomsbury." The radical difference between itself and the new product of evolution from it is that the earlier building is not, and that the later is, monumentally conceived. As a matter of mere mensuration, the rotunda of the British Museum is the second in the world, second—and second only by some two feet in diameter—to that of the Pantheon, and greater by about the same difference than those of St. Peter's and of Florence; whereas the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Main Hall and the Grand Stairway.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

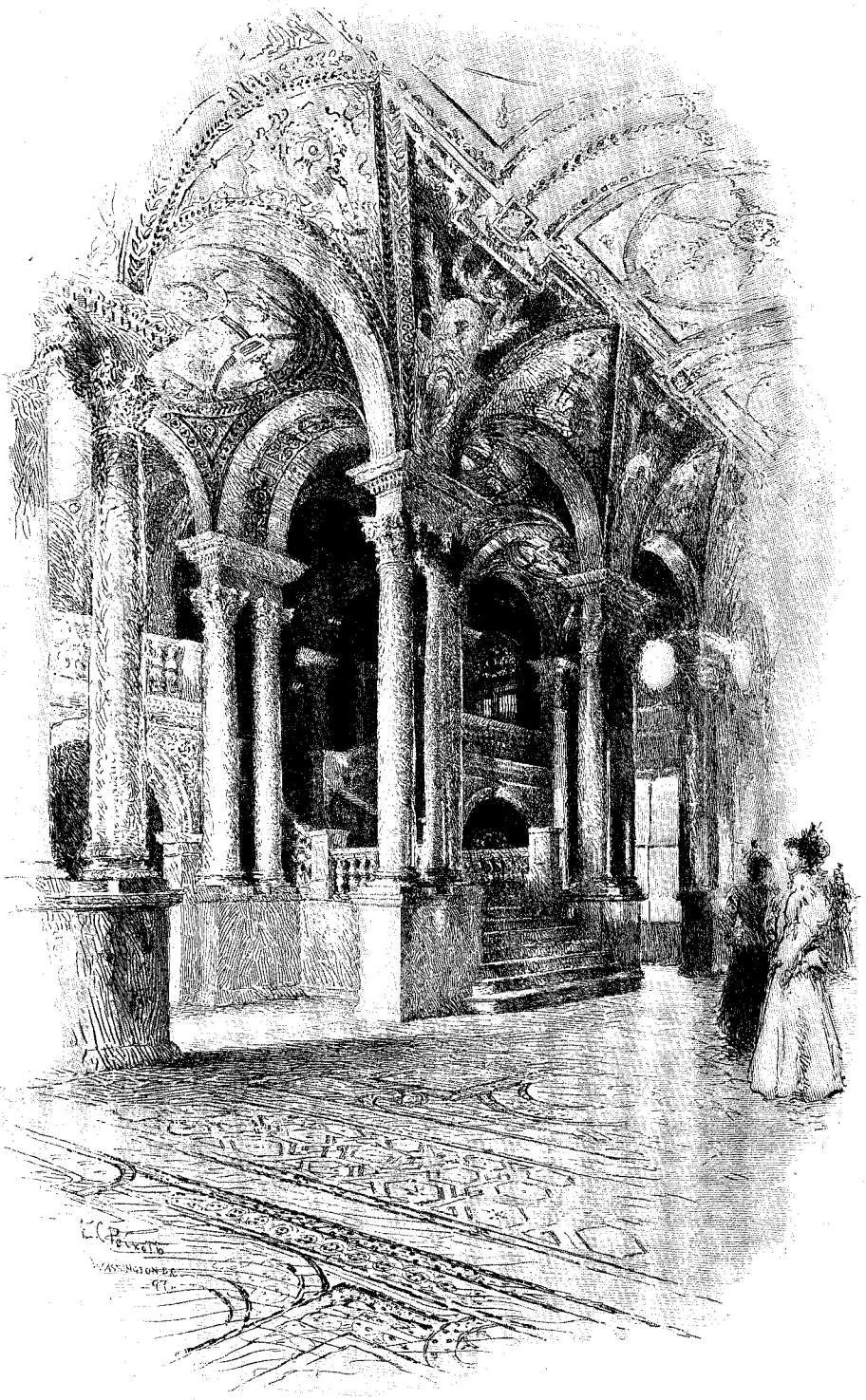
dome of the rotunda in the Library of Congress, if it had been completed in masonry according to the design for the execution of which mechanical provision is made in its substructure, would have been the seventh, coming between St. Paul's and St. Sophia's. But architecturally the dome of Bloomsbury can scarcely be said to count at all among the famous cupolas, having, indeed, no exterior, and being within, in its structural system of cast iron and brickwork, only the mechanical supply of a practical need, not the solution of an architectural problem. The respectable Mr. Sidney Smirke, F.R.I.B.A., who carried out Panizzi's suggestion for the rotunda, has not been ranked with Michelangelo and Brunelleschi, although he has built a bigger dome than either. His work is manifestly not in the same class. As manifestly that of Messrs. Smithmeyer & Pelz is in the same class, and appeals and is entitled to the same kind of consideration.

A modern library, upon the plan devised for the British Museum and developed in the Library of Congress, when reduced to its simplest expression, consists of a centre and radii—a "hub and spokes." No extensive attempt has thus far been made at the architectural articulation of this skeleton, although it presents a problem as obvious as it obviously is arduous. In the British Museum the subordinate magazines for books are not disposed, but merely occur as spaces have accrued. The developed design for the Library of Congress, adopted in 1886, shows a book-stack radiating from every face of the central octagon, except the two in the shorter axis of the building reserved for the entrances, the two on the longer axis being extended to the enclosing parallelogram and crossed midway between the rotunda and the outer wall by two others, likewise extended to the limits of the court, while shorter stacks diverge from the four diagonal faces. All these but the two main stacks actually built were omitted in order to conform to the reduced estimate of cost, although some additional storage was provided by the conversion into a book-stack of the arm opposite the main entrance, originally reserved for a subordinate entrance. General Casey also submitted a provision for the ulterior, if not the ultimate, needs of the library in low magazines arranged in the four courts, a disposition that would offer the least obstruction to the effective lighting of the rotunda, but that would obscure the logic and the symmetry of the conception and impair the architectural organism. Practically, the question of additional accommodation is postponed for at least a generation, or until the library is doubled, since shelf-room for 1,560,000 volumes is provided in the rotunda, the stacks, and the enclosing parallelogram.

The exterior architecture consists of the outer walls of this enclosure and of the cupola, which is visible from every point of view which commands the building as a whole. The cupola is, in fact, the only external indication of the radical idea of the structure. The façades necessarily mask rather than express the "true inwardness" of the design; but, thanks to the insistent emergence of the central feature, they express that they mask it. Nor, indeed, is this enclosure so irrelevant as it seems to the radical idea. A central reading-room, with radiating repositories of books, makes no provision for special collections with subordinate centres of administration, such as the library of the Smithsonian Institution, the Toner collection, and the collection of Washingtoniana. Neither does it provide for the exhibition of the works of graphic art which accrue to the national library under the law, and which require the ample wall-spaces which the radial plan does not in itself furnish. These requisites can be most naturally, as well as most conveniently, supplied in the outlying dependencies which surround the library proper, and extend to the limits of the site.

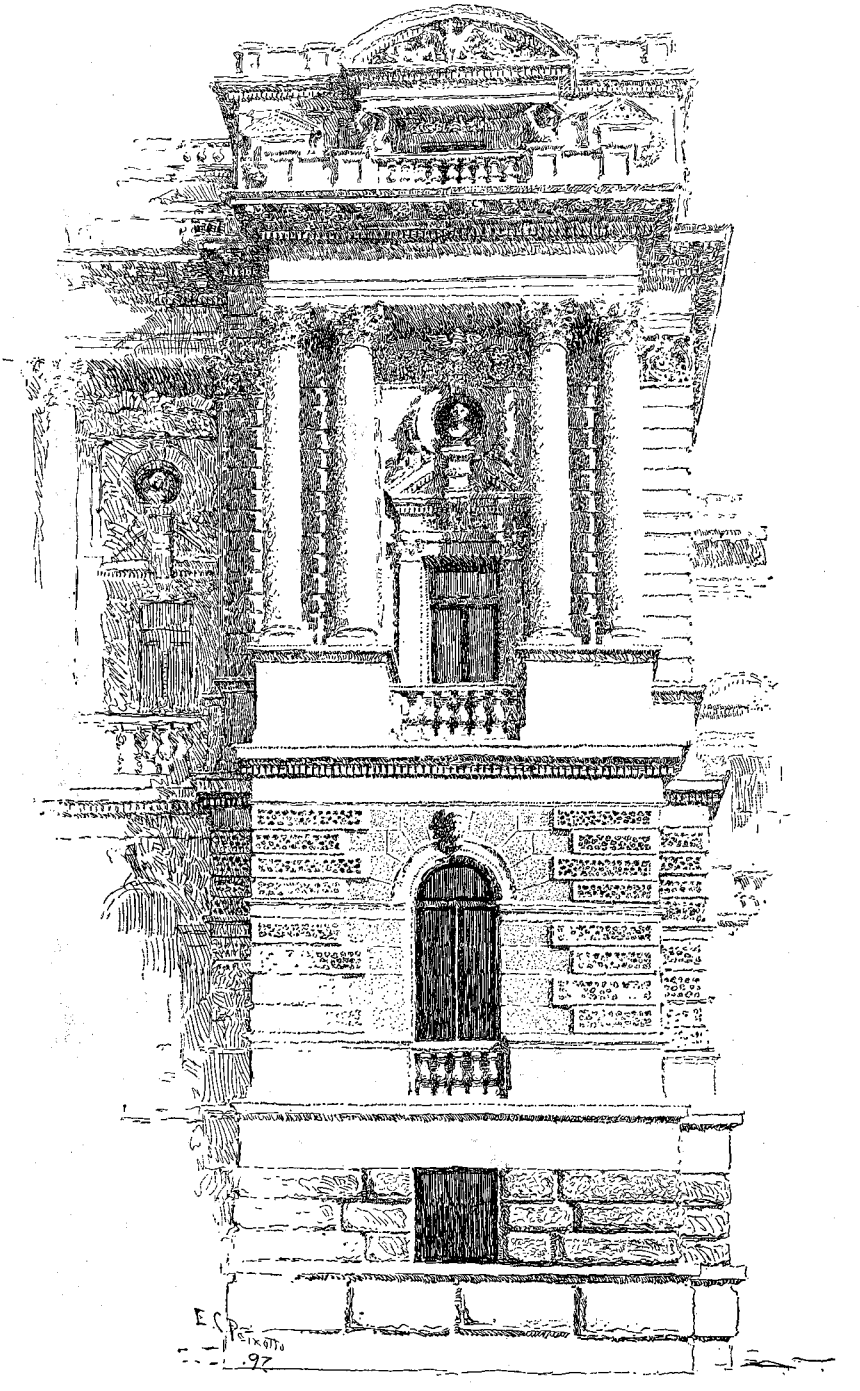
A mass of granite 470 by 340 feet is necessarily impressive through mere magnitude, even when it confronts across a narrow strip of park the 800-foot façade of the capitol. To preserve the impressiveness of these dimensions while avoiding monotony, to attain variety without loss of dignity, was the problem of the designers, and the success of their dispositions to this end has been generally recognized. The vertical division is into two nearly equal parts, but the obvious threat that a house thus divided will appear to be divided against itself, has been defeated by the subdivision of the lower half and by the clear predominance of the upper, emphasized by the in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



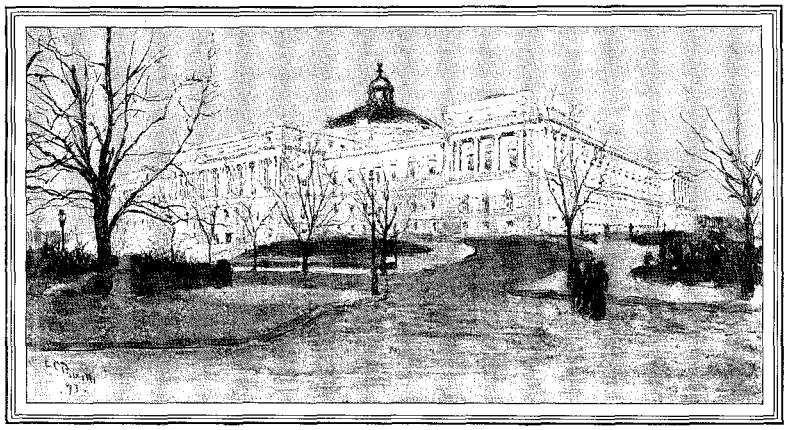
The Mezzanine Staircase, showing the Mosaic Work and the Pompeian Decoration of the Ceiling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One of the Seven Bays of the Central Pavilion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Library Building, Looking East.

troduction of the order at the angles and at the centre of the entrance front. In this order the architects have done a needful service by restoring the scale of the public architecture of the capitol. It is one of the noteworthy services they have rendered, and one of the benefits the building has derived from the influence of the capitol, a sense of the proximity of which to the completed work evidently abode with them throughout the preparation of the design. The necessity of conforming to it vindicates in the first place their choice of a style, and in the second place the scale and disposition of their features, and the result is one for which we not only owe gratitude to the designers of the library, but which forms another of our obligations to the series of architects of the capitol, from Thornton to Walter. In spite of the evident faults of that building, the architectural baselessness of the cupola, and the fact that it does not crown the edifice, but only the "elevations" of the edifice, its succeeding designers have respected their respective predecessors and kept an effective unity in the series of transitions from the Old World gentility of the Colonial centre to the fully developed Greek revival of the wings. Not the least of the malefactions of Mr. Mullett was that he disregarded the scale to which his predecessors had adhered, and in the featureless expanses of the State, War, and Navy building reduced to a single story the architectural unit of the order which was to be seen in conjunction with the ample portico of the White House and the colossal colonnades of the Treasury. After this assertion of nonconformity, it seemed out of the question that any of his successors should make him to be regretted; but one or more of them have achieved that difficult feat in the design of the Washington Post Office, which can scarcely be said, architecturally, to have any scale at all, and which is of a rasping incongruity with every other national building. The order of the pavilions of the library conforms to Walter's work in the wings of the capitol as Walter conformed to Latrobe's in the central portico, the slight difference in scale not counting as a discrepancy, while this difference makes the later order more exactly proportionate to the building to which it is applied. Upon the whole, the effect of it is excellent, that of the doubled columns of the central pavilion particularly, for the single columns of the terminal pavilions, detached as they are, look inadequately slender. In any case, the applied order is an enrichment of masses which without it would be effective and telling by dint of their distribution and division, and their careful and successful modelling. The terminal pavilions so fortify the walls they frame that one is tempted to borrow from military architecture and call them bastions. The order, standing upon its own projecting base, adorns but does not disguise the starkness of the mass, carefully kept and even emphasized in the treatment of the angle. This is detached and continued from the ground to the summit, and seems to call for the punctuating "load," in the form of a statue, which it has not yet received.

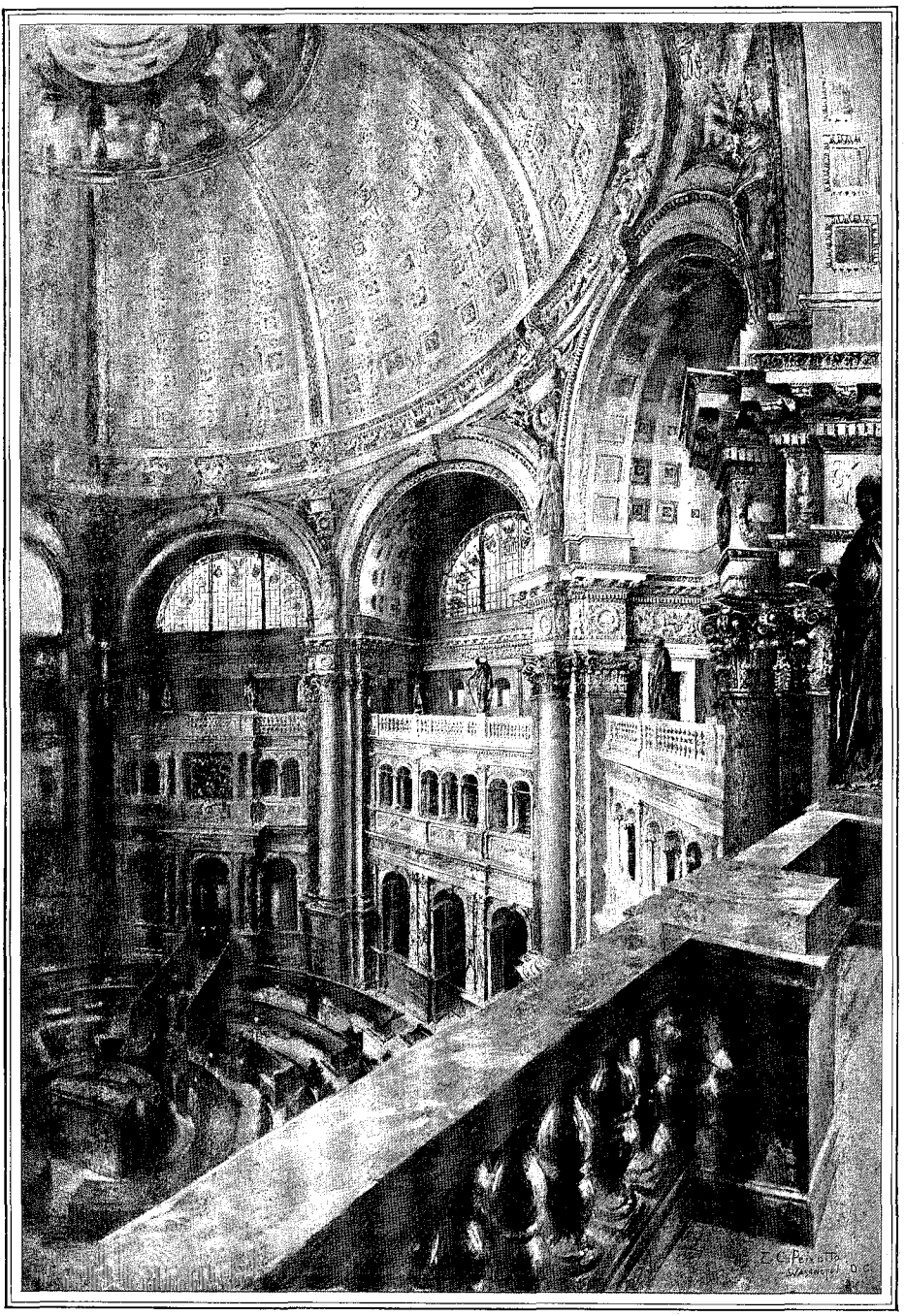
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The central pavilion itself is subdivided with its own powerful flanking pavilions, each of a single boy, the massiveness of which heightens by contrast the comparative openness and lightness of the centre.

Every critical spectator must be struck by the resemblance of this central feature in the façade to the façade of the New Opera-house in Paris. The main motive is the same, and is quite recognizable through the modifications that have been made in the detail. But it is noteworthy that the resemblance is much stronger in the completed work than in the original design. In the design adopted in 1886 it is hardly traceable, and certainly is not obvious, the massive and separate treatment of the flanking pavilions, and the crowning of them with their own cupolas, quite changing the impression. The arrangement of the actual building appears for the first time, I think, in the restudy of the design made under General Casey's administration, and seems to have had for its object to ally the treatment of the centre more closely with that of the wings, rather than to bring it nearer to the Parisian façade. In this it is distinctly successful. Though no doubt the remodelling was done with reference to the Opera, it is by no means an unreflecting imitation. The flanking pavilions are much more strongly distinguished from the centre. The entrances, which in an opera-house very properly include the whole seven openings of the basement, are confined in the library to the central three, and signalized by a projecting porch above the carriage-entrance. The range of openings, with the busts in the bull's-eyes, which in Paris is a mere screen in the intercolumniations, is more decidedly withdrawn and the order more effectively detailed; the round pediments, instead of resting directly upon the order, are raised to the top of the attic, and relieve the sky-line, taking the place of the bristling groups of statuary which are the crowning features of the opera-house. The attic, the disproportionate height of which M. Garnier, in his critical review of his own work, found the chief fault of his façade, is duly subdued. If the motive of this central feature has been borrowed, it has been subjected to intelligent analysis and modification for the purposes of its new employment. The fortifying effect of the flanking pavilions is very satisfying, and it has been attained by careful study. In restudying the design the importance and detachment of the central feature were enhanced by a considerably increased projection, and this increase presented a new problem, in the treatment of the returns, which has been very well handled. The design of these pavilions, both in the face and on the returns, is one of the most decided successes of the building. It is the more telling by the "imitation," which is as effective in frozen as in mobile music. This is here shown by the recalling in the enclosure of the central portico of the flanking bastions of the whole front, insomuch that the relation between the central and the terminal features, displayed by the long intervals of curtain-wall, may be said architecturally to constitute the principal front. This front is homogeneous without being monotonous; it has variety in unity; it is uniform and effective in scale, a scale maintained also in the sculpture; if nowhere exquisite it is everywhere scholarly and respectable in detail, a harmonious and impressive work.

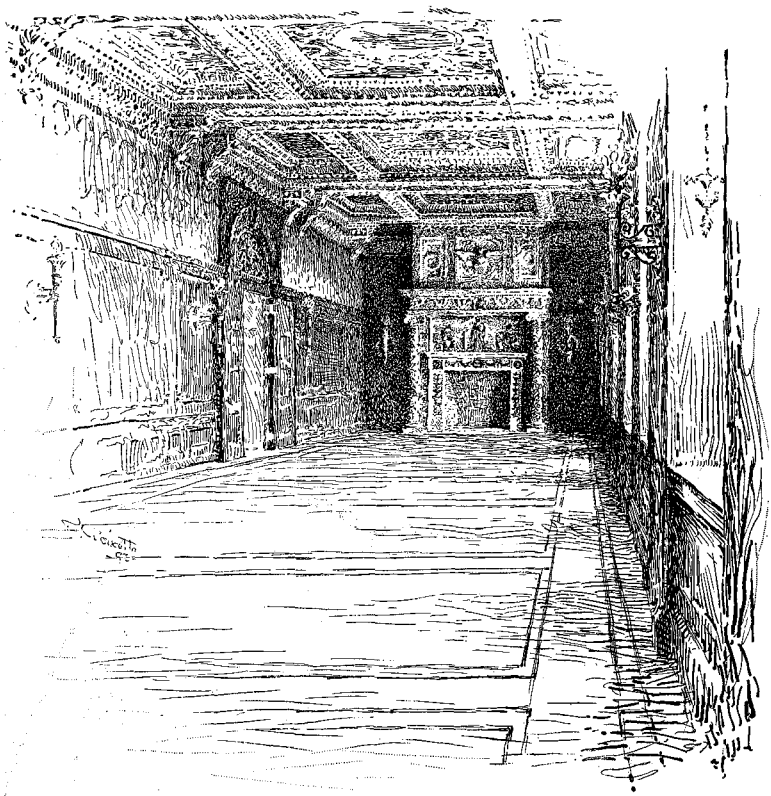
Scarcely less impressive in their simpler way are the sides. The fivefold division has here been judiciously abandoned. There was no justification such as the main entrance furnishes for a central feature, which would have seemed arbitrary and capricious, and the long stretch of curtain between the bastions is left to make its impression by mere extent, relieved only by the emergence of the central cupola. The impression is very marked, marred though it be by shortcomings of detail of which one is more than a detail. This is the alternation of triangular and curved pediments over the openings of the principal story. The effect of this flank is the familiar but never-failing effect of the repetition of similar objects, not numerable at a glance, the effect of a classic colonnade or a Gothic arcade interminably receding. The æstheticians tell us that "succession and uniformity of parts are what constitute the artificial infinite." Manifestly the effect of succession is lost when uniformity is discarded, and an alternation of different forms of opening works an interruption as injurious to the effect of repetition as would be the alternation of two orders in a colonnade. In the curtain-walls of the front, which are mere intervals in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Rotunda or Public Reading-room, from the Gallery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Congressional Reading-room.

design, the alternation does no harm; but on the side, where the expanse is itself the motive, the alternation confuses it by reducing the expanse to its actual dimensions in place of the indefinite prolongation that it would gain from mere repetition. An ill-advised attempt has been made to convert the dividing mullions of the openings of the subordinate stories into decorative objects by modelling them, in one case into the similitude of a column, and in the other into that of a corbel. The things have been so attenuated by practical considerations that there is no mass left which can be made effective. A plain bar of stone would at least be inoffensive, whereas the unkind emphasis put upon it gives it a look of puerility. Nor can the spectator reconcile himself to the incongruity of the very smart and modish cartouche at every angle of the attic, a detail obviously fresh from Paris, with the soberer and older-fashioned Italian detail elsewhere employed.

The cupola, the one exterior indication of the essential scheme of the work, might properly, and but for economical considerations, would probably have been made still more predominant. Like the dome of the capitol, it crowns the edifice only from selected points of view, apprehensible though it be from all. But if it was practically necessary to limit its height below what its best effect required, it was æsthetically as necessary to avoid the appearance of a competition with the loftier dome of the capitol. Nothing could be more satisfactory or more impressive in their way than the powerful and orderly masses of the masonry substructure, wherever they can be seen. An increase in the height of this substructure, with perhaps a greater richness in the upper stage, and a broad and low crowning feature, would probably have best reconciled the artistic requirements. But in restudying the design, the natural desire to gain more height has resulted in sharpening the pitch of the roof and in elongating the terminal lantern till it is pretty evidently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either too important, or not important enough. It is only when the masses of supporting masonry can be seen, with their massiveness enforced by simple but effective modelling, that the central feature assumes the power and value that belong to it.

But in spite of these things the exterior architecture makes its effect, the effect of a Roman largeness, power, and durability, and of an orderly and coherent design which is also Roman, of a national building. In the interior, in spite of a lavishness of decoration, sculptural and pictorial without any precedent in our national architecture, the source of the impressiveness is equally architectural. It proceeds primarily from the studied and successful articulation of the plan, the organization of the parts with reference to the whole, and the skilful convergance of the architectural interest upon the rotunda. On paper, the great entrance-hall may seem extravagant as a mere vestibule to the reading-room, just as the foyer of the Paris

The Dome Seen through One of the Entrance Arches.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera-house seems excessive in comparison with the auditorium. In fact, however, its dimensions, subdivided as they are by the structural enclosure of the staircase, and reduced at the centre to those of the staircase-well, suffice merely for a liberal and hospitable fore-court. This entrance-hall has been made the field of the most lavish and sumptuous decoration; but the effect of it is still predominantly architectural, and the decoration takes its place. The arrangement of the coupled columns in the crowning arcades of the enclosure, corresponding to the great order of the exterior; the doubling of the columns on the two larger sides in the line of the wall and on the two shorter in its depth, with a corresponding difference in the thickness of the wall above, all four walls performing apparently the same function, by no means justifies itself as rational nor explains itself to the eye. But, upon the whole, even here, with all the importunacy of the color still more chilling the cold blue-white of the marble, the architectural scheme remains the chief source of effectiveness, and by no means disappears under its adornment. As much may be said of the system of corridors and dependencies, which are nowhere a "maze," but in which everywhere the "plan" is manifest, and of which even those most successfully adorned, as by Mr. Simmons's series of the Muses, are primarily attractive by the successful study that has gone to their proportioning, to their lighting, and to the modelling of their parts. To prove this, it is necessary only to leave one of these corridors and cross over to a like passage in the capitol, where, with equal or greater dimensions, the vista is so comparatively ineffectual.

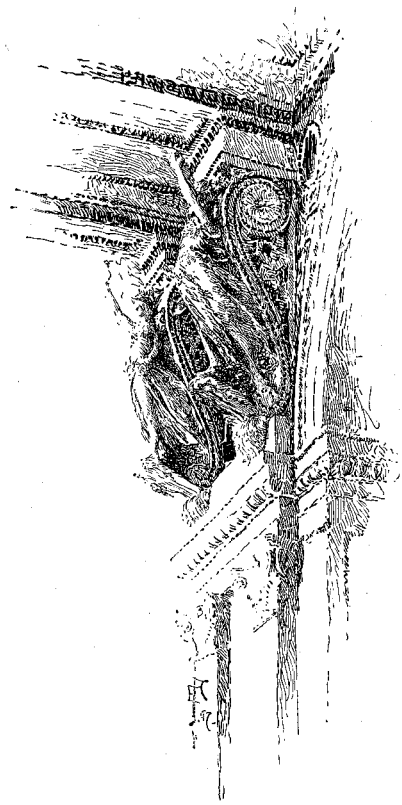
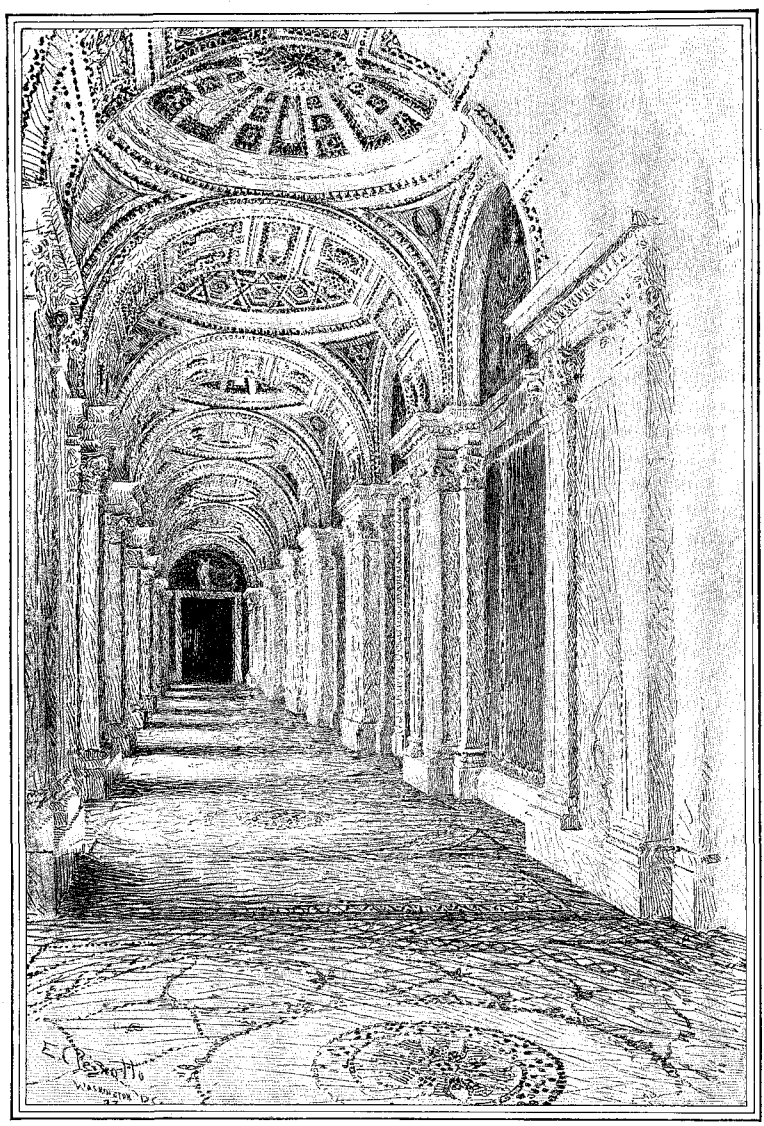


Figure of Minerva—One of the Decorations in the Vestibule.

But it is in the great rotunda that the interest of the interior culminates. The nucleus of the plan becomes the focus of the architecture. It is here, too, that the interest is most unmistakably architectural. Of color-decoration, apart from the emphasis by pigment of the detail of the dome, there is none excepting Mr. Blashfield's beautiful ring of nations encircling the base of the lantern, and his group in the crown. The allegorical statues crown the great piers and fill the pendentives; the portrait statues are the needful finials of the intermediate piers. The magnificence of this interior impresses every spectator. It is monumental in scale, in material, and, most of all, monumental in design. The organization and the modelling of the great clustered piers of marble, with their attached columns, are thoroughly admirable, and so is the relation to them of the intervening screens of marble, and the design of these in themselves, with the arcade surmounting each of the three single arches of the lower stage. There is a noble largeness in all this, a largeness and an organization really Roman, the solid and durable fact of which the architecture of the Chicago fair was the scenic representation. We have in Washington, as we had in Chicago, to waive some serious questions in order to enjoy the spectacle without reserve. We have to judge the architect by what he has attempted, and to forbear inquiring whether he might not better have done

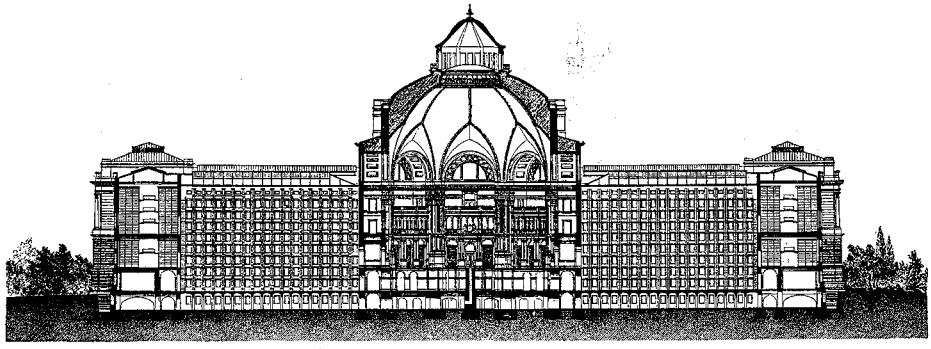
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Simmons Corridor.

something else; whether this reproduction of Roman forms, even though here they subserve structural purposes, is the true treatment of a modern and American public building. It remains true that the work is Roman, Roman even to the *columnas ultima recisas Africa*, for in fact the piers, with their attached shafts of yellow Siena, and their continuous base of chocolate American marble are themselves of red Numidian. They support not Horace's "Hymettian" beams nor the ceiling, as monumental in material as themselves, which one would like to see above them, but apparently an entablature and a dome of plaster, in reality a light construction of steel and terra-cotta. It is indeed a pity that this noble room should not have been ceiled with masonry, for which it is evident, on the exterior of its massive substructure, that preparation was made. It seems also that the scheme of an alternation of lunettes and huge pendentives, shown in the section of the design, carrying up toward the eye of the dome the division into bays, and carrying up also the

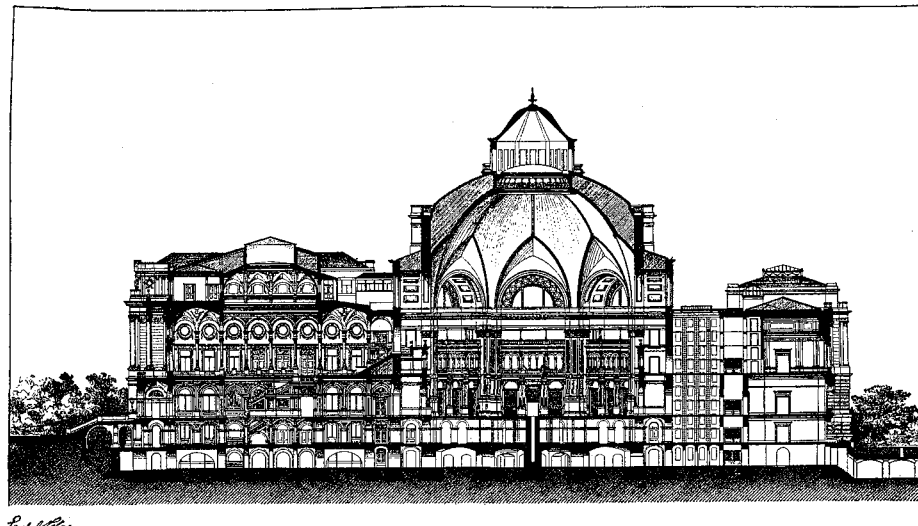
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Section of the Building on North and South Centre Axis.

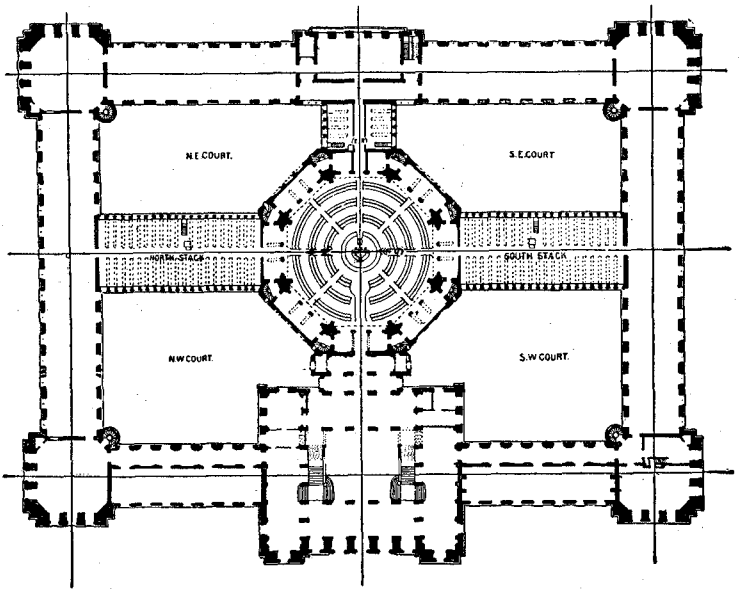
colossal scale, was a more eligible mode of treatment than that actually adopted of an inverted bowl resting on a continuous entablature, and rather belittled by the equable and "all-overish" character of the decoration, both structural in the cassettes and applied as in the incrustation of the surface. Even the ribs of the cupola, so strongly emphasized on the outside, are in the interior indicated only by stripes of decoration which form the only relief to the succession, vertically and laterally, of equal or equally diminishing squares. Excepting the continuous entablature of the great order, of which the Roman frieze, albeit in plaster, is in scale and keeping with the masonry, it is undeniable that above the masonry the design becomes weaker, the architectural effect less monumental and imposing. For all that it is a noble rotunda, the most adequate public apartment that the United States have thus far built themselves.

But it is not alone as a national monument that the national library does us credit. It is also as a great public work, energetically and intelligently carried to completion, and not only honestly and thoroughly built, but also lavishly decorated, "within the appropriation." General Casey, and Mr. Green, during General Casey's lifetime, his subordinate, and since his death last year his successor, have performed this unprecedented feat. The Chief of Engineers of the United States Army is by no means apt to be an expert in matters of art. The Pension Building in Washington is an architectural Helot so unspeakably unexemplary that it is almost worth while to have it constantly on



Section on West and East Centre Axis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



First Story Plan of the Building.

view to admonish the Spartan boys of Congress against a reversion to military methods in the design of public buildings. But military methods in the superintendence are quite a different affair, and they have been conspicuously vindicated in the construction of the library. General Casey showed a just sense of the distinction, when he was put in charge of the work in 1888, by disclaiming all responsibility for the architectural success, either in beauty or in fitness, of the structure which Congress had ordered to be erected and appointed him to erect. He left all that to the authors of the design, retaining one of them to carry it into detail and dispensing with his services after four years, for the reason that the architectural work had been completed. It was with the thorough, rapid, and economical execution of the work that General Casey charged himself. In October, 1888, when he took charge, although the excavations were completed, and the foundations had been put in, there was scarcely anything to be seen above the surface of the ground. In that month General Casey submitted detailed estimates of the cost of the work upon the plan finally chosen, as well as upon the mutilated plan ordered by Congress. He estimated that, if the work were not interrupted, and money were provided as it was wanted, the building "would be completed in about eight years," and for $6,003,140. In December, 1896, his successor, Mr. Green, was able to report "that the building is now very nearly completed in all particulars," and that not only was there no additional appropriation required to complete the building, but that there was on hand an unexpended balance of $314,452.02.

Such a result is very rare, if not absolutely unique in the history of our national architecture and, indeed, of our public works. That it has been attained in the Library of Congress, would alone suffice to mark the work of General Casey and Mr. Green as a masterpiece of administration. But this is by no means a complete showing. The ten per cent. reserved for contingencies in the estimates of 1888 had been, by the energy and faithfulness of the superintendence, and also, doubtless, by the favorable course of the markets, kept so nearly intact that it was evident, several years before the completion of the building, that a great part of it would be available for other uses, and General Casey most fortunately decided to employ this balance in the sculptural and pictorial embellishment of the building. For decoration, other than the strictly architectural "finish," and $15,000 for "ornamental painting," the original estimates had made no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provision. The scheme of a systematic decoration of the building, so as to make it really an exhibit of the proficiency that had been attained in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century of our era, and the first of our national existence, is due to General Casey's son, Mr. Edward Pearce Casey, who had succeeded Mr. Pelz, as architect. For strictly architectural work, there was little or no scope left upon the outside of the building, but there were various modifications to be made in the details of the interior and, indeed, in such of its features as were not already committed by actual execution. None of these is in itself of the first importance as concerns the general effect, but the sum of them is. Such a detail as the covering of the floors and ceilings, for example, may make or mar the effect of the interiors to which it is applied, and it has here been done so monumentally, much of it in solid mosaic, as perfectly to carry out the indications and enhance the effect of the architecture. Indeed, in these things it is not easy to draw the line between architecture and decoration. It is, however, as the author of the general scheme of decoration and the superintendent of its execution, including the design of the architectural part of it, that Mr. Casey has been enabled to render his chief service to the Library; and a very signal service it is. The notion of enlisting in the decoration of a national building the best sculptors and painters of the nation, and of securing in it their best work, was really novel on this side of the Atlantic, in spite of the experiment that was made at Chicago with so encouraging a measure of success. But the decorators at Chicago, employed to model in plaster or to paint upon it decorations for palaces that were to stand six months, were in the position of Michelangelo when Pietro di Medici commissioned from him a statue in snow. It was impossible for them to take their ephemeral employments very seriously. But the order for paintings of which the life was to be limited only by the durability of pigments, and for busts in granite, and statues and reliefs in perennial bronze made a very different appeal, an appeal which met for the most part a hearty and earnest response. Though the balance available for the work was unexpectedly and gratifyingly large, it would, by no means, have sufficed for so complete a system of decoration as we see if the artists had not met the authorities half-way, and made their own sacrifices in order to bear their parts in the adornment of a national building and the development of public art.

Any specific criticism of the work they have done would be quite impossible in a paper which has already overrun its limits; but there are some general remarks that "fall to be made" upon it. One is how much even the best, and how very much more the less good gains from being part of a general scheme, and executed under fixed and uniform conditions. In the pictorial decoration of the great entrance-hall, it seems that the color scheme has been laid out with an insufficient allowance for the flood of light which the architect had provided, and that it is in consequence of this that the note of the decoration is high to shrillness. But it is also to be observed that the note is forced equally throughout, and that to tone the color down, so that the effect may be merely festal and not garish, besides the mellowing of time, which may have been allowed for, it needs only that the crude daylight shall be "handsomely contempered" with stained glass, the one American achievement in fine art that is not adequately illustrated here. In the sculpture the benefit of an architectural disposition and a common scale is very striking, especially striking in contrast with the national chamber of horrors in the rotunda of the capitol, much of the horrific effect of which comes from the fact that every sculptor chose his own scale, and that, quite naturally, the worst statues are also the biggest.

Upon the whole it may almost be said that the sculptors appear in the Library to greater advantage than the painters. Not, of course, that the art of sculpture is so successfully cultivated in America as the art of painting, but that the Library presents a more adequate exposition of what we can do in sculpture than in painting. It is, indeed, the first collective exhibit, in durable form, of the work of American sculptors that has ever been made. There is no American sculptor who is conspicuous by his absence, whereas there are American painters whom the observer will miss, and others whom he will encounter with more or less regret. The bronze doors of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warner set a standard at the threshold to which it would be too much to hope that all the interior sculpture should conform. And yet those who know American sculpture best will probably be most surprised at the success with which the sculptural adornment of the great rotunda has been managed, at the appropriateness, alike architectural and symbolical, of the eight austere figures of the pendentives, at the dignity and the force of the portrait statues. Not that even here there are not some works which appeal for attention by a provincial eccentricity.

The more strictly decorative modelling, which still has sculptural pretensions, one cannot praise so highly. The facility of the modeller of it is so astonishing that it would be contrary to nature if it were not largely reminiscent. Reminiscent or not, the aspiring bronze figures that form the finials of the newel-posts in the vestibule are extremely effective. But the flying figures which hold the tablets over the allegorical statues, and which fill the spandrils by the simple expedient of kicking backward into them, are pretty plainly incongruous with the sober and monumental richness which is the character of the great rotunda, and which is very powerfully enhanced by the allegorical statues of the pendentives, and the portrait statues of the marble screens.

All this, in addition to whatever sculptural merits it may disclose to a detailed inspection, is primarily architectural decoration. Perhaps, if we limit our painting to decorative painting, it cannot be said to be at all in advance of our sculpture. Unfortunately, it is not so limited in the Library. The works of the illustrator and the anecdotal painter are in evidence, and constitute decoration which does not decorate. The display of the painters is therefore not so homogeneous as that of the sculptors—does not show so uniform an understanding of the special conditions of the work. Moreover, it has been a common comment that, although all the artists who have contributed to the work are Americans, those of them who have worked abroad, with such shining exceptions as Mr. Vedder, have neither taken their work so seriously nor comprehended its conditions so well as those who have worked at home. But upon the whole, and in spite of many shortcomings, and more than one complete collapse, the decoration of the Library is more than a promise and an encouragement. It is a positive achievement and a positive success. The Library of Congress is a national possession, an example of a great public building monumentally conceived, faithfully built and worthily adorned, a national possession which will inculcate its lesson where that lesson is most of all needful and most of all likely to be fruitful.

SOME HEARTS

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

SOME hearts are tempted in the glare of life—
And others by sweet reckless love;
Some stake for glory, in their strife
Casting themselves and God above.
More, fainting, turn like monks and nuns,
Not to forgetful cloisters gray
Whose loveless form the sunbeam shuns,
But back to Nature's boundless way;
Where, breathing deep of silence, half a prayer,
Rust sheathes the sword beyond the call to arms,
And hot blood cools in her dim forests fair
As wind-loved sails, betrayed by coward calms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPEN BOAT

A TALE INTENDED TO BE AFTER THE FACT. BEING THE EXPERIENCE OF FOUR MEN FROM THE SUNK STEAMER COMMODORE

By Stephen Crane

I

NONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: "Gawd! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

"'A little more south,' sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dingey one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light, the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtlessly have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us, they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Inlet Light. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler, in the stern.

II

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed, for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse; shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show, now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their mind. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth: "Yes! If this wind holds!"

The cook was bailing: "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown sea-weed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dingey, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow grewsome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dingey. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out now! Steady there!"

The brown mats of sea-weed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were travelling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dingey soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars, then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly, "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of sea-weed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously, top-up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, captain," said the cheerful cook.

III

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends, friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly, but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dingey. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat there was this comradeship that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat. The oiler steered, and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the light-house had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the light-house was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dingey, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are *apropos* of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dingey none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dingey, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take her easy, now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees, and sand. Finally, the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. "That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant light-house reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice. "Else the life-boat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the northeast to the southeast. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the light-house now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie," said the captain.

"'A little more north,' sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension was leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their back-bones had become thorough-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly used to balancing in the boat and they now rode this wild colt of a dingey like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea-water; four were perfectly scatheless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches, and thereupon the four waifs rode in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well and ill of all men. Everybody took a drink of water.

IV

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of low dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim light-house lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dingey northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

It is fair to say here that there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction, but the men did not know this fact and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's life-savers. Four scowling men sat in the dingey and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The light-heartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscles. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore—" said the captain. "If we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble. The whole affair is absurd. . . . But, no, she cannot mean to drown me. She dare not drown me. She cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dingey could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surfman. "Boys," he said, swiftly, "she won't live three minutes more and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, captain?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke. "Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the southeast.

"What do you think of those life-saving people? Ain't they peaches?"

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishin'. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coast-line, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed. Then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theatre of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler. "Hang it."

When one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea-water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came in-board and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"Yes, sure! He's walking along."

"Now he's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now, we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick and they rowed to it. A bath-towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think. . . . There he goes again. Toward the house. . . . Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now! he was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you."

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly it's a boat."

"No, it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the life-boat, sure."

"No, by ——, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a life-boat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. See? One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it."

"That ain't a flag, is it? That's his coat. Why, certainly, that's his coat."

"So it is. It's his coat. He's taken it off and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it."

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No! He thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie."

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything. He's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell—there would be some reason in it. But look at him. He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it. It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave."

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out. A fishing boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right, now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now. and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water-jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

V

"PIE," said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and——"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dingey that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warmed by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing-seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awakening and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea-water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of the man at the oars was to keep the boat headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize her, and to preserve her from filling when the crests rushed past. The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before the oarsman was aware.

In a low voice the correspondent addressed the captain. He was not sure that the captain was awake, although this iron man seemed to be always awake. "Captain, shall I keep her making for that light north, sir?"

The same steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

The cook had tied a life-belt around himself in order to get even the warmth which this clumsy cork contrivance could donate, and he seemed almost stove-like when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered wildly as soon as he ceased his labor, dropped down to sleep.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping under foot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea, a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life-belt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent, contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with the open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whiroo of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of this biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone with the thing. He wished one of his companions to awaken by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water-jar and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

VI

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still——

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dingey had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand
And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his school-fellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than breaking of a pencil's point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate ; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet out straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, someone had evidently built a watch-fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain-cat and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water-jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat.

"Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold comfortable sea-water in the bottom of the boat, and had huddled close to the cook's life-belt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion.

"Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whiskey and water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar——"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie. . . . Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

VII

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, car-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white wind-mill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming, we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life and have them taste wickedly in his mind and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction, or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now and don't jump until she swamps sure."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about, and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the waves. Some water had been shipped and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out," said the captain.

"All right, captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, sure," said the oiler. "Mind to jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dingey, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life-belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water, and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dingey.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive, but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life-preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence, if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marvelled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on, nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water-jar, bouncing gayly over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Algiers.

He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still, he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dingey, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied, drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement, a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief, and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.

"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"All right, captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics, and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the under-tow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain, but the captain waved him away, and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulæ, said: "Thanks, old man." But suddenly the man cried: "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said: "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful to him.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous, but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.

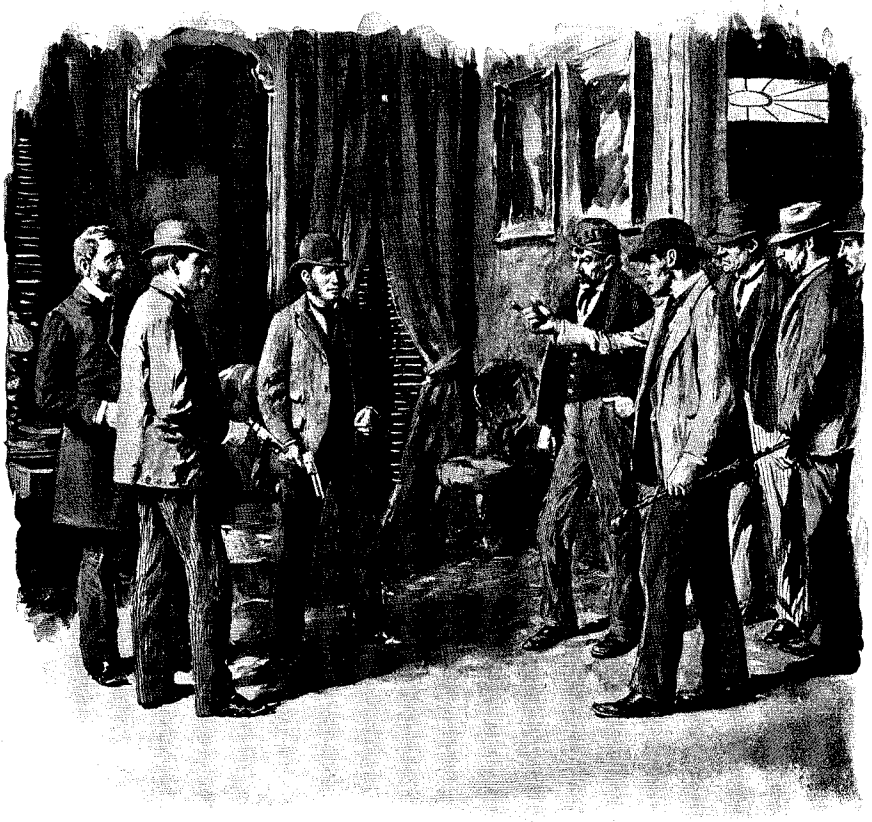
A PARTING SONG

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

DEAR Giver of Thyself, when at thy side
I see the path beyond divide,
Where we must walk alone a little space,
  I say, "Now, am I strong indeed
To wait with only Memory awhile,
  Content, until I see thy face,"
  Yet turn, as one in sorest need,
  To ask once more thy giving grace!
    So at the last
Of all our partings, when the night
Has hidden from my failing sight
  The comfort of thy smile,
My hand shall seek thine own to hold it fast;
Nor wilt thou think for this the heart ingrate,
    Less glad for all its past,
Less strong to bear the utmost of its fate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relieved their chafed vanity by a few threats.—Page 751.



THE NON-COMBATANT

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

"WELL, won't your pa be pleased!" cried Mrs. Battles.

The slim girl with the rose-leaf complexion, and the silky black braid dangling in the hollow between her shoulders, turned quickly. The pretty flush crept from her cheeks to her forehead, her liquid dark eyes brightened and glowed.

"Will it cheer him up, do you really think, ma?" said she.

Mrs. Battles was dishing the dinner, for it was noon and time for Race Battles to come upstairs from the grocery. She waved the coffee perilously at her daughter's face, in a gesture of reproach. "Stella Battles! Don't you know no more of your pa than not to know he'll be tickled to death? There ain't a father in town wouldn't be! I should *say!*"

Stella placed the bread and the tiny mite of butter—meals did not have their former generous look at the grocer's now. She looked at the table-cloth and spoke in a soft rush, like one who fears the failing of her own courage midway: "Ma, I know he would be pleased, usually; but—he seems so changed and worried all the time now; and—and there would be the expense of the graduating dress, the gloves, and ribbons and those things——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't you fret, lambie," returned the mother, tenderly, as the girl's voice quivered and sank; "if pa can't raise the money for your graduating muslin, your ma can! And you know pa sets the world and all by your learning. But he's so beset and worried, now, he don't know which way to turn. But you see how it is, Stella, it's seven weeks now since the boys struck, and the bills are going on and on; and there don't seem no more chance now than there was the first week—not so much, even—that the strike will be settled; and however will the bills get paid? It makes the creeps come up my back when I think of it; I don't wonder there's gray hairs in Race's head nor that he groans in his sleep. I don't see how pa'd live through it to fail! He said that when he mortgaged the house, last week, and I cried when I signed. But he's got the money to pay Wells. He's the worst, that man!"

"I hear you have gone back on what you promised me."—Page 744.

Race Battles.

She inclined her comely head toward the open door, through which one could see all the variegated pomp of the Battles's parlor, the tapestry sofa, the columned and chamfered mantel, and the geraniums and fuchsias, behind the lace curtains. On the mantel-piece (tastefully draped in light-blue silk) were two Parian marble statuettes. One, the Battles had discovered since Stella studied Latin, represented Clytie emerging from her sunflower; the other they had always revered as the bust of Abraham Lincoln. Both works of art were bought at a bargain sale by Mr. Battles and had been preserved in a drawer and tissue-paper until the parlor was furnished. In the centre of the mantel towered grandly a bronze clock, presented by his former employers, the rich wholesale grocers, Harcourt T. Wells & Co. The other ornaments were two photographs—one, thrown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on convex glass and colored, the photograph of a smiling baby boy; the other, that of a middle-aged man whose firm features and slight frown of intentness made a face of mark. A black-and-white portrait, plainly a bromide enlargement from the photograph below, hung on the opposite wall.

"I don't see why pa keeps his photograph up there," continued Mrs. Battles, her black eyes snapping, "mean as he's treated him, after he's bought goods there for ten years and paid prompt, too—much as telling pa he'd break him if he didn't pay up the note due this week!"

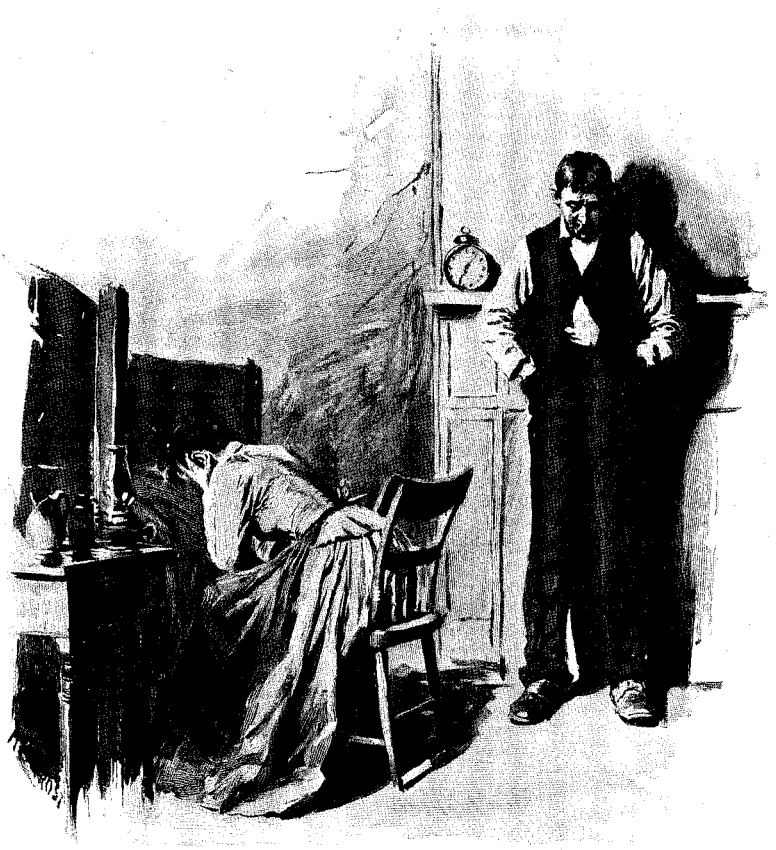
"Oh, ma, how can he pay?" cried Stella.

"He's mortgaged the building, that's how," returned Mrs. Battles, sombrely. "And he ain't left himself enough to pay the fire insurance."

"And pa's so scared of fire!"

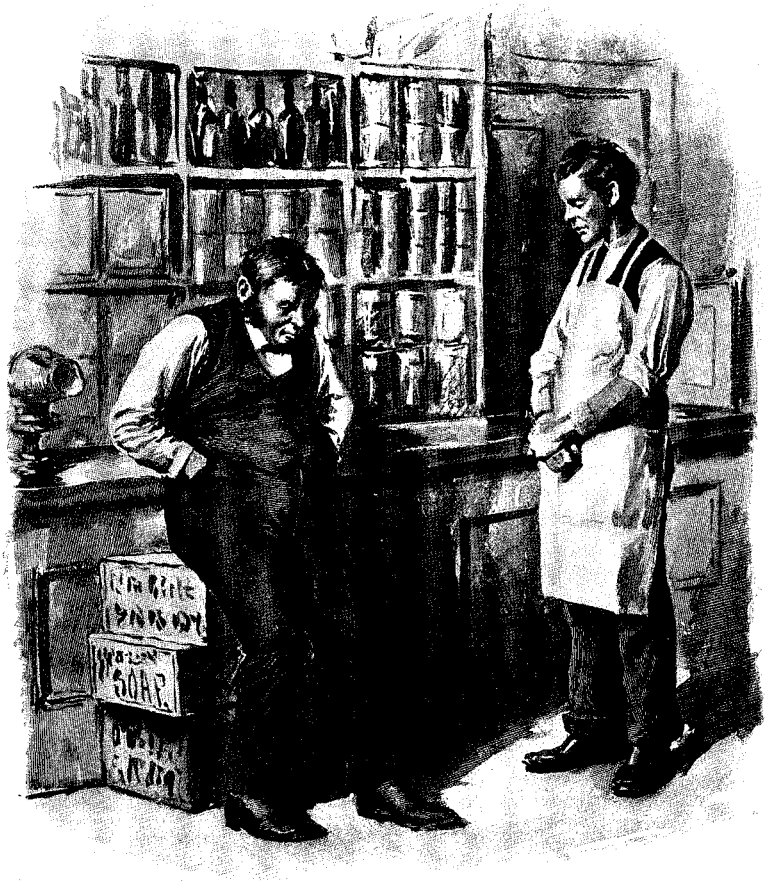
"Well he may be; we was burned out once!" The woman sighed heavily. "I suppose I had ought to remember. Harcourt T. Wells was good then; but why did he want to turn on your pa *now?* Race couldn't do enough for that man. When we was married he was clerking for him; and he'd work overhours, and he'd turn his hand to anything for Harcourt T. Wells. Looked like he just revelled in doing for him; and he'd talk to me—why, you'd think the sun rose and set with him. And when he run for mayor, you remember your pa was fit to drop, he worked so hard. I ain't exaggerating to say your pa'd a-give his life for that man any hour of the day. Yes, he would to-day. And look at the way he's been treated!"

"But he used to be kind once," Stella interceded. "I remember the things he sent every Christmas!"



"Johnny O'Brien's baby died this morning."—Page 746.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Yes, sir. I know times are hard."—Page 747.

"He ain't kind now. He hadn't got no business to fly out at pa like he done and pa not doing a thing. Jest for nothing but because he would give credit to the boys—those boys that always had traded with him. Your pa came home white as ashes. It was all I could do to get it out of him. He'd met Wells on the street walking with old Cochrane himself. Minute he seen your pa he twisted his eyebrows. 'Wait a minute, Mr. Battles,' says he—didn't call him Race, like he used to do, and looked like ice at him, and I know just how hot your pa got, for his collar was wilted clean down and it was a cool April day—'I hear you have gone back on what you promised me,' says he. 'I didn't promise you nothing,' says your pa. He told me he was kinder startled and didn't rightly know what he was saying. 'It was an implied promise,' says Wells; 'I advised you for your good. If you don't choose to follow my advice, well and good; but I warn you here, I sha'n't take your bad accounts for any excuse next June. Good-morning.' And your pa, he was so dazed and so kinder wanting to cry, he felt so awful that he hadn't a word to say, just gasped like a fish out of water; and they walked away. And it was the next day he got notice that he would have to pay cash for anything he bought at Wells & Co. It fairly made your pa sick. I never seen him look that way since little Harcourt died."

"He was named after Mr. Wells," said Stella, thoughtfully. "Ma, pa thought a great deal of Mr. Wells." She, too, now was looking at the picture across the threshold. She was trying to match this unknown feeling with her own friendships. She thought of her best friend at the High School; did grown men and women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have their friendships, too? Such a thing seemed queer and almost indecorous, as vivid emotion of any kind in older people always looks to youth; but piercing her shamefaced, youthful estimation of her father's excess of feeling as not quite sensible, was a passionate thrill of sympathy.

Stella had her mother's limpid, long-lashed, dark eyes, and her silky, abundant dark hair, and her graceful shape was like her mother's at sixteen—indeed, at thirty, Martha Battles "kept her waist" and her beautiful arms—but Stella was her father's child. Martha took life on the broad side, laughing when she was merry, weeping when she was sad, and sputtering vigorously when she was in wrath. She was a true-hearted, loyal creature, and she made Race a good wife, and Race loved her with all his heart; but there were things which he could not say to his wife that said themselves to his daughter. However, if Martha did not always understand her husband, she always admired him. To her, his short, thick-set figure was a model of manly strength; and the slouch in his shoulders (which in truth he acquired bending over the ledgers) was but the brand of a scholar. She had been a maid-of-all-work, and her father had shovelled on the street, and to her Race was a self-made man—a success that ought to be in the newspapers. There had been a notice of Race once in the Fairport *Blade*, and his picture; it was when he ran for alderman and was defeated. But everyone knew that there was no chance for his party in that ward, when he ran, and no mortal, unless it were his wife, had expected that the heavens would fall and his party's candidate be elected. The editor alluded to him as "the successful grocer and popular man, Horace Battles, Esquire." Mrs. Battles bought eight copies of the paper, seven of which she sent away. The eighth copy was laid in the leaves of the family Bible at the page recording the births of the children—only two, these were Stella's and that of the little boy who died. He had been named after Mr. Wells; and in the family Bible, after the line, "Died, May 13, 189—, aged 3 years, 5 months," in Race's handwriting, not so round and firm as usual, there lay on the page a sprig of dried lilies of the valley from the flowers that Wells had sent.

"Poor father," said Stella. It was the inadequate expression of a great many thoughts. In a moment she went on: "Now, ma, don't you say no, I'm not going to graduate. I'll let Bessie Page read my piece; and I'll get some good excuse so I won't be there. I'll write aunty about that place she said she could get for me for the summer teaching those children—the folks were to go away in June—and I'll take it; and instead of being a drag on pa, maybe I can help a little——"

Mrs. Battles had listened with quick intakes of the breath, between a sob and a snort, but at this last she exploded.

"Well, Stella Battles, do you think we're going to let you go off as a nursery governess when you've got a pa and a ma and a home, and are the only chick or child we've got in the world? And as for giving up graduating, I won't hear of it. Why, I've been thinking about it for a year, and putting aside money, too; and your pa wouldn't take it neither; for I did offer it to him to pay the insurance—knowing how frightened he is of fire—and says he, 'No, Mattie, no; it ain't enough for that, and there ain't anything else on earth I'd take it for. It's the only time she'll ever graduate,' says your pa, 'and let her have the good of it and look nice as the rest.' See here, Stella, don't you begin to sniffle, there's your pa this minute—be a-smiling!"

Mrs. Battles dressed her face in determined radiance, as example, before she opened the door. Battles came home by simply mounting the stairs, the grocery being in the floor below. His daughter thought how light his step used to sound, and how his whistle of the last popular air always used to precede him. Now, the only sound was of a step that dragged. But he was trying to smile as he entered. Battles was a short, rotund, little man, who made his round face the rounder by two scraps of sandy whisker on his jaws. He wore these because Harcourt T. Wells, on whom as man and merchant he formed himself, always wore side-whiskers. He had a freckled face and very faint eyebrows and white teeth that flashed when he smiled, and his eyes were rather wide apart, giving an impression of open-heartedness and frankness. When he spoke, his voice was low and pleasantly modulated; but were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he tickled into laughter, the mirth rolled out of him in loud, whole-souled peals. That day Stella wondered when she had heard her father laugh. She wished her mother had not said, "I've some good news for you, pa!" She caught the instant gleam of his eyes and the falling of his face at the end of the sentence; and although he kissed Stella most tenderly, and said in the heartiest way, "That *is* good news; I'm proud of you, daughter; and how many in the class, twenty-five, mother? Well, well!" still Stella felt that the news that he had hoped to hear was different. In a minute he added: "Wasn't that Mrs. Leroy I saw coming in here this morning? What did she say about the strike?"

"She said Leroy was coming in to see you this afternoon, but she wanted you not to say so to anyone. She said they had a meeting last night, but——"

"Did they declare the strike off?" asked Race, eagerly.

Mrs. Battles shook her head. "They voted Harry down. It was that Bellair. The men do be so taken with his talking!"

"Then there's no show of the strike's ending," said Battles. He gulped down something and drank his scalding hot coffee until the tears came; but he made so poor a pretence of eating that his wife cried at him presently, saying that he ate no more than a sparrow, and she was discouraged to cook.

"Well, I'm sick," said Race, his gloomy eyes on his saucer; "what I see makes me sick. Johnny O'Brien's baby died this morning, and Johnny made a kind of coffin for it out of some boxes I let him have. And Rhodes gave him some white paint. To think of how Johnny used to set and talk about that baby. And he couldn't even buy it a casket! And the Wheelans, they ain't got shoes on their feet, and the Jenners have sold their cabinet organ; it makes me sick to stand there behind the counter and hear such things. Besides—I got an offer for the horse and wagon, and I guess I'll have to let them go." He was uneasily aware of the consternation on the women's faces in spite of his stare at his plate. He went on, desperately: "Nor that ain't all; I'll have to send Danny away."

"Oh, father!" cried Stella. "Poor Danny; he's so stupid he'll never get another job, and he's so willing and faithful."

"And what will his grandmother do, Horace Battles?" cried the wife.

"I don't know," said Race. "It's got to this, ma; we're like folks on a shipwreck, we're only trying to save ourselves. I can't raise even the $5 a week for Danny's wages; it's all I can do to pull through with my own skin whole. They do say that there's a carload of new men coming; in that case the men will have to git out of town, and there ain't much chance of my collecting anything on the accounts, for, what with the expense of moving and all, they'll be all broke up, every mother's son of them. I don't see any way out!"

"Well, I guess we sha'n't starve!" said Mrs. Battles; "but that Swede family round the corner, they fairly ain't got enough to eat—and seven children under twelve—it's awful; I couldn't help sending them in some stew; I put in lots of potatoes and onion, and steamed over some hunks of bread, so the meat went a long way. Why, Race, those children glared at the dish—like wolves! I think that Bellair ought to be hung." At the beginning of the fight it had been Cochrane to whom Mrs. Battles had wished a felon's doom; but the good woman changed front with an unruffled conscience, meaning only good-will toward her neighbors.

"I'm glad you took them in something. I wish you'd take the O'Briens in a bite, if you can fix it so they won't notice."

"You don't mean they are at that pass!"

"I don't know when any of us will get there," groaned Race, pushing back his chair and making for the door. But at the door he came back. "Don't think I ain't pleased and proud at what you've done, Stella," said he, his hand on her shoulder. "And it's a great comfort to know that come what may you've got your education."

"Oh, pa, I wish I could help you!" cried Stella, with a choke in her throat. He kissed her, but something in his own throat prevented his answering; and so he went heavily downstairs to the shop and Danny. The clerk was only a lumpish boy, at whom the customers were continually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girding because he made so many mistakes; but he had a kind of dogged honesty and faithfulness that Race valued, and he was the sole support of an old grandmother, who prayed for the Battles every day. Danny looked up at Race's step with the glimmer of a smile; he had cleaned the molasses corner and waited for the grocer's surprise. But Race did not see the humble offering of toil, he was plunging at his business.

"Danny, I got something to say to you," he began, as if primed for a reproof; and he ended with the bald statement that he should have to dismiss the lad at the week's end. It was a great relief to have Danny merely say, "Yes, sir. I know times are hard." But it was less of a relief to see the muscles of his neck moving as he hastily walked off, and to be sure that he had been crying when he came back. No one came into the store. Race looked out on the street and sat drearily conning over his own plight. His heart was like lead. He could look out and see the tidy little yards and the windswept macadam and the men sitting idly on their steps for the most part, albeit a few were patching up their sheds or fences and some lawn-mowers were rattling through the little front yards. A stranger would have noticed only a pretty, shady street, but he saw the empty window where the Jenners's cabinet organ had stood, and he remembered how Ned Mueller had meant to paint the house which stood dingy brown and would wait a long time now for the paint-brush. He felt not only his own anxiety and pain but the smother of all the misery about him. A wagon dashed round the corner, a large truck drawn by two great Norman bays with shining harness. The letters on the side jumped at his eyes—"Harcourt T. Wells & Co." How many, many times had he watched wagons like those from the corner with almost the luxury of proprietorship. "Gittin' richer every day!" he would chuckle to himself; and plod along, beaming. Now his heart contracted at the sight, and at the feeling that he no longer could exult in Wells's grandeur as in something part his own. Wells had been the grocer's hero, worshipped from his business principles to his whiskers. The times when Battles would call to pay for his groceries were proud moments to him. He would saunter into the great store, nodding here and there to the clerks, who all knew him, and ask, in a careless voice, "Old man in?"—just as if he had not chosen the hour of the day most likely to see Wells in his office. Then he would pass the card of "No Admittance," cocking his eye at it as he passed, and trusting that there was some stranger present to view his confident entry, and walk up to the head of the firm's desk with "Well, here I am again, Mr. Wells." It was a standing joke that Wells should say, "After an extension, Race, I suppose?" and he should answer, "After a receipt in full, I guess." They always both laughed, and then would follow a chat of a few moments. Mr. Wells's opinions on matters of political moment were sure to get the best circulation in Race's giving. "Well, I was talking with Harcourt T. Wells and he said," etc. Thus would the words of the oracle be repeated over Race's counter. Wells having no honorary title—a secret grief to his admirer—Race always gave him his name in full; it was never "Wells" or "Mr. Wells" but always "Harcourt T. Wells." It goes without saying that Wells's politics were Race's. That he should ever oppose Harcourt T. Wells was a catastrophe too awful for the follower's imagination to compass. And here he was in the thick of it. "But I *couldn't* do no different!" groaned Race, sinking his head on his hard palms, "I couldn't go back on the boys!"

Henry Leroy, president of the Fairport Labor Congress and foreman in the foundry of the Cochrane Plough Company, was Race's familiar friend. The men in the works were mostly his neighbors and customers, good neighbors and good customers. Where was he to look for custom were he to drive them away? And he had the acuter form of sympathy which springs from eye-knowledge. It is one thing to read in the papers that strikers are suffering, quite another to see the sewing-machine of the Spriggs's trundled down the steps, and to watch Dick Spriggs's wife (who always sent a plate over when she fried doughnuts) go back with her apron to her eyes; or Johnny O'Brien, who used to be full to weariness of funny stories about his baby, begging the street commissioner for work on the sewer that he might pay for the baby's funeral. Race not only knew what decent, industrious fellows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many of the Cochrane men were, he knew how, all winter, the wages had been pared and pared until the men were fretted into a panic, seeing no end. He had heard in Swedish, German, and Irish dialects all about the obnoxious new "bosses" and the new rules and the petty oppressions, born quite as much of ignorance as tyranny. The grievances that pick men's pockets and the grievances that nettle their pride—Race got them all, struggling meanwhile to overquell prejudice and resentment with appeals to prudence and "the women folks and the kids," and mild reminders of the tough old Scotsman's good qualities. Now, condemning the precipitation of the strike, he could not help a sympathy for the strikers. Wells, on the other hand, only saw the immediate subject of conflict, which, in fact, was puerile, and the hard conditions of business making a reduction of wages inevitable. He wanted Race to join with the other tradesmen in refusing credit to the strikers and thus "knock the strike flat." Race did promise to see the butchers and grocers. But he found them firm for the strikers. So, wretchedly enough, he went to report his failure. Wells was out of town. To write a letter on anything more delicate than the price of groceries was a stupendous matter to honest Race. "I'll wait and see the old man, and explain," said he, mopping at the wrinkles fast settling in his forehead. Wherefore it fell out that Race's patron received his first news from the paper friendly to the strikers. And it was Race's hard fate to run up against Wells and Cochrane at the climax of Wells's explanation how his trustiest henchman had deserted him. "Oh, I'll answer for Battles; Battles is all right!" he had assured Cochrane; and here he must confess that Battles was all wrong. Race's appearance gave a ready opportunity to release his anger and disappointment. Nor did Race, an afterwitted fellow at the best, find a word of reply. He stumbled away like a fool, and so the trouble began. And yesterday, when he paid Wells, paid him every last cent due—and it was like drawing blood to raise that money—when he came into the store thinking, anyhow, he'd get a good word from him, then what happened? They told him Mr. Wells was busy, and would he wait? By —— he wouldn't wait; he said it was no consequence, he only came to pay some money—and he paid it, every cent! There wasn't enough left for the insurance on the house; and fire was the dread of his life. "I wouldn't have minded so much, if he'd spoke to me himself! I'll be broke up fast enough; ain't he satisfied with that?" groaned Race. It did not distract him from his dejection—although the act had that intention—to go to the door and look about him. What a comfort just looking at that building had been to Horace Battles. "To think of me owning a handsome brick store like that!" he used to muse in a glow of delicious wonderment. Every one admired the building, three stories high, narrow to be sure, but of generous depth, with a large, arched window, and a high, dark-green panelled door, and fixtures and woodwork of a beautiful cherry-red; a store so shining clean, so sunny, and so tasteful in summer (when a tiny fountain played amid radishes, lettuce, and strawberries) that strangers often craned their necks backward as they were driven past the neat gilt sign. To-day the windows were quite as clean, but the display was dismally meagre. The dizzy pyramids of tinned goods in their gray papers had dwindled to two towers of fly-specked cans of pease. Danny had tried to eke out the tableau by a barricade of soap and a row of bottles containing an unsuccessful, though deserving, brand of pickles.

Farther down the street the grimy brick walls of the great plough shops turned their blank windows and barred doors sullenly on the little homes that used to light their household fires at those smokeless chimneys. Two watchmen paced languidly in the sunshine, an unconscious compliment to Leroy's discipline, else would their heads have been broken long ago. Leroy himself came up the street. He greeted the watchmen in a matter-of-fact way, saying something that Race was not close enough to hear; but he saw that each of the men eyed the labor leader's back; and they spoke together.

Leroy was a tall man, muscular and cleanly built, with an ease of motion often seen in those whose muscles are kept always in trim by exercise. He wore his brown curls short, and a firm chin was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sewing-machine of the Spriggs's trundled down the steps.—Page 747.

clean-shaven, but his mouth was hidden by a mustache. If his mouth had the expression of his eyes, it was very gentle.

"Well," he said, "Race, I couldn't wait until evening."

"What's up?" said Race; "you boys going to give up the strike?" Leroy shook his head. He followed Race into the store, where Danny was arranging the shelves and futilely trying to fill the gaps with decorations in the shape of placards. The boy's eyes were red. Leroy nodded to him and went on to the tiny office. He balanced himself on a stool by the desk, and absently printed Race's stamp on a card flaunting the purity of Royal Baking Powder.

"How did it go, Harry?" said Race, to start him.

"All wrong. We're beat, and the longer we keep this up the worse we're beat! I'd have got out of town last month but for seeing the boys through."

"But, Harry, won't they take you back?"

"Not they. There's the disadvantage of being president; I try to hold the men back, in the first place, and get their ill will as a pusillanimous——"

"But they know better now!"

"Some of them, not all by a long chalk, or they'd back out of the strike. And the company thinks that I egged the men on. I'll not get taken on, no matter who is, you can bet your life on that!"

"But you're such a good workman!"

"Good workman doesn't count. They think I'm a meddler, and stirred up this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had heard in Swedish, German, and Irish dialects all about the obnoxious new "bosses."—Page 748.

racket to further my own ambitious purposes. God knows what *they* were, *I* don't. But that's the way it goes. The union always catches it; and the union leaders are always to blame; and yet from my experience, I'd say that in nine cases out of ten the leaders are for peace and prudence, and prevent more strikes than they cause, ten to one. When they do go into a strike it's either because they see no other way to prevent the men's being ground to powder, or because there's a crazy pressure on them from the hot-heads that they can't resist. But you don't hear of the strikes that are prevented; and when a strike does come off, you see the officers' names in the paper and they're making the speeches; and when a fight begins, even a fight you're opposed to, it ain't in human nature not to sail in and put up the best fight you can! But that isn't what I came to talk about. My goose is cooked. Well, I made a living before I ever saw Alan Cochrane, and I guess I can make a living without. But here's what I'm after. There is always a lot of outside sympathizers who like to be in any muss going, and they keep the hot-heads stirred up; and as things go from bad to worse, the sober fellows catch the fever; *they* want to swipe somebody. There's a lot of bad blood in town, a lot, Race. You know there's talk that Cochrane's going to bring in a carload of new men; and these crazy fellows are swearing that if that's so the new men sha'n't find any shops to go into. May be all talk, but it's ugly talk. I don't like it; and I sent a note to Cochrane offering to send some men to guard the shops. He declined. Said as much as that I had something cloaked by the offer. It was," said Leroy, his mild voice deepening a little, "it was a pretty insulting letter. I warned him to keep away from the shops nights; but he's sandy as the devil and he goes just the same. Perhaps if you were to see him and tell him what I'll tell you, he might take it as corroborating me, and be a mite carefuller."

"Well, I call that real forgiving of you, Harry, helping Cochrane out of the hole this way!"

Leroy's calm brown eyes blazed sud-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denly as he answered with a novel heat, "I don't give a d—— for Alan Cochrane! I wouldn't cross the street to save his immortal soul! But I won't have any dirt charged up against the union while I'm bossing the fight! It's those cussed fools like Dick Bellair and Raney and Brown that *kill* a strike! They act so, no decent folks can sympathize with the strikers! D—— 'em!"

"That's right," agreed Race. "Hullo, there's my little girl! How'd you get home so early, daughter?"

Stella's figure in the door-way, with the sunshine behind her, was so brightsome a picture, in her pretty print frock and broad hat trimmed with roses, with the flush on her delicate cheek and the light in her soft eyes, that it might set any father's heart to a lighter measure. With all his worries, Race smiled.

"Can't I see you for just a minute, pa? Will you excuse me, Mr. Leroy?" said Stella, her pretty manner the prettier for the girlish blush that came with the words.

Race went a little apart with her, rather puzzled. It was not like Stella to run in on the business. Stella held "business" in proper awe. But she could hardly wait now to have him well out of ear-shot. Hastily she held out her hand and showed him some bank-notes. "There's $15, pa," she said, breathlessly; "it's ma's and a little I had saved; and ma's willing; we talked it over, and we couldn't sleep nights if you turned Danny off. *Please*

Swearing and shouting at the men as if nothing had occurred to disturb their relations.—Page 753.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Race, you old fool, come down!"—Page 754.

take it, pa; it'll pay three weeks' wages, and *lots* of things may happen in three weeks! Please, pa!"

"And the graduation dress and——"

But she interrupted him: "I don't need the dress. I'm going to leave before we graduate. Ma's willing."

Race stood silent, his eyes filling with tears. How he felt he could hardly have told himself. He only was sure that he could neither take the sacrifice nor refuse it. In the pause Danny, on the other side of the partition; slunk away with his knuckles in his eyes. "Daughter," said Race, finally, "you wait; I'll think it over. Maybe—maybe I won't need to take your money to keep Danny. You wait. No, you needn't leave the money with me."

Leroy himself turned away then and walked to the door of the shop, where presently Battles joined him.

"Now," said Leroy, not looking at his friend, "I'll tell you what I've found out."

. . . . . .

Alan Cochrane's house stands no great distance from the plough works. He is an elderly Scotchman, a widower these twenty years, with no nearer kin than his seventh cousin, Mrs. Graham, who keeps his house, and he cares not a pin's head for fashion. His big, square, wooden house, stands in its large, old-fashioned garden, as it has stood for twenty-five years; although, long since, its neighbors have been transmuted into shops or storehouses, or have been razed to the ground to make room for brick walls. The blinds in front are al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways closed; why, only Mrs. Graham can tell; it is her custom as it is her custom to wear black silk mitts and to allow no followers to her maids — wherefore she often is left with no maids at all.

When Leroy and Battles came to the iron gate (a high iron fence enclosing a hedge surrounds the place) Leroy paused. "I'll not go in with you," he began, but he took a quick step backward in the shade of the hedge, darting a warning frown and beckoning to Race to do the same, which Race did mechanically.

"Why, Harry," says he, "there's five of those fellers going up the steps. What does it mean?"

"It means, I guess, that they're smarter'n I counted on their being, and they're going to catch him at home where he won't have a soul but women in call; and it's Thursday, the cook's day out; and the meeting-day of the Presbyterian sewing society that Mrs. Graham goes to regular as taxes." He was looking the whole street over while he spoke, not seeing a soul in view. "I guess you and I will have to tackle this job, Battles," said he.

"Sure," says Race. "How'll we git in, Harry?"

"Easy; they've got Raney's cousin here; she knows me and I've got their password. See how she'll give me the glad hand."

Race knew the girl himself, having in pleasanter days often handed her the family flour and berries, and she smiled in a frightened way on him. Leroy had not touched the bell; he had only knocked in a peculiar fashion. She had instantly responded.

"All right," said Leroy, very low; he added another word.

"You're sure *you're* to come, too?" said the girl, who seemed scared out of her wits. "Oh, I'm sorry you're in it, you and Mr. Battles."

"Never you mind *us!*" said Leroy, kindly, but always in the same low voice. "We'll help and not hinder."

"Don't let 'em hurt him, will you, Mr. Leroy?"

"I'll try my best," returned Leroy, rather grimly.

The two men stole down a dark hall, through what appeared to be a dining-room, and took breath outside a heavy black-walnut door. Race's pulses were drumming, but Leroy looked as pale, dejected, and calm as usual. He slid his hand back to his hip-pocket. "Yours all right?" said he. Race nodded, imitating the motion.

"Then, listen!"

Cochrane's voice came to them distinctly. "No, I won't sign an agreement to take you all back at half the increase, or *any* increase, or take you back at all; and you won't kill me without a fight!"

Leroy laid his hand on the door-knob. His lips formed an inaudible whistle. He stepped softly across the room.

"Look out of the window," he whispered.

"The window's open," reported Race, "but there's a screen in it. There's a balcony outside and we could swing ourselves over and batter the screen down with a chair or something."

Cochrane had stepped back, edging nearer the library-table and the drawer where lay a revolver; and young Billy Moony (the reckless one of the crowd, half drunk and only eighteen, which is an age of the Evil One's own picking does it come to wicked deeds) was making between when the screen crashed forward and Leroy bounded into the room, Race close after him.

"Don't fire!" he called to Cochrane; "we're on your side."

"Which side?" cried a big fellow with a red face; "which side, Harry? D—— it, we're in earnest. He's going to sign, by ——, or we'll make a vacancy in the firm!"

"Hardly," said Leroy. "Get your revolver" (to Cochrane, who needed no prompting but flashed it out of the drawer). "Brown, I warned you fellers I wouldn't have no dirt, and I *won't!* It ain't five to one now, but five to three—and the telephone! The police will be here inside ten minutes." The man nearest the door quietly slipped back the bolt.

"Are you going to go back on the boys and fight for the scrubs, Harry?" cried Brown.

"I ain't going to let you disgrace honest men who fight fair," said Leroy, firmly. "Time's short—are you going to skip or wait to be pinched, while you're parley-vooing?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If we do go now," grumbled another man, "we'll be pinched before night anyhow. I'm for doing up the whole——"

He stopped; there was something clammy and ugly in the impact of Leroy's revolver jammed against his shirt-front.

"Get out, and you may save your skins for all the informing I shall do," said Cochrane, who had been taking in the whole scene with an ironic smile. "But I advise ye, lads, to skip out of town; the sooner the better."

"Who gave us away, Harry?" said the big man—the others had unostentatiously sidled to the door.

"That's my lookout," said Leroy.

The big man made no answer, although he turned on Race a glance of menace. The youngest of the party relieved their chafed vanity by a few threats; but in the end, and no long time either, they left the three men standing together.

"Will they be setting the house afire going out, for a parting token, do ye think?" panted Cochrane.

"They are more likely to pay Race or me that compliment," said Leroy, quietly.

Cochrane wiped his brow. He was a portly man and he was puffing with his exertions. "I'll buy me a bicycle, this same day," cried he. "I must work down to fighting weight; those blackguards would have done me up if you hadn't come in so handily. Well, will ye take something?"

"I never drink, Mr. Cochrane," said Leroy, coldly; and Race, with more courtesy, declined the proffered decanter also.

Cochrane chuckled under his stumpy gray mustache. "Weel, at least ye'll let me thank ye. Those fellows were primed for murder, no less. They had juist enough speerits in them to be wicked. I see ye were right in your caution, Leroy." He held out his hand, but Leroy turned red and took a step backward, saying, very stiffly, "You owe me no thanks, and I owe you none, Mr. Cochrane."

Again Cochrane chuckled. "But ye got the police?"

"No, sir, I didn't. That was just a bluff. Battles was coming to warn you, and I was only going to the gate with him, when I caught a glimpse of Brown and Raney and the others, and of course I went in. There wasn't a cop in a mile!"

"Weel, ye did the bluff fine. Man, ye'll shake hands. You're a man and I'm a man; am I no? And we've fought together. It's no the preesident of the Cochrane Plough Company, or the chairman of the Strike Committee; it's juist Alan Cochrane and Harry Leroy—eh, Battles?"

"That's right, sir," said Race.

"And I may as weel tell ye," said Cochrane, "that's all a lie about the carload of new men." (Leroy's eyes flashed.) "And if the union send you I'll see ye to-morrow, and we'll talk it out. If you'll come back at the old wages they'll not be cut, and in a month or two I'll be able to raise them a bit; and the other things we'll talk over. Ye can all come back; there'll be no discreemination, not even against them"—jerking his thumb at the window; "they'll most like be running anyhow, the fule bodies!"

"I'll do my best, sir," said Leroy, in a different tone.

"He's done his best against the strike all along," Race put in.

"Only because I thought the strike had no chance of winning," said Leroy, stiffening again.

Cochrane's sharp little gray eyes twinkled. "Losh, man, don't be scared that I'm putting ye on my side. Ye'll let me think ye an honest enemy, will ye no? I'll conseeder those same grievances."

This time it was Leroy's hand that was extended first. "Then, good-afternoon, and I'm glad I came, sir," said he, shaking hands, as he would shake hands with the great political personages to whom he was sometimes presented when there was need of the labor vote. Race followed his example, observing the same form.

"For the matter of that, I'm glad, too," said the old Scotchman, dryly.

Returning, Leroy was in higher spirits than Race. The non-combatant ruefully considered how he, who only wished for peace, had now fought on both sides, to his own proper loss and peril. Having angered his best friend past forgiving by helping the strikers, he had now won the ill will of the most reckless strikers by fighting for the hated Cochrane. The baleful eyeblink shot at him by Brown rankled like a poisoned arrow. He thought of Cochrane's speech about fire, and Leroy's answer.

"And me with not a cent insurance,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he groaned; "but, Lord! they wouldn't be such fiends!"

Were they? It is past telling. No clews were found. The five suspected men were full of pity and innocence from the teeth outward. Alibis were ready at hand for every one of them. Nor is it sure that they were not genuine, these alibis. A defective flue, the unpunishable incendiary in so many cases, may have played its tragic part again. Whatever the cause, this at least is certain, Race's building, grocery and home, was burned that same night. The fire-bells awakened Harcourt T. Wells, a bachelor, lodging in a hotel. He counted the strokes—half the numeral in bed, half out on the floor scrambling into his clothes—for it was Cochrane's number. That was enough to send him downstairs to the telephone, and the sleepy answer, "No, it's not Cochrane's, some grocery, Battles's, they said!" spurred him hot foot through the streets. There is something in a midnight fire that pricks the nerves. It may be the contrast between the quiet streets outside, with the dim stores, the shrouded counters, the shadows of the tall façades on the roadway, the white porcupines of light blinking and winking in the dark, violet air, and the seething excitement that waits around the corner. Or it may be that the touch of pathos in human calamity and the touch of horror in human peril blend with a shuddering appreciation of the pageantry of the sight. The meanest structure flaming in the night borrows a ghastly and sinister beauty. And more than anything it may be that fire-bells, especially fire-bells in the unguarded hour of darkness, startle the imagination with the sympathy of a common dread; to-night, you; to-morrow night, we, perhaps! As Wells pounded down the sidewalk, he could hear the thud of his own footfall; and he remembered another time of his hearing the same sound, the time when his own great store was afire—then, Race and he were the last men on the roof!

Snatches of many scenes drifted through his mind, in which one humble, faithful figure stood, as if against that red glow in the west; while he ran, heedless of his years and his weight, faster and faster. All he had heard from Cochrane that afternoon, all he had heard in Race's store before he went to Cochrane's, made a mingle-mangle in his brain, like a tune to his hurrying feet.

First he passed a black mass of heads. Then he stepped over the line of hose and found a crowd of Cochrane's men, every man of them carrying something that he had pulled out of the smoke. Cochrane was on an empty box, directing the loading of some drays; and swearing and shouting at the men with as much fervor as if nothing had occurred to disturb their relations; the men themselves running and tugging with the heartiest obedience. The building was masked in smoke. It poured from the windows. The firemen were fighting the fire on the roof; and the wing in the rear was blazing. Wells ran to the front, where was a heap of household goods not yet removed, although Leroy was busy with a score of helpers. Half a dozen loudly sympathizing women were grouped about Mrs. Battles, who sat in the wicker arm-chair on the best hair mattress, rocking to and fro, unconscious of an extraordinary toilet of her best black silk skirt and Race's trousers flung hastily about her night gear, in mistake for a jacket, and Race's Sunday silk tile perched on her woful head; equally unconscious that she was huddling two photographs, the bust of Clytie and the bust of Abraham Lincoln, to her breast.

"Where's Race?" she wailed; "where's Race Battles? Danny, where's the master?"

Soot and flour had made a grizzly charcoal study of Danny as he tottered up to her, crooked by a huge white sack. "It's the very last sack of flour," gasped Danny. "He ain't inside. I was all over."

Mrs. Battles screamed. She could see her husband. He was on the peak of the roof, apart from the firemen; and he held the garden-hose in his hand.

"Hush, ma, don't be scared," said Stella. The girl was dressed and calm. "See, they're all coming down!"

"But *he* ain't!" shrieked the wife; "he's staying. Race! *Race!* Come down! Let the store go! What's the store to me if you get killed? Race! Come this minute! Oh, he can't hear me. Mr. Wells, *you* call him; he'll mind *you!*"

Then Wells did a reckless thing. He, Harcourt Wells, no longer a young man,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elbowed the women aside and ran up the ladder like a foolhasty boy.

"Race, you old fool, come down!" he bellowed. The roof was smoking. The firemen were gone, safe down off the other ladders. Race stood alone. He faced the smoke volleying toward him, spitting burning cinders from out the glare behind the murk. His white shirt was puffed out by the wind of the fire, and his face was like the shirt, as he trained his poor little squirt-gun of a hose on the crackling roar.

"My life's insured but the building ain't," he shouted back; "I've *got* to save it."

Swearing roundly, Wells stumbled up the roof. "I'll *pull* you off if you won't come!" he howled through the din. He grabbed Race's leg. Race dropped the hose; and he did turn now.

"You're crazy," he cried. "Get off, for God's sake!"

"Crazy yourself!" snapped Wells. "Here, you get down that ladder first, and find your wife."

They slid down together. None too soon, either, since the roof whereon Race had stood crashed in before their feet touched the ground. Race felt Wells's hand on his arm hauling him back. He clung to it, piteously shaken, and began to laugh. "You ain't mad at me—that's most worth the fire," he quavered.

"Of course I'm not mad at you, you blooming idiot," growled Wells, who was puffing and perspiring at every pore as well as burned by a dozen cinders; "why in thunder didn't you come round and give me a chance to say so? I wasn't going to take your money the other day; I knew how it squeezed you. But you wouldn't wait a minute. No, you must needs go off half-cock! You needn't be looking so black and blue, either. I came around here to-day and saw your clerk, who isn't such a fool as he looks, and he told me all about the insurance and the little girl's being willing to give up her dress and all. *I* paid the insurance policy, Race, this afternoon. You'll be a year or two to the bad, but I'll see you through. And the little girl shall have as pretty a frock at the show as any girl in town—Cochrane and I'll see to that— D—— it, Race! you aren't hurt, are you? Here! Somebody! Get some whiskey!"

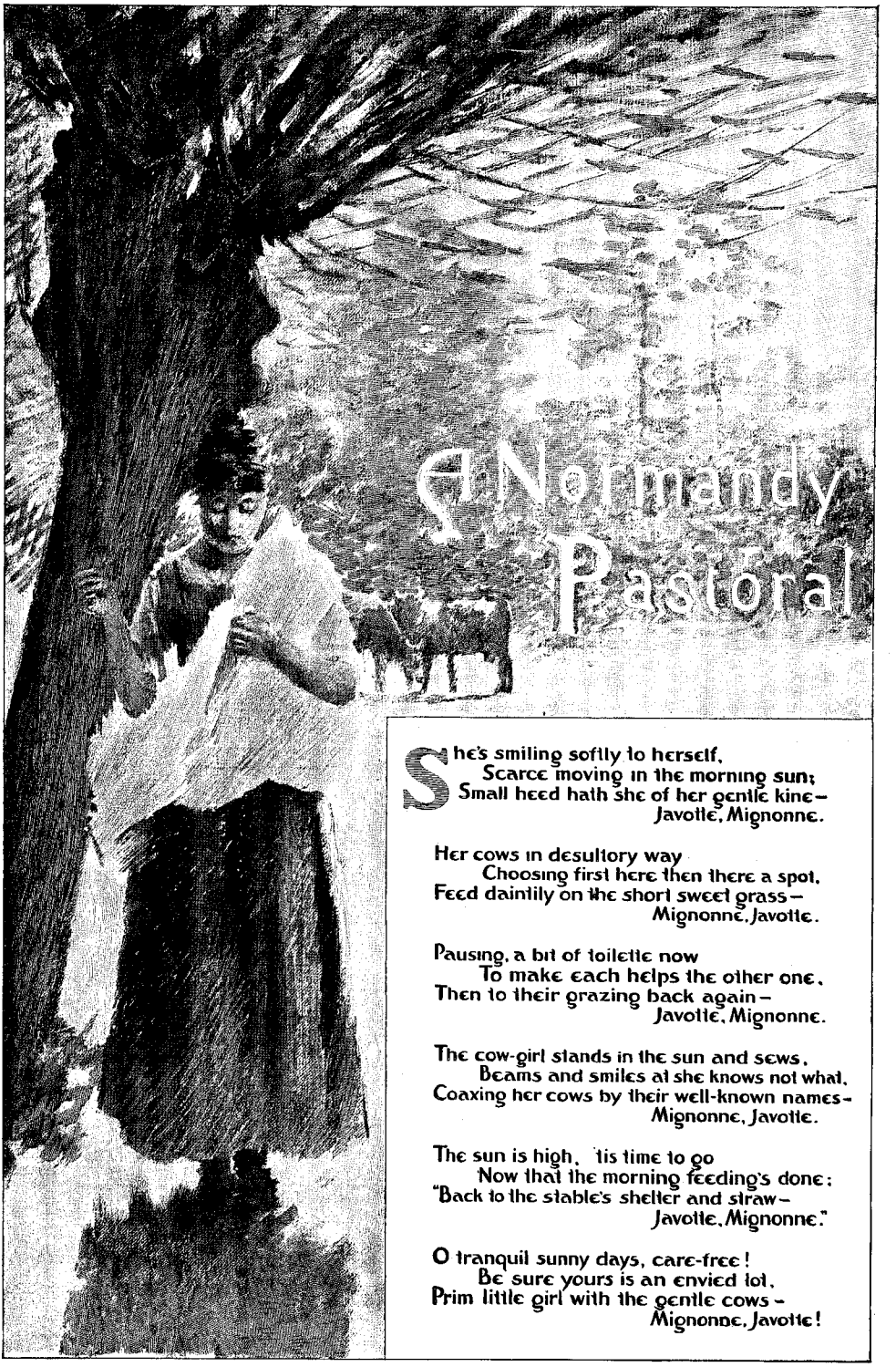
"It's—it's only just the smoke. It got into my windpipe, I guess," sobbed Race, the tears running down his cheeks. "Smoke's terrible on the eyes. God bless you, Harcourt T. Wells—it's only just the smoke!"

WITH A BIT OF GORSE FROM CARNAC

By Lilla Cabot Perry

THIS bit of yellow gorse I plucked for thee
By a huge Menhir, where, on Carnac's shores
The long waves murmur dirges evermore
For men dead ere the birth of history.
Here once they lived whom Time's immensity
Had quite o'erwhelmed, and blotted out their page
From the world's book! On them may learned sage
Descant, and poet dream here by the sea!
But none may know what were their thoughts, their lives,
None e'er may know! None living or unborn!—
Were these their tombs built where the strong sea strives
In vain to hold the warm elusive sands?
Were these hard by their altars where forlorn
They stretched to Heaven imploring empty hands?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Normandy Pastoral

She's smiling softly to herself,
Scarce moving in the morning sun;
Small heed hath she of her gentle kine—
Javotte, Mignonne.

Her cows in desultory way
Choosing first here then there a spot,
Feed daintily on the short sweet grass—
Mignonne, Javotte.

Pausing, a bit of toilette now
To make each helps the other one,
Then to their grazing back again—
Javotte, Mignonne.

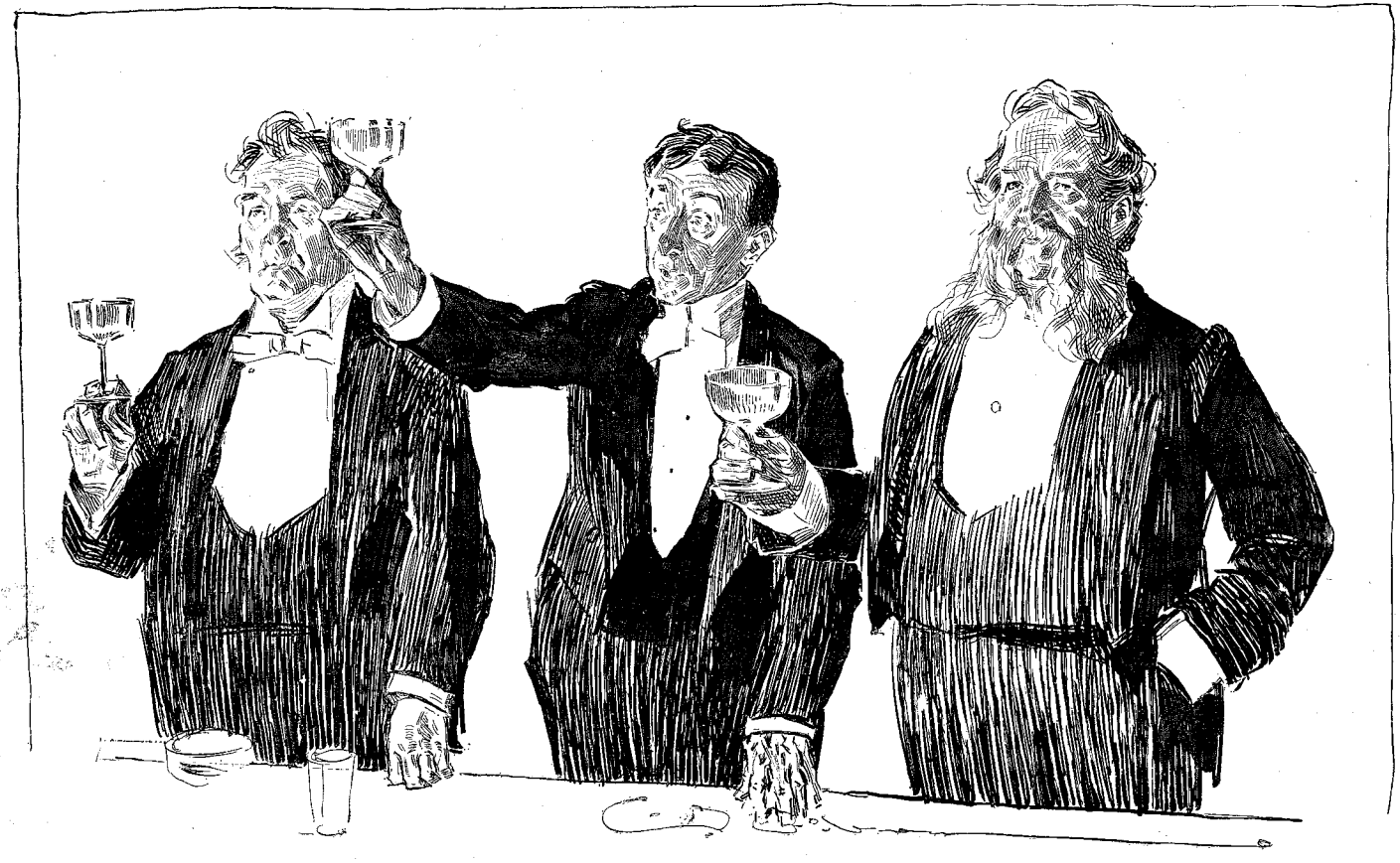
The cow-girl stands in the sun and sews,
Beams and smiles at she knows not what,
Coaxing her cows by their well-known names—
Mignonne, Javotte.

The sun is high, 'tis time to go
Now that the morning feeding's done;
"Back to the stable's shelter and straw—
Javotte, Mignonne."

O tranquil sunny days, care-free!
Be sure yours is an envied lot,
Prim little girl with the gentle cows—
Mignonne, Javotte!

Poem and drawing by the late Theodore Robinson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The Queen."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

V—LONDON SALONS

THE "season" begins about the time Parliament opens, and Parliament's opening and closing depend more or less on fox-hunting and grouse shooting. As the "season" approaches, town houses are opened and "green" servants are broken in; secretaries busy themselves with lists and stationery, and the winter campaign begins immediately upon the family's return to town. As a London house is seldom needed for more than the formal entertainments of a season, it is in most cases hired; consequently, it is seldom attractive. Acquaintances are entertained in the city, and friends are taken into the country to spend the week's end on the family estate, surrounded by the household gods and the most attractive side of all England. There the future members of the House of Lords, and the belles of some future drawing-room, ride donkeys, and the older people ride wheels and sit under English oaks and make little water-color sketches, and it is easily seen why only social duties take them to London.

By eight o'clock in the evening almost every other house that you see will have a little red carpet stretching from its door to the curb, and in some cases a temporary awning over it. The streets seem to be given over entirely to carriages and hansoms carrying people to dinner. When the last guest has arrived the carpet is taken in until later on, when it again rolls back down the steps and across the pavement, between two lines of footmen, while the butler whistles for hansoms, and half of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished Guests.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Dinner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Restaurant Diners—"A Little Loan."

fashionable London goes to its own house, its club, or its lodgings, feeling much better than it did. A dinner or a dance in London is well worth going to, because the most interesting people there know each other and have time for such things. No workingman need hesitate to accept an invitation to luncheon; he is sure to meet there people who will make it well worth his while and who are as busy as himself. A Member of Parliament, during a short recess, will leave the House and drive miles to a dinner. He may arrive thirty minutes late, or leave before the dinner is half over. A Quartermaster-General will leave the War Office an hour earlier, because he has promised to go bicycling with some young people, and an Editor will leave his paper and accompany his wife to a tea. This interest in all things gives English people time for everything. The order of precedence is the most important and seriously considered part of a London dinner. If only men are present, it is just as necessary not to smoke until the master of ceremonies has rapped on the table and the president has said, "The Queen."

The royal family are on the very best terms with the tradespeople. They will delay a wedding until the end of July and make the season longer to oblige them. Their names appear on shop fronts and their portraits are in the windows. In this way you can tell where a duke buys his hats, or a princess her gloves. It is this wise good-nature on their parts that makes the tax-payer prosperous and the royal family popular.

The more London entertains, the bigger and happier it grows, and the better the entertainers are liked. Since the days of Robin Hood Englishmen have appeared best at table. There are banqueting halls of all ages and sizes in every part of London. The proper place for a boar's head or an enemy's flag was always in the dining-hall. No better use could

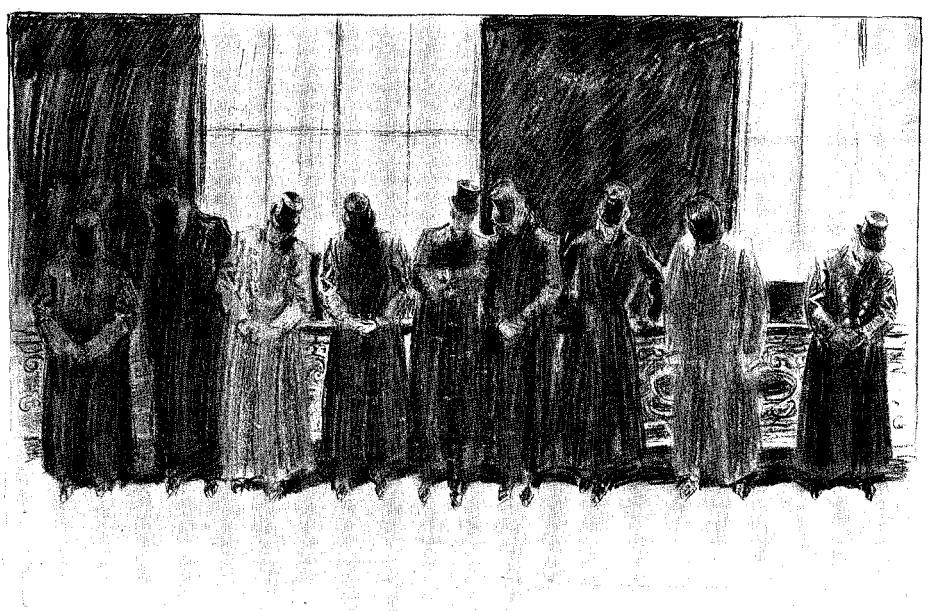
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly be made of a captured vessel than to turn the best part of it into a dining table, and probably the most that is left of the Spanish Fleet now ornaments the main hall in the Inner Temple.

A London reception is bright and amusing. Everyone is asked, and almost everyone goes. In the early part of the evening statesmen, diplomats, and older people are in the majority; at eleven o'clock, those who have been to the play arrive, and a little later the actors themselves. From the staircase people can best be seen. It is always crowded by those who are on their way to pay respects to the hostess in the hall above, and by those who have already done so and are on their way down to the supper-room. Above and below a dense crowd elbow and talk around and through you; everyone has a rotary motion, like the turret on a monitor. You are slowly twisted past your hostess and through the parlors, and then finally back to the staircase, down which you can go as slowly as you please. No one is in a hurry—so out into the early morning, between rows of uniformed coachmen standing like sentries sleeping on their post.

C. D. G.

An Early Departure.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XI

THE Maxwells went to New York early in October, and took a little furnished flat for the winter on the West Side, between two streets among the Eighties. It was in a new apartment house, rather fine on the outside, and its balconies leaned caressingly toward the tracks of the Elevated Road, whose trains streamed back and forth under them night and day. At first they thought it rather noisy, but their young nerves were strong, and they soon ceased to take note of the uproar, even when the windows were open.

The weather was charming, as the weather of the New York October is apt to be. The month proved far milder than September had been at Magnolia. They were not very far from Central Park, and they went for whole afternoons into it. They came to have such a sense of ownership in one of the seats in the Ramble, that they felt aggrieved when they found anybody had taken it, and they resented other people's intimacy with the squirrels, which Louise always took a pocketful of nuts to feed ; the squirrels got a habit of climbing into her lap for them. Sometimes Maxwell hired a boat and rowed her lazily about on the lake, while he mused and she talked. Sometimes, to be very lavish, they took places in the public carriage which plied on the drives of the Park, and went up to the tennis-grounds beyond the reservoirs, and watched the players, or the art-students sketching the autumn scenery there. They began to know, without acquaintance, certain attached or semi-attached couples ; and no doubt they passed with these for lovers themselves, though they felt a vast superiority to them in virtue of their married experience ; they looked upon them, though the people were sometimes their elders, as very young things, who were in the right way, but were as yet deplorably ignorant how happy they were going to be. They almost always walked back from these drives, and it was not so far but they could walk over to the North River for the sunset, before their dinner, which they had late, when they did that, and earlier when they did not do it. Dinner was rather a matter of caprice with them. Sometimes they dined at a French or Italian *table d'hôte ;* sometimes they foraged for it before they came in from their sunset, or their afternoon in the park : when dinner consisted mainly of a steak or chops, with one of the delicious salads their avenue abounded in, and some improvisation of potatoes, and coffee afterward—it was very easy to get it up in half an hour. They kept one maid, who called herself a Sweden's girl, and Louise cooked some of the things herself. She did not cook them so well as the maid, but Maxwell never knew what he was eating, and he thought it all alike good.

In their simple circumstances, Louise never missed the affluence that had flattered her whole life in her father's house. It seemed to her as if she had not lived before her marriage—as if she had always lived as she did now. She made the most of her housekeeping, but there was not a great deal of that, at the most. She knew some New York people, but it was too early yet for them to be back to town, and besides she doubted if she should let them know where she was ; for society afflicted Maxwell, and she could not care for it unless he did. She did not wish to do anything as yet, or be anything apart from him ; she was timid about going into the street without him. She wished to be always with him, and always talking to him ; but it soon came to his imploring her not to talk, when she was in the room where he was writing ; and he often came to the table so distraught that the meal might have passed without a word but for her.

He valued her all she could possibly have desired in relation to his work, and he showed her how absolutely he rested upon her sympathy, if not her judgment, in it. He submitted everything to her, and forebore, and changed, and amended, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrote, and rewrote at her will; or when he revolted, and wrote on in defiance of her, he was apt to tear the work up. He destroyed a good deal of good literature in this way, and more than once it happened that she had tacitly changed her mind and was of his way of thinking, when it was too late. In view of such a chance she made him promise that he would always show her what he had written, even when he had written wholly against her taste and wish. He was not to let his pride keep him from doing this, though, as a general thing, she took a good deal of pride in his pride, having none herself, as she believed. Whether she had or not, she was very wilful, and rather prepotent; but she never bore malice, as the phrase is, when she got the worst of anything, though she might have been quite to blame. She had in all things a high ideal of conduct, which she expected her husband to live up to when she was the prey of adverse circumstances. At other times she did her share of the common endeavor.

All through the month of October he worked at the new play, and from time to time they heard from the old play, which Godolphin was still giving, here and there, in the West. He had not made any reply to Maxwell's letter of regret that he could not come to the rehearsals at Chicago, but he sent the notices marked in the newspapers, at the various points where he played, and the Maxwells contented themselves as they could with these proofs of an unbroken amity. They expected something more direct and explicit from him when he should get to Chicago, where his engagement was to begin the first week in November. In the meantime the kind of life they were living had not that stressful unreality for Louise that it had for Maxwell on the economic side. For the first time his regular and serious habits of work did not mean the earning of money, but only the chance of earning money. Ever since he had begun the world for himself, and he had begun it very early, there had been some income from his industry; however little it was, it was certain; the salary was there for him at the end of the week, when he went to the cashier's desk. His mother and he had both done so well and so wisely in their several ways of taking care of themselves, that Maxwell had not only been able to live on his earnings, but he had been able to save out of them the thousand dollars which Louise bragged of to her father, and it was this store which they were now consuming, not rapidly, indeed, but steadily, and with no immediate return in money to repair the waste. The fact kept Maxwell wakeful at night, sometimes, and by day he shuddered inwardly at the shrinkage of his savings, so much swifter than their growth, though he was generously abetted by Louise in using them with frugality. She could always have had money from her father, but this was something that Maxwell would not look forward to. There could be no real anxiety for them in the situation, but for Maxwell there was care. He might be going to get a great deal out of the play he was now writing, but as yet it was in no form to show to a manager or an actor; and he might be going to get a great deal out of his old play, but so far Godolphin had made no sign that he remembered one of the most essential of the obligations which seemed all to rest so lightly upon him. Maxwell hated to remind him of it, and in the end he was very glad that he never did, or that he had not betrayed the slightest misgiving of his good faith.

One morning, near the end of the month, when he was lower in his spirits than usual from this cause, there came a letter from the managing editor of the Boston *Abstract* asking him if he could not write a weekly letter from New York for his old newspaper. It was a temptation, and Maxwell found it a hardship that his wife should have gone out just then, to do the marketing for the day; she considered this the duty of a wife, and she fulfilled it often enough to keep her sense of it alive, but she much preferred to forage with him in the afternoon; that was poetry, she said, and the other was prose. He would have liked to talk the proposition over with her; to realize the compliment while it was fresh, to grumble at it a little, and to be supported in his notion that it would be bad business just then for him to undertake a task that might draw him away from his play too much; to do the latter well would take a great deal of time. Yet he did not feel quite that he ought to refuse it, in view of the uncertainties of the future, and it might even be useful to hold the position aside from the money it would bring him; the New York correspondent of the Boston *Ab-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stract might have a claim upon the attention of managers which a wholly unaccredited playwright could not urge; there was no question of their favor with Maxwell; he would disdain to have that, even if he could get it, except by the excellence, or at least the availability of his work.

Louise did not come in until much later than usual, and then she came in looking very excited. "Well, my dear," she began to call out to him as soon as the door was opened for her, "I have seen that woman again!"

"What woman?" he asked.

"You know. That smouldering-eyed thing in the bathing dress." She added, in answer to his stupefied gaze: "I don't mean that she was in the bathing dress still, but her eyes were smouldering away just as they were that day on the beach at Magnolia."

"Oh!" said Maxwell, indifferently. "Where did you see her?"

"On the avenue, and I know she lives in the neighborhood, somewhere, because she was shopping here on the avenue, and I could have easily followed her home, if she had not taken the Elevated for down town."

"Why didn't you take it, too? It might have been a long way round, but it would have been certain. I've been wanting you here, badly. Just tell me what you think of that."

He gave her the editor's letter, and she hastily ran it through. "I wouldn't think of it for a moment," she said. "Were there any letters for me?"

"It isn't a thing to be dismissed without reflection," he began.

"I thought you wanted to devote yourself entirely to the drama?"

"Of course."

"And you've always said there was nothing so killing to creative work as any sort of journalism."

"This wouldn't take more than a day or two each week, and twenty-five dollars a letter would be very convenient while we are waiting for our cards to turn up."

"Oh, very well! If you are so fickle as all that, *I* don't know what to say to you." She put the letter down on the table before him, and went out of the room.

He tried to write, but with the hurt of what he felt her unkindness, he could not, and after a certain time he feigned an errand into their room, where she had shut herself from him, and found her lying down. "Are you sick?" he asked, coldly.

"Not at all," she answered. "I suppose one may lie down without being sick, as you call it. I should say ill, myself."

"I'm so glad you're not sick that I don't care what you call it."

He was going out, when she spoke again: "I didn't know you cared particularly, you are always so much taken up with your work. I suppose, if you wrote those letters for the *Abstract*, you need never think of me at all, whether I was ill or well."

"You would take care to remind me of your existence from time to time, I dare say. You haven't the habit of suffering in silence, a great deal."

"You would like it better, of course, if I had."

"A great deal better, my dear. But I didn't know that you regarded my work as self-indulgence altogether. I have flattered myself now and then that I was doing it for you, too."

"Oh, yes, very likely. But if you had never seen me, you would be doing it all the same."

"I'm afraid so. I seem to have been made that way. I'm sorry you don't approve. I supposed you did once."

"Oh, I do approve — highly." He left her and she heard him getting his hat and stick in the little hallway, as if he were going out of doors. She called to him, "What I wonder is how a man so self-centred that he can't look at his wife for days together, can tell whether another woman's eyes are smouldering or not."

Maxwell paused, with his hand on the knob, as if he were going to make some retort, but perhaps because he could think of none, he went out without speaking.

He stayed away all the forenoon, walking down the river along the squalid waterside avenues; he found them in sympathy with the squalor in himself which always followed a squabble with his wife. At the end of one of the westward streets, he found himself on a pier flanked by vast flotillas of canal boats. As he passed one of these, he heard the sound of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

furious bickering within, and while he halted, a man burst from the gangway, and sprang ashore, followed by the threats and curses of a woman, who put her head out of the hatch to launch them after him.

The incident turned Maxwell faint; he perceived that the case of this unhappy man, who tried to walk out of earshot with dignity, was his own in quality, if not in quantity. He felt the shame of their human identity, and he reached home with his teeth set in a hard resolve to bear and forbear in all things thereafter, rather than share ever again in misery like that, which dishonored his wife even more than it dishonored him. At the same time he was glad of a thought the whole affair suggested to him, and he wondered whether he could get a play out of it. This was the notion of showing the evil eventuation of the good. Their tiffs came out of their love for each other, and no other quarrels could have the bitterness that these got from the very innermost sweetness of life. It would be hard to show this dramatically, but if it could be done, the success would be worth all the toil it would cost.

At his door he realized with a pang that he could not submit the notion to his wife now, and perhaps never. But the door was pulled open before he could turn his latch-key in the lock, and Louise threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, dearest, guess!" she commanded between her kisses.

"Guess what?" he asked, walking her into the parlor with his arms round her. She kept her hands behind her when he released her, and they stood confronted.

"What should you consider the best news—or not news exactly; the best thing in the world?"

"Why, I don't know. Has the play been a great success in Chicago?"

"Better than that!" she shouted, and she brought an open letter from behind her, and flourished it before him, while she went on breathlessly: "It's from Godolphin, and of course I opened it at once, for I thought if there was anything worrying in it, I had better find it out while you were gone, and prepare you for it. He's sent you a check for $300—twelve performances of the play—and he's written you the sweetest letter in the world, and I take back everything I ever said against him! Here, shall I read it? Or, no, you'll want to read it yourself. Now, sit down at your desk, and I'll put it before you with the check on top!"

She pushed him into his chair, and he obediently read the check first, and then took up the letter. It was dated at Chicago, and was written with a certain histrionic consciousness, as if Godolphin enjoyed the pose of a rising young actor paying over to the author his share of the profits of their joint enterprise in their play. There was a list of the dates and places of the performances, which Maxwell noted were chiefly matinées; and he argued a distrust of the piece from this fact, which Godolphin did not otherwise betray. He said that the play constantly grew upon him, and that with such revision as they should be able to give it together when he reached New York, they would have one of the greatest plays of the modern stage. He had found that wherever he gave it, the better part of his audience was best pleased with it, and he felt sure that when he put it on for a run, the houses would grow up to it in every way. He was going to test it for a week in Chicago; there was no reference to his wish that Maxwell should have been present at the rehearsals there; but otherwise Godolphin's letter was as candid as it was cordial.

Maxwell read it with a silent joy which seemed to please his wife as well as if he had joined her in rioting over it. She had kept the lunch warm for him, and now she brought it in from the kitchen herself and set it before him, talking all the time.

"Well, now we can regard it as an accomplished fact, and I shall not allow you to feel any anxiety about it from this time forward. I consider that Godolphin has done his whole duty by it. He has kept the spirit of his promises, if he hasn't the letter, and from this time forward I am going to trust him implicitly, and I'm going to make you. No more question of Godolphin in *this* family! Don't you long to know how it goes in Chicago? But I don't really care, for, as you say, that won't have the slightest influence in New York; and I know it will go here, anyway. Yes, I consider it, from this time on, an assured success. And isn't it delightful that, as Godolphin says, it's such a favorite with refined people?" She went on a good while to this effect, but when she had talked herself out, Max-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well had still said so little that she asked, "What is it, Brice?"

"Do you think we deserve it?" he returned, seriously.

"For squabbling so? Why, I suppose I was tired and overwrought, or I shouldn't have done it."

"And I hadn't even that excuse," said Maxwell.

"Oh, yes you had," she retorted. "I provoked you. And if anyone was to blame, I was. Do you mind it so much?"

"Yes, it tears my heart. And it makes me feel so low and mean."

"Oh, how good you are!" she began, but he stopped her.

"Don't! I'm not good; and I don't deserve success. I don't feel as if this belonged to me. I ought to send Godolphin's check back, in common honesty, common decency." He told of the quarrel he had witnessed on the canal-boat, and she loved him for his simple-hearted humility; but she said there was nothing parallel in the cases, and she would not let him think so; that it was morbid, and showed he had been overworking.

"And now," she went on, "you must write to Mr. Ricker at once and thank him, and tell him you can't do the letters for him. Will you?"

"I'll see."

"You must. I want you to reserve your whole strength for the drama. That's your true vocation, and it would be a sin for you to turn to the right or left." He continued silent, and she went on: "Are you still thinking about our scrap this morning? Well, then, I'll promise never to begin it again. Will that do?"

"Oh, I don't know that you began it. And I wasn't thinking—I was thinking of an idea for a play—the eventuation of good in evil—love evolving in hate."

"That will be grand, if you can work it out. And now you see, don't you, that there is some use in squabbling, even."

"I suppose nothing is lost," said Maxwell. He took out his pocket-book, and folded Godolphin's check into it.

XII

A WEEK later there came another letter from Godolphin. It was very civil, and in its general text it did not bear out the promise of severity in its change of address to *Dear Sir*, from the *Dear Mr. Maxwell* of the earlier date.

It conveyed, in as kindly terms as could have been asked, a fact which no terms could have flattered into acceptability.

Godolphin wrote, after trying the play for two nights and a matinée in Chicago, to tell the author that he had withdrawn it because its failure had not been a failure in the usual sense but had been a grievous collapse, which left him no hopes that it would revive in the public favor if it were kept on. Maxwell would be able to judge, he said, from the newspapers he sent, of the view the critics had taken of the piece; but this would not have mattered at all if it had not been the view of the public, too. He said he would not pain Maxwell by repeating the opinions which he had borne the brunt of alone; but they were such as to satisfy him fully and finally that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a part for him in the piece. He begged to return it to *Maxwell*, and he ventured to send his prompt-book with the original manuscript, which might facilitate his getting the play into other hands.

The parcel was brought in by express while they were sitting in the dismay caused by the letter, and took from them the hope that Godolphin might have written from a mood and changed his mind before sending back the piece. Neither of them had the nerve to open the parcel, which lay upon Maxwell's desk, very much sealed and tied and labelled, diffusing a faint smell of horses, as express packages mostly do, through the room.

Maxwell found strength, if not heart, to speak first. "I suppose I am to blame for not going to Chicago for the rehearsals." Louise said she did not see what that could have done to keep the play from failing, and he answered that it might have kept Godolphin from losing courage. "You see, he says he had to take the brunt of public opinion *alone*. He was sore about that."

"Oh, well, if he is so weak as that, and would have had to be bolstered up all along, you are well rid of him."

"I am certainly rid of him," Maxwell partially assented, and they both lapsed into silence again. Even Louise could not talk. They were as if stunned by the blow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that had fallen on them, as all such blows fall, when it was least expected, and it seemed to the victims as if they were least able to bear it. In fact, it was a cruel reverse from the happiness they had enjoyed since Godolphin's check came, and although Maxwell had said that they must not count upon anything from him, except from hour to hour, his words expressed a doubt that he felt no more than Louise. Now his gloomy wisdom was justified by a perfidy which she could paint in no colors that seemed black enough. Perhaps the want of these was what kept her mute at first; even when she began to talk she could only express her disdain by urging her husband to send back Godolphin's check to him. "We want nothing more to do with such a man. If he felt no obligation to keep faith with you, it's the same as if he had sent that money out of charity."

"Yes, I have thought of that," said Maxwell. "But I guess I shall keep the money. He may regard the whole transaction as child's play, but I don't, and I never did. I worked very hard on the piece, and at the rates for space-work, merely, I earned his money and a great deal more. If I can ever do anything with it, I shall be only too glad to give him his three hundred dollars again."

She could see that he had already gathered spirit for new endeavor with the play, and her heart yearned upon him in pride and fondness. "Oh, you dear! What do you intend to do next?"

"I shall try the managers."

"Brice!" she cried, in utter admiration.

He rose and said, as he took up the express package, and gave Godolphin's letter a contemptuous push with his hand, "You can gather up this spilt milk. Put it away somewhere; I don't want to see it or think of it again." He cut open the package, and found the prompt-book, which he laid aside, while he looked to see if his own copy of the play were all there.

"You are going to begin at once?" gasped Louise.

"This instant," he said. "It will be slow enough work at the best, and we mustn't lose time. I shall probably have to go the rounds of all the managers, but I am not going to stop till I have gone the rounds. I shall begin with the highest, and I sha'n't stop till I reach the lowest."

"But when? How? You haven't thought it out."

"Yes, I have. I have been thinking it out ever since I got the play into Godolphin's hands. I haven't been at peace about him since that day when he renounced me in Magnolia, and certainly till we got his check there has been nothing in his performance to restore my confidence. Come, now, Louise, you mustn't stop me, dear," he said, for she was beginning to cling about him. "I shall be back for lunch, and then we can talk over what I have begun to do. If I began to talk of it before, I should lose all heart for it. Kiss me good luck!"

She kissed him enough for all the luck in the world, and then he got himself out of her arms while she still hardly knew what to make of it all. He was out of the apartment, and half way down the house-stairs, when her eye fell on the prompt-book. She caught it up and ran out upon the landing, and screamed down after him, "Brice, Brice! You've forgotten something."

He came flying back, breathless, and she held the book out to him. "Oh, I don't want that," he panted. "It would damage the play with a manager to know that Godolphin had rejected it."

"But do you think it would be quite right—quite frank—to let him take it without telling him?"

"It will be right to show it him without telling him. It will be time enough to tell him if he likes it."

"That is true," she assented, and then she kissed him again and let him go; he stood a step below her, and she had to stoop a good deal; but she went in doors, looking up to him as if he were a whole flight of steps above her, and saying to herself that he had always been so good and wise that she must now simply trust him in everything.

Louise still had it on her conscience to offer Maxwell reparation for the wrong she thought she had done him when she had once decided that he was too self-seeking and self-centred, and had potentially rejected him on that ground. The first thing she did after they became engaged was to confess the wrong, and give him a chance to cast her off if he wished; but this never seemed quite reparation enough, perhaps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because he laughed and said that she was perfectly right about him, and must take him with those faults or not at all. She now entered upon a long, delightful review of his behavior ever since that moment, and she found that, although he was certainly as self-centred as she had ever thought or he had owned himself to be, self-seeking he was not, in any mean or greedy sense. She perceived that his self-seeking, now, at least, was as much for her sake as his own, and that it was really after all not self-seeking, but the helpless pursuit of aims which he was born into the world to achieve. She had seen that he did not stoop to achieve them, but had as haughty a disdain of any but the highest means as she could have wished him to have, and much haughtier than she could have had in his place. If he forgot her in them, he forgot himself quite as much, and they were equal before his ambition. In fact, this seemed to her even more her charge than his, and if he did not succeed as with his genius he had a right to succeed, it would be constructively her fault, and at any rate she should hold herself to blame for it; there would be some satisfaction in that. She thought with tender pathos how hard he worked, and was at his writing all day long, except when she made him go out with her, and was then often so fagged that he could scarcely speak. She was proud of his almost killing himself at it, but she must study more and more not to let him kill himself, and must do everything that was humanly possible to keep up his spirits when he met with a reverse.

She accused herself with shame of having done nothing for him in the present emergency, but rather flung upon him the burden of her own disappointment. She thought how valiantly he had risen up under it, and not lost one moment in vain repining; how instantly he had collected himself for a new effort, and taken his measures with a wise prevision that omitted no detail. In view of all this, she peremptorily forbade herself to be uneasy at the little reticence he was practicing with regard to Godolphin's having rejected his play; and imagined the splendor he could put on with the manager after he had accepted it, in telling him its history, and releasing him, if he would, from his agreement. She imagined the manager generously saying this made no difference whatever, though he appreciated Mr. Maxwell's candor in the matter, and should be all the happier to make a success of it because Godolphin had failed with it.

But she returned from this flight into the future, and her husband's part in it, to the present and her own first duty in regard to him; and it appeared to her that this was to look carefully after his health in the strain put upon it, and to nourish him for the struggle before him. It was to be not with one manager only, but many managers, probably, and possibly with all the managers in New York. That was what he had said it would be before he gave up, and she remembered how flushed and excited he looked when he said it, and though she did not believe he would get back for lunch—the manager might ask him to read his play to him, so that he could get just the author's notion—she tried to think out the very most nourishing lunch she could for him. Oysters were in season, and they were very nourishing, but they had already had them for breakfast, and beefsteak was very good, but he hated it. Perhaps chops would do, or, still better, mushrooms on toast, only they were not in the market at that time of year. She dismissed a stewed squab, and questioned a sweetbread, and wondered if there were not some kind of game. In the end she decided to leave it to the provision man, and she lost no time after she reached her decision in going out to consult him. He was a bland, soothing German, and it was a pleasure to talk with him, because he brought her married name into every sentence, and said, "No, Mrs. Maxwell;" "Yes, Mrs. Maxwell;" "I send it right in, Mrs. Maxwell." She went over his whole list of provisions with him, and let him persuade her that a small fillet was the best she could offer a person whose frame needed nourishing, while at the same time his appetite needed coaxing. She allowed him to add a can of mushrooms, as the right thing to go with it, and some salad; and then while he put the order up she stood reproaching herself for it, since it formed no fit lunch, and was both expensive and commonplace.

She was roused from her daze, when she was going to countermand the whole stupid order by the man's saying: "What can I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do for you this morning, Mrs. Harley?" and she turned round to find at her elbow the smouldering-eyed woman of the bathing-beach. She lifted her heavy lids and gave Louise a dull glance, which she let a sudden recognition burn through for a moment and then quenched. But in that moment the two women sealed a dislike that had been merely potential before. Their look said for each that the other was by nature, tradition, and aspiration, whatever was most detestable in their sex.

Mrs. Harley, whoever she was, under a name that Louise electrically decided to be fictitious, seemed unable to find her voice at first in their mutual defiance, and she made a pretence of letting her strange eyes rove about the shop before she answered. Her presence was so repugnant to Louise that she turned abruptly and hurried out of the place without returning the good-morning which the German sent after her with the usual addition of her name. She resented it now, for if it was not tantamount to an introduction to that creature, it was making her known to her, and Louise wished to have no closer acquaintance with her than their common humanity involved. It seemed too odious to have been again made aware that they were inhabitants of the same planet, and the anger that heaved within her went out in a wild flash of resentment toward her husband for having forever fixed that woman in her consciousness with a phrase. If it had not been for that, she would not have thought twice of her when they first saw her, and she would not have known her when they met again, and at the worst would merely have been harassed with a vague resemblance which would never have been verified.

She had climbed the stairs to their apartment on the fourth floor, when she felt the need to see more, know more, of this hateful being so strong upon her, that she stopped with her latchkey in her door, and went down again. She did not formulate her intention, but she meant to hurry back to the provision store, with the pretext of changing her order, and follow the woman wherever she went, until she found out where she lived; and she did not feel, as a man would, the disgrace of dogging her steps in that way so much as she felt a fatal dread of her. If she should be gone by the time Louise got back to the shop, she would ask the provision man about her, and find out in that way about her. She stayed a little while to rehearse the terms of her inquiry, and while she lingered, the woman herself came round the corner of the avenue, and mounted the steps where Louise stood and, with an air of custom, went on upstairs to the second floor, where Louise heard her putting a latch-key into the door, which then closed after her.

XIII

MAXWELL went to a manager whom he had once met in Boston, where they had been apparently acceptable to each other in a long talk they had about the drama. The manager showed himself a shrewd and rather remorseless man of business, in all that he said of the theatre, but he spoke as generously and reverently of the drama as Maxwell felt, and they parted with a laughing promise to do something for it yet. In fact, if it had not been for the chances that threw him into Godolphin's hands afterwards, he would have gone to this manager with his play in the first place, and he went to him now, as soon as he was out of Godolphin's hands, not merely because he was the only manager he knew in the city, but because he believed in him as much as his rather sceptical temper permitted him to believe in any one, and because he believed he would give him at least an intelligent audience.

The man in the box-office, where he stood in the glow of an electric light at midday, recovered himself from the disappointment he suffered when Maxwell asked for the manager instead of a seat for the night's performance. He owned that the manager was in his room, but said he was very much engaged, and he was hardly moved from this conviction by Maxwell's urgence that he should send in his card; perhaps something in Maxwell's tone and face as of authority prevailed with him; perhaps it was the title of the Boston *Abstract*, which Maxwell wrote under his name, to recall himself better to the manager's memory. The answer was a good while getting back; people came in and bought tickets and went away, while Maxwell hung about the vestibule of the theatre, and studied the bill of the play which formed its present attrac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, but at last the man in the box-office put his face sidewise to the semi-circular opening above the glass-framed plan of the seats and, after he had identified Maxwell, said, "Mr. Grayson would like to see you." At the same time the swinging doors of the theatre opened, and a young man came out, to whom the other added, indicating Maxwell, "This is the gentleman;" and the young man held the door open for him to pass in, and then went swiftly before him into the theatre, and led the way around the orchestra circle to a little door that opened in the wall beside one of the boxes. There was a rehearsal going on, in the glare of some grouped incandescent bulbs on the stage, and people moving about in top hats and bonnets and other every-day outside gear, which Maxwell lost sight of in his progress through the wings and past a rough brick wall before he arrived at another door down some winding stairs in the depths of the building. His guide knocked at it, and when an answering voice said "Come in!" he left Maxwell to go in alone. The manager had risen from his chair at his table, and stood, holding out his hand, with a smile of kindly enough welcome. He said, "I've just made you out, Mr. Maxwell. Do you come as a friendly interviewer, or as a deadly dramatist!"

"As both or as neither, whichever you like," said Maxwell, and he gladly took the manager's hand, and then took the chair which he cleared of some prompt-books for him to sit down in.

"I hadn't forgotten the pleasant talk I had with you in Boston, you see," the manager began again, "but I had forgotten whom I had it with."

"I can't say I had even done that," Maxwell answered, and this seemed to please the manager.

"Well, that counts you one," he said. "You notice that we have put on 'Engaged?' We've made a failure of the piece we began with; it's several pieces now. *Couldn't* you do something like 'Engaged?'"

"I wish I could! But I'm afraid Gilbert is the only man living who can do anything like 'Engaged.' My hand is too heavy for that kind."

"Well, the heavy hand is not so bad if it hits hard enough," said the manager, who had a face of lively intelligence and an air of wary kindliness. He looked fifty, but this was partly the effect of overwork. There was something of the Jew, something of the Irishman, in his visage; but he was neither; he was a Yankee, from Maine, with a Boston training in his business. "What have you got?" he asked, for Maxwell's play was evident.

"Something I've been at work on for a year, more or less." Maxwell sketched the plot of his play, and the manager seemed interested.

"Rather Ibsenish, isn't it?" he suggested at the end.

The time had passed with Maxwell when he wished to have this said of his play, not because he did not admire Ibsen, but because he preferred the recognition of the original quality of his work. "I don't know that it is, very. Perhaps—if one didn't like it."

"Oh, I don't know that I should dislike it for its Ibsenism. The time of that sort of thing may be coming. You never can be sure, in this business, when the time of anything is coming. I've always thought that a naturalized Ibsenism wouldn't be so bad for our stage. You don't want to be quite so bleak, you know, as the real Norwegian Ibsen."

"I've tried not to be very bleak, because I thought it wasn't in the scheme," said Maxwell.

"I don't understand that it ends well?"

"Unless you consider the implicated marriage of the young people a good ending. Haxard himself, of course, is past all surgery. But the thing isn't pessimistic, as I understand, for its doctrine is that harm comes only from doing wrong."

The manager laughed. "Oh, the average public would consider that *very* pessimistic. They want no harm to come even from doing wrong. They want the drama to get round it, somehow. If you could show that Divine Providence forgets wrong-doing altogether in certain cases, you would make the fortune of your piece. Come, why couldn't you try something of that kind? It would be the greatest comfort to all the sinners in front, for every last man of them—or woman—would think she was the one who was going to get away."

"I might come up to that, later," said Maxwell, willing to take the humorous view of the matter, if it would please the manager and smooth the way for the con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sideration of his work; but, more obscurely, he was impatient, and sorry to have found him in so philosophical a mood.

The manager was like the man of any other trade; he liked to talk of his business, and this morning he talked of it a long time, and to an effect that Maxwell must have found useful if he had not been so bent upon getting to his manuscript that he had no mind for generalities. At last the manager said, abruptly, "You want me to read your play?"

"Very much," Maxwell answered, and he promptly put the packet he had brought into the manager's extended hand.

He not only took it, but he untied it, and even glanced at the first few pages. "All right," he said, "I'll read it, and let you hear from me as soon as I can. Your address—oh, it's on the wrapper, here. By the way, why shouldn't you lunch with me? We'll go over to the Players' Club."

Maxwell flushed with eager joy; then he faltered.

"I should like to do it immensely. But I'm afraid—I'm afraid Mrs. Maxwell will be waiting for me."

"Oh, all right; some other time," answered the manager; and then Maxwell was vexed that he had offered any excuse, for he thought it would have been very pleasant and perhaps useful for him to lunch at the Players'. But the manager did not urge him. He only said, as he led the way to the stage-door, "I didn't know there was a Mrs. Maxwell."

"She's happened since we met," said Maxwell, blushing with fond pride. "We're such a small family that we like to get together at lunch," he added.

"Oh, yes, I can understand that stage of it," said the manager. "By the way, are you still connected with the *Abstract?* I noticed the name on your card."

"Not quite in the old way. But," and with the words a purpose formed itself in Maxwell's mind, "they've asked me to write their New York letter."

"Well, drop in, now and then. I may have something for you." The manager shook hands with him cordially, and Maxwell opened the door and found himself in the street.

He was so little conscious of the transit homeward that he seemed to find himself the next moment with Louise in their little parlor. He remembered afterwards that there was something strange in her manner toward him at first, but, before he could feel presently cognisant of it, this wore off in the interest of what he had to tell.

"The sum of it all," he ended his account of the interview with the manager, "is that he's taken the thing to read, and that he's to let me hear from him when he's read it. When that will be, nobody knows, and I should be the last to ask. But he seemed interested in my sketch of it, and he had an intelligence about it that was consoling. And it was a great comfort, after Godolphin, and Godolphin's pyrotechnics, to have him take it in a hard, business way. He made no sort of promises, and he held out no sort of hopes; he didn't commit himself in any sort of way, and he can't break his word, for he hasn't given it. I wish, now, that I had never let Godolphin have the play back after he first renounced it; I should have saved a great deal of time and wear and tear of feelings. Yes, if I had taken your advice then——"

At this generous tribute to her wisdom, all that was reluctant ceased from Louise's manner and behavior. She put her arm around his neck, and protested. "No, no! I can't let you say that, Brice! You were right about that, as you are about everything. If you hadn't had this experience with Godolphin, you wouldn't have known how to appreciate Mr. Grayson's reception of you, and you might have been unreasonable. I can see now that it's all been for the best, and that we needed just this discipline to prepare us for prosperity. But I guess Godolphin will wish, when he hears that Mr. Grayson has taken your piece, and is going to bring it out at the Argosy, here——"

"Oh, good heavens! Do give those poor chickens a chance to get out of the shell, this time, my dear!"

"Well, I know it vexes you, and I know it's silly; but still I feel sure that Mr. Grayson will take it. You don't mind that, do you?"

"Not if you don't say it. I want you to realize that the chances are altogether against it. He was civil, because I think he rather liked me personally——"

"Of *course* he did!"

"Oh!"

"Well, never mind. Personally——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And I don't suppose it did me any harm with him to suppose that I still had a newspaper connection. I put Boston *Abstract* on my card, for purposes of identification, as the editors say, because I was writing for it when I met him in Boston."

"Oh, well, as long as you're not writing for it now, I don't care. I want you to devote yourself entirely to the drama, Brice."

"Yes, that's all very well. But I think I shall do Ricker's letters for him this winter at least. I was thinking of it on the way down. It'll be work, but it'll be money, too, and if I have something coming in I sha'n't feel as if I were ruined every time my play gets back from a manager."

"Mr. Grayson will take it!"

"Now, Louise, if you say that, you will simply drive me to despair, for I shall know how you will feel when he doesn't——"

"No, I shall not feel so; and you will see. But if you don't let me hope for you——"

"You know I can't stand hoping. The only safe way is to look for the worst, and if anything better happens, it is so much pure gain. If we hadn't been so eager to pin our faith to Godolphin——"

"How much better off should we have been? What have we lost by it?" she challenged him.

He broke off with a laugh. "We have lost the pins. Well, hope away! But remember you take the whole responsibility." Maxwell pulled out his watch. "Isn't lunch nearly ready? This prosperity is making me hungry, and it seems about a year since breakfast."

"I'll see what's keeping it," said Louise, and she ran out to the kitchen with a sudden fear in her heart. She knew that she had meant to countermand her order for the fillet and mushrooms, and she thought that she had forgotten to order anything else for lunch. She found the cook just serving it up, because such a dish as that took more time than an ordinary lunch, and the things had come late. Louise said, Yes, she understood that; and went back to Maxwell, whom she found walking up and down the room in a famine very uncommon for him. She felt the motherly joy a woman has in being able to appease the hunger of the man she loves, and now she was glad that she had not postponed the fillet till dinner as she had thought of doing. Everything was turning out so entirely for the best that she was beginning to experience some revival of an ancestral faith in Providence in a heart individually agnostic, and she was piously happy when Maxwell said at sight of the lunch, "Isn't this rather prophetic? If it isn't that, it's telepathic. I sha'n't regret now that I didn't go with Grayson to lunch at the Players' Club."

"Did he ask you to do that?"

Maxwell nodded with his mouth full.

A sudden misgiving smote her. "Oh, Brice, you ought to have gone! Why didn't you go?"

"It must have been a deep subconsciousness of the fillet and mushrooms. Or perhaps I didn't quite like to think of your lunching alone."

"Oh, you dear, faithful little soul!" she cried. The tears came into her eyes, and she ran round the table to kiss him several times on the top of his head.

He kept on eating as well as he could, and when she got back to her place, "Of course, it would have been a good thing for me to go to the Players'," he teased, "for it would have pleased Grayson, and I should probably have met some other actors and managers there, and made interest with them provisionally for my play, if he shouldn't happen to want it."

"Oh, I know it," she moaned. "You have ruined yourself for me. I'm not worth it. No, I'm not! Now, I want you to promise, dearest, that you'll never mind me again, but lunch or dine, or breakfast, or sup, whenever anybody asks you?"

"Well, I can't promise all that, quite."

"I mean, when the play is at stake."

"Oh, in that case, yes."

"What in the world did you say to Mr. Grayson?"

"Very much what I have said to you: that I hated to leave you to lunch alone here."

"Oh, didn't he think it very silly?" she entreated, fondly. "Don't you think he'll laugh at you for it?"

"Very likely. But he won't like me the less for it. Men are rather glad of marital devotion in other men; they feel that it acts as a sort of dispensation for the rest of them."

"You oughtn't to waste those things on me," she said, humbly. "You ought to keep them for your plays."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, they're not wasted, exactly. I can use them over again. I can say much better things than that, with a pen in my hand."

She hardly heard him. She felt a keen remorse for something she had meant to do and to say, when he came home. Now, she put it far from her; she thought she ought not to keep even an extinct suspicion in her heart against him, and she asked, "Brice, did you know that woman was living in this house?"

"What woman?"

Louise was ashamed to say anything about the smouldering eyes. "That woman on the bathing beach at Magnolia—the one I met the other day."

He said, dryly: "She seems to be pursuing us. How did you find it out?"

She told him, and she added, "I think she *must* be an actress of some sort."

"Very likely, but I hope she won't feel obliged to call because we're connected with the profession."

Some time afterward, Louise was stitching at a centre-piece she was embroidering for the dining-table, and Maxwell was writing a letter for the *Abstract*, which he was going to send to the editor with a note telling him that if it were the sort of thing he wanted he would do the letters for them. "After all," she breathed, "that look of the eyes may be purely physical."

"What look?" Maxwell asked, from the depths of his work.

She laughed in perfect content, and said: "Oh, nothing." But when he finished his letter, and was putting it into the envelope, she asked: "Did you tell Mr. Grayson that Godolphin had returned the play?"

"No, I didn't. That wasn't necessary at this stage of the proceedings."

"No."

(To be continued.)

TO A POET ON A VACATION

By George Meason Whicher

"No sonnets, but a perfect rest"!
O poet 'neath the green-wood tree,
A meaning in your pleasant jest
The autumn breezes sigh to me.

'Tis they alone who vainly clutched
Count it but joy to hold the lyre;
His ear the god hath never touched
Who warms him at the altar fire.

But, by the many joys resigned
To charm the careless world along—
By him the Muses first made blind
And then bestowed the gift of song—

By him whose sepulchre we build,
The ploughman Orpheus of the Ayr,
To whose sweet note our fathers thrilled,
And left the singer to despair—

By every music-compassed death
From Linus to the Marvellous Boy—
The pangless line is measured breath;
Song brings delight, but is not joy.

No sonnets, but a perfect rest!
Ah, friend, begrudge the silent years.
Silence is sweet; but sweetest, best,
Is Song that comes with toil and tears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RALEGH IN GUIANA

By Barrett Wendell

Characters

Sir Walter Ralegh.	Captain Keymis.	Don Antonio de Berreo.
Young Ralegh.	Captain Polwhele.	Boatswain.

Scene: Ralegh's *cabin on the Destiny, off the mouth of the Orinoco, in the winter of 1617–18.*

I.

Keymis *and* Polwhele *discovered.*

Key. Ralegh was never faithless!

Pol. He is a man;
What man was ever faithful, saving them
That chance to die before their faith is broke?

Key. Well, sir, I'll pledge mine honour—

Pol. God be praised
You keep it still to pledge!

Key. Sir Walter gone,
I am master here aboard.

Pol. Ay: and are like
To stay so.

Key. Then beware, sir, how you loose
Your tongue again. Mine hair in youth was red;
And though sea-salt encrust it now with gray
The head beneath stays hot.

Pol. Nay, Captain Keymis,
You understand me not.

Key. Sir Walter's gone,
You said, and left us in a Spanish trap.

Pol. Not I, not I, sir; 'twas but what the crews
Are murmuring I told you.—Boatswain there!

Boat. (*without*). Ay, ay, sir.

Pol. Come within here. (*Enter* Boatswain.) Captain Keymis
Would fain know how the sailors speak together.

Boat. Very vilely, sir. When knew ye a company of men left by themselves but that straight they fell to talking bawdy?

Key. To the point, Boatswain. Boy and man, thou hast known me, and Sir Walter too, this thirty year.

Boat. Ay, sir, for very honest gentlemen.

Pol. Speak now, telling in what respect this opinion of thine lacketh favour among thy fellows.

Boat. Without offence, Captain Keymis?

Key. Unless thou liest.

Boat. God forbid that I should lie if what they say be true; for they would have it that we be nearer Heaven or Hell, according to our deserts, than Christians love to be.

Pol. He bears me out, you see.

Key. Be precise, Boatswain.

Boat. Precise, Captain, as I understand the term, is as one should say, Be brief, short, not lengthy or without end. Marry, then, to be precise, and to waste no words and not unduly take up time for which doubtless there should be more worthy business and occupation; in fine, to speak precisely——

Key. What then? What do the sailors murmur?

Boat. Of yourself, sir, naught but good.

Key. And of Sir Walter Ralegh?

Boat. Faith, Captain, what they say of Sir Walter I know not altogether. For there be many, not only of the Destiny here, but also of the Encounter, and of the Thunder, and of the Flying Joan, and of the rest of the fleet, which for preciseness I will not stop to name, with whom I have had no words. And of such matter a man can tell only what he hath heard with his own ears.

Pol. Speak out, Boatswain, telling what thine own shaggy ears have heard concerning Sir Walter.

Boat. Marry, sir, there be doubtless them that say how that salt meat breedeth scurvy, and that Sir Walter—mark you both, gentlemen, I say it not of mine own motion—hath eaten overmuch salt meat.

Key. Meaning thereby?

Boat. Nay, Captain, who can tell what men mean? I can but guess that their meaning is as if one should say how that we be left here in these shallows to God's mercy; and Sir Walter gone not to return; and the old Spanish Don—him that was our prisoner in the Queen's time when we burnt their city of Saint Joseph—now no longer here a prisoner, but our master, waiting for force to put us all to the sword, even as we put his guard aforetime after that we had drunk them careless; and so no mines in the river save mines of powder that shall be the end of us —But all this I myself believe not, Captain Keymis, having trust in Sir Walter Ralegh and in you.

Key. Go, Boatswain, keep thy trust; and tell them this:
They be our eyes wherewith we keep our watch;
But I, until Sir Walter come again—
As come he shall, with news of where the stream
Flows deepest for our navy—am the will
That governs this our force. Let but the eyes
Report a Spanish quiver in the air—
Nay, in the hues of sunset—and the will,
I pledge my word, shall make that grim old don
Go face it hanging.

Boat. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Pol. Brave words, sir; but remember, when the Queen
Betook herself from earth, and canny James,
Journeying toward London met our vagrant knight,
Then Captain of the Guard, his Scottish mind
Was even as doubtful as these sailors' are.
So when Sir Walter crooked his pliant knee,
"I have heard but *rawly* of thee!" cried the king,
And clapped him in the Tower.

Key. Thou saucy fellow!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That speech, thou knowest, Sir Walter never brooked
From any save the King. An thou presumest——
POL. More gently, sir. I am a gentleman
Who hath adventured much.
KEY. I *thou* thee, man,
To show thee here thy place. A gentleman!
God's blood! Time was when gentlemen had died
Ere they had slunk as thou.—Hark. If to me
A whisper cometh more that buzzing doubters
Gather about thee, even as tropic flies
Swarm to a carrion there to fat themselves
With noisome nurture, ere Sir Walter come,
I'll lay the lashes on thy gentle back.
POL. By God, sir, you shall answer me for this,
If ever we see England.
KEY. Keep the peace
Till then; and send me for a challenger
Some stale companion of thy lady wife—
Her that the player wrote his sonnets for,
And Pembroke fooled with.
Y. RAL (*without*). Ho, within there! Wine's ready, I hope. (*He is flushed with drink.*)
KEY. Now silence to our brawl.
Here are young Wat, and Don Antonio,
The hard-favored Spaniard.

Enter, as from above, YOUNG RALEGH *and* BERREO.

Y. RAL. Nay, sir, I'll go first.
This ladder's steep. Lean on my shoulder.—So.
BER. Gracias. I grow old.
Y. RAL. For want of wine.—
Why, captains, till we came with store of sack,
This reverend sinner tells me,—we be all
Miserable sinners in our service-book;
I'll show it you anon, sir,—for some score
Of weeks, they quenched their thirst by biting bungs
Of voided pipes and tuns. Here's better liquor.
It grew in Spain, sir; how it came to us
Were not quite mannerly to tell.—The King,
God bless him!
BER. Pray, which king, sir?
Y. RAL. Which you will.
I gave the toast to fit or our King James
Or your King Philip. They are royal friends,
As we are friends though humbler.—Captain Keymis
And Captain Polwhele, do not lag behind us;
Drink with us to the King, who shall possess
His own Guiana.
ALL. Amen. To the King!
BER. Now, gentlemen, I pray you drink with me.
Y. RAL. Fill your cups. Spare no wine. Our sober Keymis
Shall pledge you brimming this time.
BER. With me to
Sir Walter Ralegh, my most gallant host
Here on the Destiny. He is gone to seek
A passage to the deep Guiana mines;
And may he prosper as we hope he shall.
Y. RAL. How mean you that, sir?
BER. Marry, as it please you;
I gave it to suit all.
Y. RAL. Then all be suited.
KEY. (*to* YOUNG RALEGH, *aside*). Your leave, sir. Be not careless with your wine.
Here wit must not be cloudy.
Y. RAL. (*aside, to* KEYMIS). Never fear.
I play my father's game. Fasting from wine
Hath made the don's head light. I'll set it spinning
Till his tongue reel us yarns.
KEY. (*still to him*). I fear yourself
Shall grow entangled in them.
Y. RAL. Trust me, friend.—
Your favour, Don Antonio. On your neck
I see the image of our Blessed Lord.
BER. To wear it is our manner.
Y. RAL. So in France
I have seen them—not so featly carven as this;
And yet methinks I made one better there.
BER. Yourself, sir?
Y. RAL. Ay, myself. I was but young—
BER. And now?
Y. RAL. I am three and twenty. Lusty Ben—
You knew him, Polwhele.
POL. He that makes the plays,
Laid bricks once, slew a player, and drinks deep?
Y. RAL. The same. He was my tutor. Once I plied him
Till he was e'en past snoring. Then, his heels
Together, either arm stretched out, his head
Dangling, I bade them lay him in a cart
And carry him abroad through Paris streets,
A livelier image of the crucifix
Than any carved in France.
BER. Your language, sir,
I am not perfect in; else I had thought
This jest unseemly.
Y. RAL. My grave father swore
It smacked irreverence; but my lady mother—
Born Bess Throckmorton, sir; bred at the court
Of great Elizabeth.—
POL. (*aside to* BERREO). And big with him
Before her hand was ringed. (*To* YOUNG RALEGH.) Pray, what said she?
Y. RAL. She clapped him on the cheek, and cried in youth
He was no wiser.—So the trouble passed.—
Your health, sir, now. Come, Captains, to the Don!
Then he shall pledge all three.
BER. Your pardon, sir;
I have my fill.
Y. RAL. Why, then, I'll sing a song
Shall make you thirst; I made it to a tune
The sailors chant at work.—Your health, sir, first.
(*Sings.*) So from Cadiz by the sea,
Where we made their gunners flee,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
O'er the drowsy tropic main,
Where we lightened ships of Spain,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
To the Indies now we come,
Where they beat the alarum drum,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
For the harbors and the gold,
Which they have, but shall not hold,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How's that, sirs?—Sure the tide runs faster now
Than ever it ran before. 'Tis hot here, too.
These tropic seas make all our knees give way.

KEY. 'Tis cooler in your cabin. Come with me.
Rest you awhile.

Y. RAL. Why, as you will.—Your arm—
I am something qualmish.—Look for me anon
To pledge the Don afresh. [*Exeunt* KEY. with Y. RAL.

POL. Sir, all goes well.
The crews are wavering; till, in fine, these two—
The grizzled incorruptible, and the boy,
Silly with drink—are all that stoutly stand
Betwixt us and possession.

BER. Sir, your hand.—
It shakes not; and mine own is steady, too.

POL. And both are armed.

BER. Nay, sir, the trouble's there.
I am here a guest. The usage of our Spain
Locks guests' arms to the scabbard.

POL. Mere punctilio
Must not avoid our purpose.

BER. We of Spain
May not forget punctilio.

POL. But myself
Were sore at odds with two.

BER. I will hold the boy.

POL. Meseems your years were something overmatched
By his strong English youth.

BER. Made weak with wine,
Even as a life run thrice the span of his
In temperate health hath made my grip like steel.

POL. Here cometh Keymis.

BER. Have at him from behind.

Enter KEYMIS, *whom* POLWHELE *presently attacks.*

KEY. What ho! Young Walter! Treason! To my aid!

Enter YOUNG RALEGH, *still heavy with drink.*

Y. RAL. By God, sirs, this is scurvy!

BER. (*pinioning his arms*). Nay, young sir,
Stand still by me. Well mark them. You meanwhile
May chant again your pretty sailor-song.

KEY. Wouldst gore me with the horns that Pembroke bought thee?

POL. Hold fast the boy!

Y. RAL. By God, sirs, this is scurvy!
(*A shout from the deck,* "Sir Walter Ralegh!")

KEY. Sir Walter! Ho! Here's treason, but I've downed it. (*So he has* POLWHELE *on his back.*)

Enter RALEGH *with others.*

RAL. I come in happy season, here to find
An happy ending to an happy voyage.

BER. (*releasing* YOUNG RALEGH). And here is your babe that I have saved from hap.

Y. RAL. Father, I beg thee, father, give me chance
To show myself the man.

RAL. Anon, Wat. Now
Betake thee to thy cabin. (*Exit* YOUNG RALEGH)
Captain Keymis,
You are hurt?

KEY. Praise God, sir, no; I had him down.

RAL. Clap him in chains. I will call you back anon.
Now leave us. (*Exeunt all but* RALEGH *and* BERREO.)
Don Antonio de Berreo,
Was this well done, our kings at peace, myself
Trusting your friendship?

BER. I was taught the trick, sir,
When to my town Saint Joseph, years ago,
There came a fleet of English friends. I gave them
Of what I had; and when the Indian night,
Glorious with stars, fell on our revelry,
They turned those heavenly lamps to thievish lanterns,
And slew my guard, and made me prisoner,
Burning my town.

RAL. I had savoured of the ass
To leave your strength behind me, journeying on
To explore my Queen's Guiana.

BER. Nay, Sir Walter,
I may not yield you that Guiana was ours
From the bold days of great King Charles the Fifth.

RAL. Grant that your Carlos knew her secrets first,
As he knew store before he took the cowl,
Seeking God's mercy superstitiously—
It was by no fair encounter, but such force
As your armed soldiery use with soft-eyed girls
And wives of Orinoco. We were come
To right that mischief. She—our maiden queen,
Elizabeth——

BER. Brave maiden!

RAL. Sir, of her
No word unreverent. Now these fourteen years
She dwells in glory, heaven the richer for
Our poverty on earth.

BER. The which, methinks,
Bred in her love of gold most justly ours.

RAL. You do her wrong. She loved it as it brought
Power with possession. Not its yellow self
Did she, or I, her servant, ever care for.
'Twas when she marked your shuttling galleons weave
On this Atlantic loom your golden tissue
Of priestly empire, faring back and forth
With precious threads, she roused her English spirit;
Then bade me spoil the stuff, replacing it
With our more rude but stouter.

BER. And therewith?

RAL. Why, she would have mantled all this Western world,
Covering the wounded nakedness you wrought,
With that sweet name, born of her purity—
Virginia.

BER. That queen is dead, Sir Walter.

RAL. May God so guide me, when my time shall come,
That I may pass to where she lives undying.

BER. The king who had succession to her throne
Of England holds more prudent policy.

RAL. Held rather. He mistrusted. But no longer
Doth stiffening inaction keep me caged
In London Tower, making the history books
That men shall cherish. Now, in loyalty,
He sends me forth, his loyal servitor,
To take possession, in his sovereign name,
Of this, his broad Guiana.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BER. Listen, sir;
You found me here before you, come from Spain
Hasting to bid you welcome.
RAL. Ay; and wondered
To find you voyaged so far; but gave my hand,
Renewing broken friendship.
BER. Have you guessed
Who sent me hither?
RAL. Philip.
BER. No; King James.—
I ask you not to trust my Spanish word,
For I would trust no English. Here are letters
To prove me truthful. From the King of Spain
One that I brought in March; another sent
After in May; another still—July
Brought this from Porto Rico, from the Bishop,
Duly attested; here is a fourth, not from
King Philip's hand, but written by our farmer
Of customs in the Indies. All are like
In tenor. Do you read our Spanish script?
RAL. Faultily, Don Antonio.
BER. May I aid you.
In substance all say this: Your royal James,
At peace with our King Philip, greeteth him,
Sending him message how you are gone forth
To seek rich mines still unpossessed by us.
He bids us guard our own, then; since aforetime
'Twas whispered you were something careless of
The laws of mine and thine. So, if perchance
We find you trespassing and let you go
Unprisoned, why, your own just English law
Shall hold you answerable, if for nothing else
Then for the sentence passed in Cobham's case
Upon your daring neck.
RAL. I had read aright,
Choosing to doubt my wit, before the throne
That was Elizabeth's.
BER. Elizabeth
Dwells now in glory. Orinoco, sir,
Is warned and guarded. You, unwarranted,
Trespass on our Guiana. Make your choice:
Or go in peace, or stay a rebel to
Your own King James.
RAL. You put me to the test!
Thereby my mind is settled.—Ho! Without there!
Bid Captain Keymis come hither.
BER. You make sail?
RAL. Not so; this cloudy monster, circumstance,
Affrighting common folk, doth melt to air
Round them that, plunging in her maw, dare vex
Her misty bowels.

Enter KEYMIS.

KEY. At your bidding, sir.
RAL. Polwhele, the roaring gentleman, is chained?
KEY. Securely, sir.
RAL. Why then, Tom Keymis, I'll trust thee
With something nobler. Now this thirty year
Have thou and I been shipmates, and we near
At last our final harbour.
KEY. Nay, Sir Walter,
I hope not yet.
RAL. Good! Keep thine hopes alive;
We need them all, God knows.—There's treason, Tom.
BER. Tell whose.
RAL. Nor I nor thou shall whisper whose!
I am master yet, Berreo.—Keymis, choose men,
And take young Walter with thee. Seek the mines
You wot of. Dig there. Bring me back the gold
Shall win the heart of James.—O, if that I
Might lead the way! But those twelve idle years
In London Tower have crippled that bold strength
Which made my body, in the olden times,
Stout as my heart. So I must tarry here,
And watch, and pray and guard.—Tom, none but thee
Would I quite trust with this; for all is at stake.—
Come! Hug me, man!—So. Bid thy crew make ready.
KEY. 'Tis here you plan to wait me?
RAL. Ay, just here.
KEY. How long, sir?
RAL. Take a month. Go stoutly armed;
You shall see fighting. If the thirtieth day
Bring no good news of thee, it shall be the last
Of this grave old Berreo. Tell Spaniards so,
If on the river they seek word of him.
And guard him to his cabin, there to outwait
The changes of a moon. [*Exeunt* KEY. *and* BER.
What, Walter boy,
Come forth.

Enter YOUNG RALEGH.

Y. RAL. O, father, father, I am young,
And played the fool.
RAL. Well, play it, Wat, no more.
Here's business afoot shall make thee great
Or end us altogether. Trust thee, boy,
In good Tom Keymis, to whom I trust myself. (*Sailors without begin to chant* YOUNG RALEGH'S *tune.*)
Hark. They make ready. Make thee ready, too;
And, Walter boy, whatever hap, remember
Thou'rt Walter Ralegh's son and Bess Throckmorton's,
Bred at the court of great Elizabeth.

II.

RALEGH *is discovered. To him enters* BERREO.

RAL. Antonio de Berreo—
BER. Walter Ralegh.—
I so forgot your knighthood, hearing you
Forget my due.
RAL. We English, blunter folk
Than Spanish, have an honest, foolish trick
Of speaking, when our hearts be big, to men
By just the names God gave them. For as God
Makes gentlemen of nobler clay than knaves,
Nor earthly honours alter any jot
The one or the other, so His simplest names
Mean most of all.
BER. The speech I had esteemed
A flout you turn to an honour.
RAL. Ay, and more.—
You bade me once not trust your Spanish word,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For you would trust no English. Yet to-day
I mean to trust you.

BER. If you will, you may;—
Within the bounds of honour.

RAL. Give me aid:
Interpret to me what an Indian means
Whose tongue we have no skill in.

BER. That I will.

RAL. I thank your courtesy. Nine and twenty days
These tropic tides have swung us since the flood
Of Orinoco bore from sight the boats
On whose adventure warring Spain and England
Must stake their future. Now, perchance, this savage
May tell their story; that no wit but yours
Among us can unravel.

BER. You, sir, would
Have done so much for me, had I come hither,
A transient voyager, where these many years
You had governed, learning quaint, barbaric tongues
That brown-faced Indians chatter.

RAL. So I would,
And may do yet!—But let that pass.—In the night
He slipped beside us. When the morning broke
Full-grown from the womb of ocean, he from his boat
Made eager signals. So we had him aboard;
And ever since he points us toward the river
With antic motions, uttering uncouth sounds
That leave us never wiser.

BER. It is like
I can tell their meaning.

RAL. Which, perhaps, shall be
The meaning of our lives. These thirty years
Good enemies, each knows the other true
To the cause he lived for—I to England's, you
To that of Popish Spain. And, Don Antonio,
I think that when we meet o' the other side
Of that we wait for, if so be it we may,
Why, each shall love the other better for
So loyal warfare here.

BER. Sir Walter Ralegh,
May I speak from the heart?

RAL. Sure that is how
I speak myself to-day; for I grow weary
Of this dissembling trouble, hollow life,
Where each would thwart the rest.

BER. I wonder not
Your heart hath sickened. While our Spanish kings
Stand trusty by their servant, James of England
Deserts you, in these ticklish, fatal days
When most you need him.

RAL. Kings are mortal men;
And empires, too, shall pass. Our tumbling world
Flows down the slope of time to be engulfed
In deep eternity, as mighty rivers
Merge in old ocean. Yet, this frothy world
Outlasts the imperial systems, burst like bubbles
From out of it; so those glistering realms outlast
Their flitting tenants. England shall remain,
Long after James, and we, with all that live
To-day, lie rotting. Those of time to come
May judge James as it please them, judging me
So long as James was England loyal to
My English duty.

BER. Why not rather loyal
To all the future world? I bear you a mission,
Till now unbroken, from a stauncher king
Than you have known. Sir Walter, would you listen
To Philip's greeting, you and I together
Might plant in this Guiana dynasties
To outlast old Europe.

RAL. That imperial hope
I cherish for old England is too wide
To brook a rival.

BER. Even so thought we,
Till we beheld so worthy a rival come
That we would rather count him with ourselves
Than rule without him sovereign.

RAL. Don Antonio!—
I am not angry. You have warrant for this,
Knowing how Scots in England hold their faith
As light as churls of Carthage; nor is it strange
Scotland and Devon to your Spanish mind
Should seem all one.

BER. Believe my conquered love
For your brave person urges me to urge
Our royal Philip's friendship.

RAL. Greet him, sir;—
If so it chance you may fare home to Spain,
Our English venture prospering;—and so tell him
It were not seemly I should reason of James,
Being his subject; but that ere this fleet,
Set forth, which rides here still, rigged at the cost
Of many English gentlemen, one of these—
The Lord Arundel, a very worthy man—
Beset with doubts, had promises from me
To see me there again—which I must keep,
Or soil mine honour.

BER. Yet remember, sir,
Whatever chance here, your courageous life
Shall rest unsafe in England.

RAL. For myself
I care not, so that England prosper still.—
This savage Indian—why the devil waits he?—
Perchance hath prosperous news for Englishmen,
Won by the venture Keymis and my young Wat
So boldly undertook—What, Boatswain there!

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, ay, Sir Walter.

RAL. Why bringest thou not the Indian, as I bade thee?

BOAT. (*entering*). Marry, Sir Walter, an it please you—or, for that matter an it please you not, neither, for it is all beyond me—I bring him not for very good reason; namely, that I have him not to bring.

RAL. Surely thou hast not let him escape.

BOAT. Escape, sir! What think you of us all to say that? He hath by no means escaped.

RAL. But what then? What then?

BOAT. Why, what he hath done, Sir Walter, is as it were the opposite of escape. For escape, as I take it, is as one should say come out of danger into safety; and the naked fellow is even now clambering out of comfortable, friendly safety into the most danger he can find.

RAL. Clambering! And whither should he clamber?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOAT. Nay; whither, Sir Walter, I cannot now justly tell, but whence I can. For when your honour called me below he was sitting in the main-top, even as the Popish apes we saw aforetime in Orinoco—of whom I myself would think him one but that he hath no tail—would sit in branches, jabbering their bawdy prayers and the like.

RAL. And how came he there in the main-top?

BOAT. An you will grant me time to tell you, Sir Walter, I will make shift to do so. For, by your order, we had made him welcome, and fed him, and brought him drink—but not so much as he would have had, being like the rest of them, and some Christians also, too thirstily given——

RAL. Enough of that. Why couldst thou not bring him below here?

BOAT. Why, when in all gentleness, Sir Walter, we would have clapped hands on him to bring him below here, through the hatch-way, he, being without clothes, but as God made him, was through our fingers and up the shrouds before we might find breath to bid him be damned. And how to bring down, save with a shot, I for one know not.

BER. Let me go call to him. These Indian folk
Have much mistrusted since, in former times,
We closed our hatches over two caciques
And brought them home to Spain.

RAL. Ever the same
Sly tricksters! with ourselves, or with these meek
Brown children of the West, who held you as gods
Till sorrow proved you devils!

BER. Good Sir Walter,
Our Spanish ways little resemble yours—
Our king is very trusty—but ourselves,
Like your best selves of England, may not hear
Rebukes without rebuke.

RAL. I cry you pardon.
I am not what I was, in all the strength
Of youth, and confidence. Elizabeth
Bore with her from this world something whereof
The lack makes flickering weakness master me,
And hasty speech usurp the place of judgment—
Seek, how you will, the Indian. What he bears me
I cannot bear to lose.

BER. Nor shall you, sir.

[*Exeunt, the* BOATSWAIN *leading.*

RAL. O, I am old and sickly; and my brain
Reels palsied doubt. Mine England! if thou mightst
Possess these future continents we coast
And spy, then, though ten thousand valiant lives
As dear as Keymis's or Wat's—more dear than mine,
Dull, aged, broken—took their starry flight
From Orinoco, I could shout for joy
Above the sons of the morning! O, my Queen!
When thine Auroral presence brightened earth
Who loved not, feared it. Now that English glory
Fades in rank Scottish mists; and lurking scroyles
Creep forth i' the murk until our very crews
Seem of them, hither lured by greed of gold,
Not care for England.—So my groping love
Cleaves heart-sick to that valourous old man
Here in my power. While the fleeting days
Bring on his time of parting, if no word
Come sooner from our venturers, his cheek
More pale than mine with years, begins to glow
With buoyant hope for what shall bring despair
To England, plunging this round hemisphere
Deep in the Popish drowsiness of Spain.

(*A cry without:* "Overboard!")

Overboard! Who? The Spaniard?

BOAT. (*entering.*) Nay, Sir Walter; have no fear. The Spaniard is safe enough, but you should have seen the other at the sight of him, who is now farther from good, comfortable escape than ever he was, among the man-eating fishes, unless perchance in the dimness of the waters they should take him for one of their ugly selves.

RAL. Nay, tell me clearly, who is overboard. I hope 'tis not the Indian.

BOAT. Good Sir Walter Ralegh, with your leave I will tell you all. We come on deck, I first and the other in his black suit following close. So I, catching sight of him there in the main-top, shake my fist at him thus, pleasantly, to show him what an I had my own way he should catch for his manners, or lack of them, in so slipping aloft to our trouble and vexation. But there he sits, for all me, grinning back at us with his apish jabber. Then comes the Don up after me, very grave, with his hand thus in what should be his jerkin—for how they name their outlandish Spanish garb I cannot call to mind. But of this I am sure, that he makes no friendly motion such as mine was. So when the naked fellow aloft sees him he gives a great cry like "Spanyole!"—which I take to be what these papists foolishly call themselves—and so out on the yard, and head-first takes water, that the sharks may have him sooner than we.

RAL. Send me the Spaniard hither.

BER. (*who has entered, unobserved*). I come unsent, sir,
To tell you all I can.

RAL. Send me hither, too,
The vapouring Captain, striking off his chains.—

[*Exit* BOATSWAIN.

I am displeased to find you play with me
At fatal moments.

BER. In all sadness, sir,
Here was no playing.

RAL. Lord! I know not that—
Nor know I anything in this treacherous world
Save what myself may do.

BER. So far as I
Could mark, he came of an once warlike tribe
Who, rising against us, met with chastisement
That makes them shiver at the thought of Spain.

RAL. And even so, I would that men of Spain
Might view us English!

BER. I had thought you, sir,
Too wise to waste the treasure of your wishes
In airy folly.

RAL. Let me remember you
Your time grows very short. We have no priests
Here in our fleet. Make shift to shrive yourself.
For if to-morrow—that's the thirtieth day
Past since they left us, Keymis, and my young Wat,
And all the rest—bring us no happy news

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through them for England, then that same dark morrow
Must be your last.

BER. Last days must come to all;
You shall not find me fearful.

Enter POLWHELE.

RAL. For this fellow,
Who had sent Tom Keymis to God a little sooner——

POL. You speak of me, Sir Walter?

RAL. Ay, sir.

POL. Listen,
I pray you rather, while I speak myself.
I am a gentleman who, trusting your skill,
Adventured much. You absent, I believed
Venture and life in danger. If I erred
You might with justice reason with mine error.
Instead, you chained one who hath friends at home
As good as you, and better. I take it ill
To be thus scorned.

RAL. Why, take it as it please you.—
This gentleman to-morrow hath a mind
To leave us, and betake him to that voyage
We all embark on.—

POL. O, poor gentleman!
This is most bloody. He shall have my prayers.

RAL. He shall have more.

POL. More?

RAL. Ay, your company.

POL. Sir Walter! Sweet Sir Walter! I repent
All these fond indiscretions.

RAL. Very well;
You've the less to do beforehand. Do not whimper;
Mark him, and let his Spanish valour teach
Your English knavery how to make an end.
(*A sudden cry without:* "A boat! A boat!")
(*To those without*) A boat?

VOICE (*without*). Ay, sir, a boat from out the river.

RAL. Why, Don Antonio, our vagrants come
Just in the nick of time! All is well with you!

BER. Be not too sure one boat brings welcome news.

POL. Praise God, they come! I am safe!

RAL. Perchance thou art;
But now, as I remember, thine offence
Was chiefly done to Keymis, who comes again,
In just the hour to judge thee.

POL. Sweet Sir Walter!
He is hot and very violent.

RAL. The less
Thy chance, then.—Ho, without there! Do they come?

VOICE (*without*). Ay, sir. We see more now — three or four at least.

POL. Sir Walter——

RAL. Stay below here. I am going
To greet Tom Keymis and Wat.

POL. Here, on my knees,
I pray you——

RAL. Stay with Don Antonio. [*Exit.*

POL. O, sir——

BER. You speak to me?

POL. Good heavens, sir,
Who else is here to speak to?

BER. Why, then, speak
At all?

POL. Pray, were you ever chained by the leg?

BER. Not I, sir.

POL. Had you been, you would crave for speech
With any that would listen.

BER. Not, I think,
With those disposed to silence.—Pray, good Boatswain,
The boats come still?

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, sir, that they do; and the first draws near at hand. O, all goes bravely; you should see Sir Walter wave his hat to them. (*Shouts without.*)

POL. Lord! This is worse than what in other years
I thought my worst—when Mary Fitton, sir,
Who was my wife at last—thereby I had
The money for this venture—played me false
With one Will Shakspere. You should never have heard
His name—a common player that made plays,
Otherwise noteless; but she liked his rhymes,
And he was less in girth than I was then.
So grieving I betook me to the stews,
Unsavory to remember. (*Shouts of* "CAPTAIN KEYMIS!")

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, Captain Keymis it is, sure enough, my merry Don. He draws alongside even now.

POL. O, woe is me!
I would I were again in Turnbull Street,
Mad, jilted, drunk, and happy. (*Shouts without.*)

BER. What now, Boatswain?

BOAT. (*without*). They come aboard, sir, they come aboard. Here is Captain Keymis over the side. And Sir Walter hugging him. And more crowding up; and all as it should be, save that their faces be neither so clean nor so joyful as was to be hoped.—Nay! God save us all! What is this they are saying?—Alas! Alas! And where is young Captain Ralegh? (*A confused noise without.*)

POL. Young Walter gone, he said? Then something's gained;
There comes one less to flout us!

BER. Nay, if this
Be true, God grant the blessing of his peace
To that brave, foolish boy his father loved!

Enter RALEGH *and* KEYMIS *with others.*

RAL. Take those two out, and guard them. (*Exeunt all but* RALEGH *and* KEYMIS.) So poor Wat
Is killed.

KEY. He made a valiant end.

RAL. Trust him
For that—my son and Bess Throckmorton's, too——

KEY. Come near the hills, we landed. In the night
The Spaniards came, unlooked-for, in such force
As made our common sort give way. Then he
Most cheerily revived us. Without him
I think we had been cut to pieces.

RAL. With him?

KEY. We lightly charged the chargers, carrying them,
Confused, before us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAL. Good!
KEY. He, in our van
With pikemen, leading on, was struck with a shot
Full in the breast; but ere his gallant soul
Broke forth from the wound, he found breath for these words:
"The Lord have mercy on me, prospering your venture!"
RAL. Why, so farewell, dear Wat. Thou happily
Art dead untired, knowing of heavy life
Only the flushed beginning. Thy last prayer
The Lord hath heard; and if from paradise
Thou mayst glance back at us who linger here,
Thy joys shall brighten still, to see us prosper.
KEY. How prosper, sir?
RAL. Nay, that I wait to hear,
Knowing only how you come victorious.
And, sure, this victory shall outlive us, Tom,
Even when we are forgotten. Thou and I
Must soon fare after Wat—it is all one
Or now or later. But the centuries
Unborn hang on our conquest. Whether here
The manly law of England should prevail,
Or else this tropic western hemisphere
Languish with slumb'rous Spain, was what we fought for;
And all the English seed of time to come
Shall bless the fruit of our doings.
KEY. Take me with you,
Sir Walter.
RAL. Those deep mines thy skill hath won
Confirm Guiana ours. Uncertain James,
His eyes convinced by store of golden proof
Which through your deeds I bring him, shall avow
Our purpose his. And so, good-by to Spain!
The whole wide world is England's!
KEY. Dear Sir Walter,
We bring no gold.
RAL. No gold! What baser tool
Shall royal wits be wrought with?—Cease these stammerings!
What bring you from the river?
KEY. Only ourselves,
Escaped with hardship from the watery wastes
Of Orinoco.
RAL. Now, by Jesu Christ,
One of us two runs mad!
KEY. The Spaniards held
The stream in force, the hills, the very mines—
If any be in those barrens——
RAL. Be there, sir!
Thou knowest them there, and bottomless!
KEY. I never
Found trace of them.
RAL. Thou liest!
KEY. Walter Ralegh,
I have served you faithfully these thirty years——
RAL. Winning my trust, until I charged on thee
The charge I bore for England. Fool that I was!
Thou hast done us noble service.
KEY. Still I serve
You faithful, brooking words no other man
Had uttered scathless.
RAL. Still the coward who
Turned tail in Orinoco, leaving Spain
To laugh her sleepy scorn of us.
KEY. Have a care, sir!
And listen: was it better there to die
Of sword or famine, unrecorded, leaving
You prey for timeless doubt; or thus to tell you
Just how we tried and failed? I mused on it long;
Then puzzling came, chiefly for love of you,
My life-long leader, who I thought would choose
To know our whole sad story.
RAL. Gallant love!
At least it saved thy skin.
KEY. I would that skin
Were pierced and flayed like them the Indians tan!
It was saved but for your service; and you fling
Such taunts at me as no man flung before
Nor any shall much longer.
RAL. He bids me *shall!*
As though he knew me one brave terms could fear
From damning knavish jacks!
KEY. I have lived to learn,
Finding you thus ungentle, one was right
I chided late for telling that old tale
Of how, when first you knelt before our James,
"I have heard but rawly of thee!" cries the King,
And claps thee in the Tower.
RAL. Captain Keymis,
Thy sword. So. To thy cabin, there to ponder
Thine argument. If thou make it satisfy
His Majesty and the State, why, I for one
Shall be glad of it. Betwixt thee and me
All is over.
KEY. All, Sir Walter?
RAL. All, sir.
KEY. Nay,
Sir Walter, both were hasty. Our old love——
RAL. Old folly, rather. For thine obstinacy,
Which hath undone our England, breeds one good:
I know thee craven at last.—I trusted Wat
To thee; an I had trusted thee to Wat
This had gone otherwise.
KEY. I know then, sir,
What course to take. [*Exit, sadly.*
RAL. (*to those without*). Send back the prisoners here.—
I will show them yet there is danger left in me,
Though I be soused in danger.

Enter BERREO *and* POLWHELE.

Gentlemen,
I think you smile, deeming yourselves no doubt
Well out of trouble. Then your devilish games
Have troubled me enough to make you smile.
You have double cause for joy.
BER. Worthy Sir Walter,
I have no thought of smiling.
POL. No more have I.
RAL. And yet, methinks, ere this you should have heard
The fate of our expedition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BER. Ay, sir; and
Rejoicing for myself, I grieve for you,
My faithful enemy.
RAL. What I shall do
I know not altogether; but on this
I am fixed: it is my need that all be sure
About me. So to make it, I to-day
Shall hang you both.
POL. Surely you jest, sir; but
I hardly savour your merriment (*A shot without.*)
RAL. What is that?
Mutiny?
BOAT. (*entering*). O, Sir Walter, Sir Walter!—Captain Keymis!—
RAL. He said he knew what course to take.
An it be mutiny, he shall find me plucky. (*Draws sword.*)
BOAT. O, Sir Walter, if it were naught but a scurvy mutiny, I would not so come hither without orders and against all manners and discipline. But Captain Keymis—brave Captain Keymis, that we have loved, and fought with, and known this thirty year——
RAL. What of him, man? I am ready for the worst.
BOAT. And he past the worst, Sir Walter, with a bullet in his brain that himself hath put there, and his dagger, to make sure, stuck just beneath his left pap.
RAL. Dead, say you! Dead by his own hand?
BOAT. Alas! Alas! That we should have lived to see him grow white and stiff, and next we shall be living so to see ourselves!
RAL. Why, Tom Keymis,
I jump at last to thy meaning; and the course
Thou takest is the course that I must steer
Out of this troublous world—To thee and me
Life is bootless, nor can striving any more
Lure back those glories here, to dwell wherein
Thou surgest skyward!—Stay! I'll follow thee!
(*He turns his sword on himself; but* BERREO *and the* BOATSWAIN *prevent him.*)
BER. Sir Walter——
POL. Let him strike; 'twere best for us.
BER. Doth not sad human duty bid you stay
This desperate happiness?
RAL. What mean you, sir?
BER. Why, even when I urged King Philip's love,
The Lord Arundel, a very worthy man,
You told me, had your word to see you back
In England.
RAL. So he had.
BER. Not keeping which,
You said——
RAL. I soiled mine honour. Even so.—
Mine honour, fair as England's, ere King James
Made England Scottish. English royalty
Crumbles to dust with bright Elizabeth,
And that fair realm she ruled hath need of all
Her fading gentry.
BER. Then, the greater way
Were to betake you thither.
RAL. Thither, where
That sentence waits me, passed in Cobham's case
By tricksy quibblers. I had dared to dream
Of faring home triumphant, conquering that
In world-wide conquest.
BER. I might pledge you still
The love of Philip.
RAL. Which I prize too high
To hold but finally. He shall love me best
In fair Saint Margaret's.—Boatswain, go bid them
Make sail. We are going home. [*Exit* BOATSWAIN.
Now on the block
I'll lay me down to sleep, keeping for aye
Mine honour that your wit hath kept me safe
When I so madly wavered.
POL. Silly wit,
Fanning anew our dangers.
RAL. (*to* BERREO). Fare you well. Go free.
POL. And what of me?
RAL. Why, go so, too.
The time is past when I should trouble me
With earthy things.
POL. Come, while he entertains
These heavenly thoughts. In England I will prove him
What earthly things can do. [*Exit* POLWHELE.
BER. I will wait.—Farewell,
Sir Walter Ralegh. Had I been your friend,
Throughout this strife, perchance I had not known
Your nobleness as now. For enemies,
Most keen for mutual fault, learn best of all
Each other's virtue. Had you been of Spain,
Our Spain had prospered better than she shall.
RAL. Had England stood so faithful as your Spain,
The world, I think, had known a braver future
Than that I see darkening behind the keels
That glide me to my rest. Our English die
Is cast; the game is against us; and my rest
Is all I look for now. (*Sailors without begin chanting the tune which* YOUNG RALEGH *sang in derision to Spaniard.*) Your hand—Farewell.
(*So they clasp hands. Then* DON ANTONIO *gravely passes out. And all the while the sailors sing.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. IDDINGS'S happy phrasing of his title, "The Art of Travel," a title no less accurately descriptive than pleasing, suggests a distinguishing fact of modern life, the disappearance of the artless traveller, the simple, old-fashioned observer of hardly more than a generation back, who can no longer find an audience in the book-reading world. Unless, like Nansen, the globe-trotting author has "broken a record"—something which nowadays never fails in its appeal, for we are all more or less of "sports" whether we know it or not—a book of "travel and adventure," as it was once called, must now have the emphasis wholly on "adventure," if the phrase has longer any vogue at all, or it must have the charm of personal quality. Dr. Van Dyke's travel sketches come at once to mind as illustrations of the most effective application of this latter to such material, making out of it impressionist bits, from the Tyrol to the Grande Décharge, to be thrown in here and there to give locality and variety of light and shade to charming chat and quaint philosophies—like the infinite variety of fly with which he may cast for trout or salmon.

The Passing of the Book of Travel.

What properly nurtured modern child, even, would not feel superior to "Rollo" and his once so extensive travels, then delightfully instructive? We of to-day are almost born with a horizon; or with a rudimentary but quickly developing comprehension of the slight differences of life on the different parts of the earth's surface; something that by-gone babies did not attain at full maturity. It is not (as many claim) that we travel as much as we are given the credit for. One of the most interesting of many interesting asides in Mr. Iddings's "Ocean Crossings" is his ingenious calculation that just 42,317 Americans, "bent on pleasure only," each year take the trip abroad. This dwarfs the so-called annual "summer exodus" into an insignificant affair hardly worth the mentioning. It is not, then, because we are all constantly travelling, migratory as our generation is by comparison, that whether we travel or stay at home we have lost interest in the experiences of those who do. It is rather that so much sense of distinguishing difference is gone, through the deadly sameness of modern conditions, as to make the expectation of surprise in travel a disappointment, and the realization of the unusual and picturesque rare luck, oftenest of the artist's discriminating eye. When one can take a steamboat excursion-trip on the Jordan, or ride to the Pyramids in a trolley-car; when the great Atlantic liners not only reduce the ocean to a pond but—some of them—stop on their way out to sea like river-boats to "pick up" passengers, now at an English port and now across the channel at a French port; the old distinction of travel departs, and it seems about as satisfactory to have ridden a donkey or camel in the Cairo street of the World's Fair at Chicago as to make a journey to Egypt to try "the real thing."

There being then for not a few of us so little left to travel for, the "travelling public" being so largely reduced to those who have an impelling reason for being in one place rather than in another, or who seek change of place because it is change and the conventional thing to do, the to-be-expected has happened in the passing of the old book of travel. Who but protesting sentimentalists care a rap for the lost art of letter-writing now that a telegram of ten words answers as well all practical purposes, and is besides infinitely quicker than the mails? The book of travel is only a longer letter, and like it often the product of a laborious conscientiousness, a sense of responsibility for special opportunities. Indeed, the new attitude toward travel marks the atrophy of the "travelling conscience," that monitor insistent that this, that, or the other must be seen from a sense of duty, because one may never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be twice in a given spot. What a rigorous conscience it was in the days of the old-fashioned letter-writer and book, when *nothing* was to be slighted that could by possibility be described! The process is reversed now, and nothing is described, at least in detail, that can be omitted or condensed—as may be seen by reference to the one book of travel that is strictly modern and bids fair to survive even our generation—Baedeker, or the equivalent. A fit survival doubtless it is, typical at any rate, valuable and interesting in its way, containing all that one ought to care to know; but, as the young law student said of Blackstone, conspicuously "lacking plot."

National Honesty.

A SOCIAL critic, whom it often happens to me to meet, grumbles pretty constantly about the dishonesty of his fellow-creatures. Every time he has an experience of it (and he seems to have one often) it hurts his feelings and makes him despondent about the future of mankind and especially of the Americans; for I know he is convinced, though he speaks about it with reserve, that the Americans have not so high a standard of honesty as some other peoples, and especially the British. I think it is excellent morals to expect people to be strictly honest, and good policy too; for the tendency to live up to expectations usually exists even when it is not of coercive strength, and to have a high standard for other folks is a valuable supplement to having a high standard for one's self. Still, to find considerable numbers of one's fellow-creatures only indifferently honest ought not to be too great a disappointment to anyone. The familiar assertion about an honest man being God's noblest work is usually understood to suggest an implication of excessive scarcity. Very likely we take honesty too much for granted, and it might be as well for people like my uneasy critic to think of it more as an acquired grace and less as a thing that comes by nature. Often it takes instructed intelligence as well as high principle to be honest; for dishonesty dissembles itself so adroitly that to locate the point where prudence or conservatism or business enterprise or something else leaves off and disingenuousness begins, calls often for the skilled consideration of an expert.

Honesty as we commonly regard and estimate it, seems not to be an abstract attribute, but something comparative, the measure of which is the difference between a person's conduct and his ideal of right behavior. If we know a man's standard and find that he lives fairly up to it, we say that he is honest according to his lights, and we can surmise what his conduct will be under given conditions. But if he has no standard at all and shapes his behavior according to the apparent expediency of the moment, or if having a standard and knowing right he veers from it as chance or his notions of policy suggest, we say he is a rascal and don't trust him. Habitually and unconsciously we judge men according to a great variety of different standards, and conduct that is rascally in one may seem at least half-way decent in another. A salesman in a shop who overcharges a customer and puts the money in his employer's drawer probably acts according to his ideas of business; we may condemn him, but we don't consider him in the same class at all with the salesman who robs the till.

It is in trade especially that the superiority of British honesty is averred to show itself. The British are the greatest traders on earth, and have been traders long enough and extensively enough to have learned what standards of commercial honesty pay best in the long run. An American who had travelled in southwestern Europe, in South America, and other parts of the world that are somewhat out of the beaten path, lately admitted to the present writer that, in the countries he had been to, the reputation of Americans seemed to him to be low, and that of the British very high. In Buenos Ayres, he said, an English merchant's word inspired confidence, but an American merchant's assurances were received with a good deal of scepticism. This sort of testimony is mortifying to American ears, but, if we believe it, we must look for the remedy to spring not from moral reform, but simply from increased knowledge. We expect those who bring this reproach upon us to learn, from information and reflection if possible, but if necessary from experience, that though an individual rogue may steal or cheat and escape punishment, for a people who can neither hide nor run away from the consequences of their acts, honesty is the most sagacious and remunerative course.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

TRADITION IN ARCHITECTURE

THE trouble with modern architecture is that the traditions are broken. Perhaps that seems a commonplace; but out of all the commonplaces this is the one which is true as well as being a truism. The cheapness of machine-made material, with the resulting tendency away from handwork; the reluctance of free and independent citizens to handle heavy timber, or to work stone in any way not familiar to themselves in their 'prentice days; the requirements of modern life, with its ventilating shafts and openings, furnace-heat and steam-pipes, and electrical and gas tubing; the contract system, with its demand that everything, even the minutest details, shall be designed in advance before the walls rise above the ground; the commission system, by which the architect is paid according to the expenditure of his client; the superintending system, according to which the builders are paid on the architect's certificate, and the latter becomes a fiduciary agent charged primarily with the spending of his employer's money—the evil of each of these modern devices is a commonplace, but no one of them accounts for the dismal torpor in which our architecture as a fine art lies, with only occasional spasms to show that it yet has life.

If, then, it is continuity of tradition that is lacking, what tradition is that? Why do we not complain that sculpture and painting are dead? There, also, it has been said many times that the traditions are broken. Tiepolo is admittedly the last holder of the great traditions of the Venetians; and yet painting flourishes without sensible breach of continuity from age to age, and is as live an art now as ever. The Greek tradition of sculpture was lost in the fourth century, A.D., and has never been fully recovered; even the Græco-Roman tradition is the shadow of a name only; the practice of the Renaissance itself is affected only by those who seek therein a somewhat pictorial influence to aid their sculpturesque designs—and yet sculpture, with all its traditions to re-make by observation of the past, has become great and flourishing after a temporary lapse, and no man can say that there has been a break in the continuity of thought since the time of the Pisani. To leave the contemplation of what modern times are doing in architecture, and to step over the narrow line of division into the world of representative art, is to pass from the sick-chamber into the workshop and to be cheered by the swift movement of vigorous work going on. What is the tradition which is lost?

It is the unwritten law which governs the hand of the workman when he begins to work, and which helps him to go on half unconsciously, conceive his building instinctively as a sculptor conceives his group, and begin to build, fearing nothing. Free to introduce thoughts of his own; free to modify the forms which he has learned from his masters and from contemporaries—he is strong in this, that he is able to work through all the necessary first steps of his proceedings without drawing on his wholly unaided sense of what is needed. The way to do the needed thing is clear even to the beginner over whom the traditions prevail. We are unable to design twenty-story buildings; but were we able to design their six-story predecessors? If we had been able to design the smaller, should we not have seen our way readily to the proper management of the larger structures? The six-story and the five-story buildings of twenty years ago were themselves without any merit as architecture, and they had succeeded to smaller buildings of forty years ago, which were equally without merit as architecture, the whole conditions being, in short, these: namely, that no one had any idea which he would admit as conclusive, or in a certain sense final, as to how the practical needs of the business building were to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

combined with architectural design. As to residences—the brown-stone fronts of 1860 were themselves without purpose or significance or character, nor have they any relation with the interior, or the requirements of the interior, more than that they were pierced with windows where windows were thought to be best inserted. The brick houses of 1830, with steep roofs and dormer windows, might be of some use to us now, but that their simple tradition also is broken by the wretched brown-stone front of the later epoch. In like manner the country houses of 1850, and from that to 1870, were generally without architectural merit. Whence, then, should come any suggestion of fit design for the larger and more palace-like country houses of 1895? The designers of the less busy, less progressive, less ambitious time have left the designers of the present time nothing to start with—that is the brief and brutal way of stating our lack of traditional teaching. To take the twenty-story steel-frame building and think it out for itself, is to begin with that building of Chicago in which the panels between the uprights of the steel frame are filled with thin iron, just as they might have been filled with pasteboard or leather. Such a building has no walls; the spaces between the constructional uprights and horizontals are simply filled, partly with glass, partly with an opaque screen. That is the logical beginning of the new tradition, and if the designers will take that up and work at it, they may, in the course of the century, develop a new style of architecture. There is little chance, apparently, of that being done. Instead of that, each designer is applying to his own tall building the forms which he finds in books or as used in his own practice on buildings of a far different character, these previous buildings having been designed themselves by reference to books rather than under the sway of tradition. In short, no man can say that he has learned of his predecessors any safe and certain way of going at his work, and the consequence is that those conditions under which alone can the design of any building be made successful are wanting. Since the world began no man has ever designed a good building independently of tradition. It is as certain that no man ever will do so as it is certain that no man will build a good, swift, large, freight-carrying ship without having consulted the lines of other ships not quite so highly developed.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE NEW ORLEANS AND MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

IN the cosmogony of the Mississippi River darky there is a story that when the Lord made the greatest of rivers he told it to go wherever it wanted, "an' it's been goin' dere ever sence"—yet in its long record of turbulence there is no precedent for the sullen devastation which the Mississippi is now wreaking on its valley. All high water marks have been surpassed this spring, and a vast misfortune, whether measured in lives or dollars, has been brought by the flooded river throughout a thousand miles of its length. At this writing, the rich country known as the Yazoo delta, in the State of Mississippi, has become practically submerged, after a desperate fight on the levees. In this single region, the damage to the cotton crop may run to a large fraction of the 1,500,000 bales, worth $50,000,000, which the rich lowlands produce each year. The people of New Orleans and its vicinity are in anything but a pleasant state of mind. Along the length of the river, destitute families and their cattle are trying to get food

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shelter ; town after town has been totally submerged, and a great number of lives have been lost. In response to the appeals from the river districts of Arkansas and other flooded States, Congress has appropriated $200,000 for the purpose of rescuing and feeding the unfortunate river dwellers, and the neighbors of the sufferers have been quick and generous in their aid.

The fight against the river was a plucky one throughout. At the first intimation of a weakness in any important levee, the railroads hurried troops of workingmen and materials, to build great bulwarks of lumber, stones, and dirt in support of the threatened banks. Before the Yazoo delta was given up, thousands and thousands of men were at work night and day on the big public levees which protected it long after the water was running over the top of the embankment. But the river continued to boom and rise ; at some points, where the levees seemed solid and secure, the guards would be startled by the sudden sinking of a great section of the bank, undermined by the eroding waters, to let the flood which they had been fighting come pouring in on the doomed plantations. Every foot of the levees was guarded by armed men ; for, with the river booming and straining and bulging on both sides, it is a sore temptation for a dweller on one bank to save his fortune by cutting the levee on the opposite side and relieving the tenseness of the strain on his own bulwarks by the treacherous outlet into his neighbors' fields. Then the irresponsible darky has just enough imagination to conceive of free government bacon and "pone" under the flood conditions which a sly stab at the levee would bring, without any realization of the horrible price he is paying for it.

This flood has been so monstrous and relentless that the faith of the river dwellers has been shaken in the very system of their defences. They are complaining that the entire theory of levees is wrong and dangerous. Several of the most authoritative newspapers in the South are printing editorials denouncing the levee idea on the score that such confinement of the river water to a comparatively narrow channel tends after a lapse of years to raise the level of the entire bed of the river. The alluvial mud deposits which should naturally be distributed over the surrounding country are, according to this theory, deposited in the channel, with this result of raising the level of the whole river. Every inch of such a rise would, of course, necessitate a radical increase of levee construction, and if the premises are true, one can see the final extremity into which the levee system would come. Those who take this view of it are actually in favor of abolishing all embankments, so that the river may overflow and subside at will, just as the Nile does. But the majority of authoritative engineers deny that there is any appreciable change of level in the river-bed, and point to the ancient and successful precedents of the Rhine and the Po in Europe, and the Hoang Ho in China, all of them defended by levees that have made no change in the bottom levels that can be called radical.

If the levee system is the proper discipline for the Mississippi, the year 1897 will give a severe lesson in thoroughness, and a startling intimation of the necessity for large additional expenditures for protection in the future. Most important of all, this terrible spring will teach the local guards and engineers, and more sternly, the planters, that the strengthening of the levees must be attended to in anticipation of a flood, and not after the flood has come. In a hundred instances the Southern weakness for procrastination and letting well enough alone has, this year, led to a disastrous break in the embankments. As this magazine goes to press, scores of steamers are hurrying back and forth on the lower Mississippi in frantic efforts to save the lives and property endangered by this negligence. The railroads of the suffering regions have been prudent in their precautions ; even the Texas Pacific, which passes through the centre of the threatened country, is running all trains on time, and all the roads are rendering invaluable assistance in transporting men and materials to the points of weakness.

IT will not be difficult for the advocates of an intelligent system of national forestry to point a moral with this terrible flood-experience, coming as it does immediately after the defeat of Mr. Cleveland's very important reservation of timber lands in the West. The most essential reason for forest preservation, after the value of the timber itself is considered, is the safeguard given by well-wooded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regions against precipitate floods. The matting of leaves, roots, and vegetable mould serves to retain the water of the rains and melting snows, allowing it to trickle gently away into the creeks and rivers; whereas the bared hillsides offer no sponge-like material to hold the water, but shed it deluge-wise into the valleys. These reservations were proclaimed by President Cleveland on February 22 last; they were in thirteen different regions, containing an aggregate area of more than 21,000,000 acres. This more than doubled the total national domain of forest that had been set apart under the law of 1890, as the previous reservations of President Harrison had provided that something like 18,000,000 acres were to be protected by the general Government. The extent of this new reserve was not more significant than the manner of its choice. Last year the President requested the National Academy of Science to select a committee to aid the Government in this important work of preserving the forests, and a most notable group of men—Professors Sargent and Brewer, General Abbot, the expert in forestry; Gifford Pinchot, and Messrs. Hague and Agassiz—gave a great deal of labor and their unrivalled judgment to the task of selecting these thirteen tracts. All the members of the commission except Alexander Agassiz spent last summer in travelling through the trans-Missouri country which contained the forest regions most available for their study. The land finally selected was taken chiefly from the mountainous parts of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, the Dakotas, Montana, Colorado, and Wyoming. It must be borne in mind that the gentlemen of this committee were neither office-seekers on the one hand, nor "sentimentalists" on the other, but trained and practical men of science and affairs, eminently qualified to consider every direct and indirect phase of the plan which they proposed, and the President accepted. It was the more astonishing and disheartening that the Senate saw fit to nullify the President's action by an amending clause of the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill which threw the 21,000,000 acres back into the hands of the irresponsible squatters, miners, herders, and lumbermen who are now controlling the destinies of the magnificent domain.

Undoubtedly many Senators were honest and firm in their belief that an injustice would be wrought to the settlers already in these lumber countries through the restrictions that would follow on the reservation. Miners need wood, as do farmers and cattlemen, not to speak of lumbermen; many citizens of the States affected are making their living by these pursuits within the limits of the forests set aside; they and their friends simply brought enough influence to bear on their representatives to make the latter overrule the judgment of a committee which was certainly more specially qualified to form a judgment on this particular question than any or all the members of the Senatorial body. The pity of it is that there was no earthly reason why the objections which destroyed the reservations should have been advanced at all. As a matter of fact, Professor Sargent and his colleagues had fully determined to provide for just the contingencies which the Senate decided, *à priori*, were unsuspected, but final. All the arable land within the limits of the reservation was to be open to settlers, and only wise restrictions, not prohibitions, were to be placed on the use of timber by established interests; so that it is undoubtedly true that a term of years would have brought good from the reservation to even the small coterie of prospectors who defeated it and robbed the American people of such a fair and useful national possession. At present these prospectors are in an anomalous condition as regards their wood supply. They have no way of obtaining timber except under the law which allows an individual citizen to take up, with certain restrictions, one hundred and sixty acres of the public forests at a cost of $2.50 per acre. So that a mining company in the forests of Washington is reduced to the necessity of evading the law by using the purchases of many individuals or else to simple stealing. The consequence is a chaotic state of affairs, in which law and prudence are not thought of, but only the immediate coralling and quick use of the best timber that is at hand—a sad outlook for the remnants of the trees.

IT will not require a Gibbon, or even a Macaulay, when the history of the year 1897 comes to be written, to vest the present scene in the Mediterranean with both dramatic and comic interest. Crete is a little island, about half as large as Nova Scotia, off to the southeast of Greece, and al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. GLADSTONE AND GREECE

lied to the Grecians in race, religion, historical traditions, and by geographical facts. Crete has suffered for generations under the yoke of the Ottoman Empire, and has rebelled against it seven times since 1831, the seventh occasion being the present. The Cretans want either to rule themselves or to be a part of Greece, and the Grecians insist that such shall be the case, or that, at least, Turkey shall maintain only a nominal suzerainty over the island, while she, Greece, actually rules the Cretans. The disagreement over this has brought about an actual state of war between Greece and Turkey.

On April 17, after incursions of Greek irregulars into Macedonia, Turkey practically declared war on Greece, her troops moved across the frontier, and general fighting between the two armies began.

The situation has served to bring out what is probably one of the last great public efforts of Mr. Gladstone's very great life, in his letter to the Duke of Westminster, arraigning "the Powers" and their pusillanimous conduct. As a piece of literature, and as an historical document, but chiefly as the utterance of a statesman of eighty-eight years—this letter is truly remarkable. It is one of those events which bring vivid life and color into our present history, and make the figures of the play stand out with a picturesque distinctness that challenges the interested attention of the whole world. The letter, which was cabled to this country, has the rhetorical majesty and power of an old lion's roar, hoarse with the strength of a final effort and confident with the experience of a life of command. Mr. Gladstone flouts at the empty phrase "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," and holds his country up to shame for trailing after the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia. His opinion of these two young men is expressed in no uncertain words:

"At this moment two great States, with a European population of one hundred and forty or perhaps one hundred and fifty millions, are under the government of two young men, each bearing the high title of Emperor, but in one case wholly without knowledge or experience; in the other, having only such knowledge and experience, in truth limited enough, as have excited much astonishment and some consternation when an inkling of them has been given to the world. In one case the Government is a pure and perfect despotism, and in the other equivalent to it in matters of foreign policy, so far as it can be understood in a land where freedom is indigenous, familiar, and full grown. These Powers, so far as their sentiments are known, have been using their power in the concert to fight steadily against freedom. But why are we to have our Government pinned to their aprons? The sense of this nation is for them non-existent, and the German Emperor would lie well within his limits should he deign to say to us: 'Turkey I know, and the concert I know, but who are ye?'"

Mr. Gladstone's argument is, in brief, that the extreme wickedness of Turkey makes her sacrosanct; that the Greeks have done a good deed in Crete; and he refuses to "sully his page" with any discussion of a coercion of Greece. Apart from the degree of right in this startling arraignment, the letter, and the wave of honest conviction that it carried throughout the English-speaking world, makes it one more magnificent incident in a magnificent career.

THE COST OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

WHAT is the cost of a first-rate college education? Mr. Frank Bolles answered this question in the case of Harvard, and the trustees of Princeton awhile ago printed some striking statistics on the necessary expenses of a student at that fine old institution which last fall celebrated its expansion into university comprehensiveness. This broadening of the field, together with the reputation that Princeton has achieved in the sporting arena, and above all, the stories one hears about the extravagance of a few men possessing practically unlimited allowances, might give rise to a belief that only the sons of rich men can afford the honor of allegiance to old Nassau. But the figures of expenditure by the typical Prince-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton student easily dissolve any such fear, and are themselves quite valuable for parents and students who will find it necessary to remember that there are two sides to their balance-sheet. The average Princeton man, then, not the impecunious grind shut off from the enjoyment of athletics and college "life," but the fellow who goes in for pretty much everything according to his tastes, who plays on a 'varsity team, takes honors, and lives comfortably—finds no difficulty in bringing his expenditures within the limits of $500 per year, including clothes, railroad fares, and his moderate portion of the beer-and-skittles side of life.

The accuracy of this statement is much more than its picturesqueness, and Professor Sloane's statistics were full and decisive enough to be final. In the first class that was examined it was found that seven of the men who graduated with the highest distinction of *magna cum laude* reported an average expenditure of $442.68. Only one man spent more than $500 in one year; one got through at an average cost of only $267.50 per year, and for the last three years four of the seven expended $400 or less annually. At Princeton the second honor-men are given the distinction *cum laude*. In this class there were twenty-four that graduated *cum laude*, and the average expenditure was $423.12½. The highest expenditure for one year by any member of the thirty-one honor-men was $700, and one-third of the whole number actually got through their four years at a cost of less than $400 per man per year.

The reports from the second and third classes show an even smaller average, as one of them was composed of exceptionally hard students. The maximum expenditure shown in the tables was $1,000, and the minimum $250. So that the average expense per year of a college man at Princeton comes well within $500.

But the important thing to those men for whom the whole question has most importance, is to know the minimum expense of obtaining their college life, rather than the desirable mediocrity of outlay and comfort. Professor Sloane obtained the balance-sheets of a score of men who had to "manage," which throw light on the chances of a bright man with little or no money to have the advantage of the four years at Princeton. These reports show that it is entirely possible for a student to get through college on an income of less than $250 per year; and, moreover, that he can earn that income while there. Many did earn their whole income and some came out of the college year with a considerable surplus over expenses, although entirely dependent on their own efforts. The direction these efforts take is indicated in one of the letters:

"My Dear Sir: While in college at Princeton recently, I found it convenient to make a practical test of the theories of 'putting one's self through.' Near the close of my Sophomore year I was unexpectedly thrown on my own resources. During the succeeding vacation I canvassed, but made nothing, and returned to college with but $7. By means of running a club, corresponding for a New York daily, and tutoring, I finished the year with a square account. Senior year I did not run a club but corresponded for papers, edited a syllabus, was elected a member of the *Nassau Herald* Committee, and ended the year with money to spare. There are three ways by which a young man with a short bank account can get through Princeton. 1. Borrow the money. 2. Don't spend anything, but wear a sweater and corduroy trousers. 3. Make, pay, and enjoy as you go. The third is by far the best plan, and conditions at Princeton are wonderfully adapted to its successful execution. There are numerous business openings, such as agencies, etc. For example, a friend of mine, through a wholesale New York house, supplied a score of eating clubs with butter and beef, keeping, of course, a paying commission. Literary ability can be transferred to the cash account. The college authorities co-operate by way of reduction to earnest men. Popularity and place among classmates need not be sacrificed. Princeton's democratic spirit makes it pleasanter for the man of moderate means. The two years during which I made my own money were far more enjoyable than the other two, to say nothing of their value in the way of business experience. Since graduation I have visited numerous other colleges and find that nowhere can the financial question be solved so effectually and enjoyably as at Princeton.

"Yours truly,

"_____ _____"

Jude the Obscure would have been put to it for a grievance, if he had been born in New Jersey instead of near Christminster.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED